











# LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

COMPRISING

THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR

THROUGH

IRELAND, ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, ITALY,  
AND SWITZERLAND,

IN THE YEARS 1825, '26, AND '27.

---

BY N. H. CARTER.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

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**SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, ss.**

BE it remembered, that on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1827, in the fifty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, Nathaniel H. Carter, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit :

"Letters from Europe, comprising the Journal of a Tour through Ireland, England, Scotland, France, Italy, and Switzerland, in the years 1825, '26, and '27. By N. H. Carter."

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned ;" and also, to an Act, entitled, "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

**FRED. I. BETTS,**

*Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.*

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE author of these volumes is gratified, that the preface to a second edition affords him an opportunity of expressing his acknowledgments to the public, for the indulgent and favourable manner in which his work has been received. He has much reason to feel flattered with the liberal patronage it has met, when it is considered that the substance of most of the Letters was widely circulated, through the medium of the public press, and that the first edition in the revised form was both large and expensive. While these circumstances, as well as the polite testimonials of his friends, both at home and abroad, have imparted confidence, new motives have been furnished for rendering his work more accurate and more worthy of popular favour.

In preparing a second edition for the press, the author has not only devoted much of his own time and attention to a careful revision of his volumes; but he has also availed himself of the friendly suggestions of one of the most finished scholars and distinguished writers in our country. As the first edition was much more voluminous than was originally intended, the alterations now introduced consist rather of retrenchments than additions. An

effort has been made to reduce the size and price as far as practicable, not only by a partial abridgment of the contents, but by adopting a different form and a closer page.

Care has been taken in these amendments, to preserve the chain of the narrative unbroken, and to reject nothing of primary interest. No innovations have been made upon the spirit of the work and the character of the sketches, which were originally designed for all classes of readers, and to which the author endeavoured to give as popular a cast and as much variety as possible.

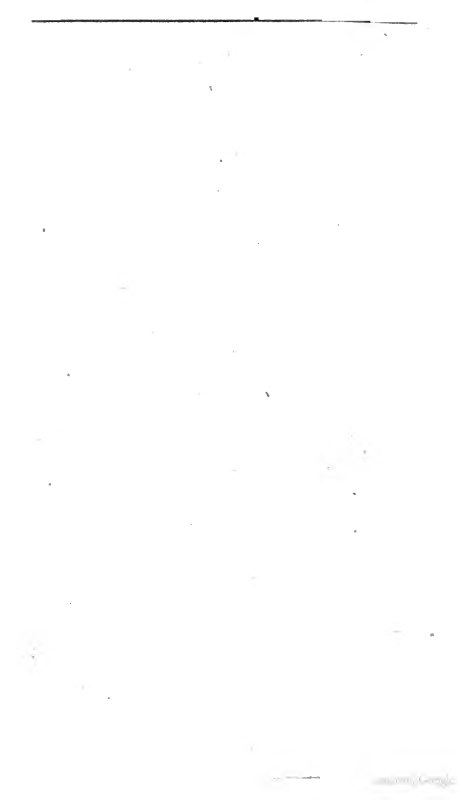
For the information of those who have not seen the first edition, it may be proper to state that the materials of these Letters were collected during a tour of nearly two years. A full diary was kept without interruption, from the day of embarkation at Sandy Hook, on the 8th of June, 1825, till the author's return thither, on the 6th of May, 1827. It was his invariable practice to bear about with him a pocket memorandum, and to note at the moment whatever attracted attention. Many of his scrawls in crayon convey a tolerable idea, to what degree the ship or boat was tossing upon the waves, or what was the roughness of the road, over which the coach was hurrying, at the time the entries were made. The substance of these memoranda was at the first pause, transcribed into a diary, in a more legible form; and from the latter, the sketches were drawn, with such references to books, for the correction of facts and dates, as time and opportunity enabled him to make.

An explanatory remark may be necessary, with respect to the persons of the narrative. The author was accom-

panied throughout his tour by an estimable friend, whose pursuit of health and information abroad proved to be in vain, since a premature death soon after his return blighted the hopes of his friends, and the promise of his future distinction and usefulness. To his society was often added that of other American tourists ; and in most instances, the disagreeable necessity of using an odious pronoun was avoided, except in cases requiring individuality of opinion.

For the rest, the work is left to speak for itself. After the deliberation and correction of a second edition, no prefatory remarks can extenuate its defects or add to its merits. It would be mere affectation to pretend, that its fate is a matter of indifference, and that this edition, like the first, goes forth to the world, without a due share of all those little hopes and anxieties, which alternately cheer and sadden the seclusion of the closet.

*New-York, March, 1829.*



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# LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

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## LETTER I.

### PASSAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

*Packet Ship Corinthian, at sea, 25th June, 1825.*

"Thus far we sail before the wind," in a figurative, if not in a literal sense, our gallant ship having at length reached the fifty-second degree of north latitude, and the twenty-ninth of longitude, after a passage of seventeen days from New-York. She is now standing for the coast of Ireland, with a favourable breeze, bearing us at the rate of eight or nine knots the hour, towards the port of destination; and as it is possible we may land at Cape Clear or Cork, if a fair opportunity shall present, with a view of visiting the principal places in that island, before going to England, I employ a leisure hour in retracing our pathway over the waste of waters to this point, reserving the remainder of the voyage to some future occasion.

Although I have kept a full diary, in which a volume of minute incidents are recorded; yet on a review, the contents appear too trifling and too monotonous for publication. Circumstances which attracted attention, and served to amuse us, insulated and cut off as we were from the rest of the world, would appear trivial in detail, and could afford no gratification to my readers. A general outline of our voyage thus far is all I shall attempt.

The heart experiences a new sensation, and throbs with new pulsations, as the eye surveys its native shores fast receding from view, with all the endearments of country and home. To a novice, the feeling is by no means allayed by the thought, that he is going he knows not whither, launching upon the wide ocean, and entering in fact upon an untried

state of being. Light as these things may seem on shore, they will occasionally come over the heart at sea ; and it is enough to say, that they were felt to their full extent, without however producing a moment's regret, at an undertaking involving like all others, some doubts and some risks as to the result.

A fair but light breeze soon bore us away from the waters of New York. Object after object faded on the eye. Staten Island and the blue summits of Neversink were soon lost in the horizon. Our course for some distance was nearly parallel with Long-Island ; and the last land we saw was the hills of South-Hampton. Every *American* passenger kept the deck, with his face turned homeward, till between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the last glimpses of the shore vanished, and several of us for the first time realized the force of the poet's expression—" *undique cælum, undique pontus.*" The blue sky and the blue ocean were all of the world that remained to us ; and we felt, if we did not exclaim—" my native land, good night !"

The separation had not till this moment become perfect ; for the mind clung to the objects it could yet discern, as old acquaintances, and the dim and distant view of the hills along the island formed the last tie to be severed. When this was dissolved, we began to regard the packet as our only home for the present, and to examine into the resources which it afforded, for comfort, instruction, and amusement. Fortunately we have thus far found it abundant in all these particulars. The *Corinthian* is one of the best built, and most gallant ships, belonging to our port, with a skilful commander, and an active crew. When all her canvass is spread, and there is a stiff breeze, with the speed of the Corsair's bark,

" She walks the water like a thing of life,"

dashing through the foam, and bounding over the billows with the utmost grandeur, leaving her competitors far behind. She has fallen in with perhaps a dozen vessels in the course of our passage, none of which could keep in sight of her, for more than two or three hours.

The accommodations of the *Corinthian* are not inferior to her external appearance and her reputation for fleetness. Our table has been spread four times a day, laden with all

the variety of meats, fruits, and delicacies, which the greatest epicure could desire, and crowned with several kinds of wine, not excepting champagne once or twice a week, for the purpose of drinking "sweet-hearts and wives,"—a custom rigidly observed by us on every Saturday evening. Our ship is a sort of farm and store-house, from which the most abundant supplies of fresh provisions are drawn at pleasure. Its deck has quite a rural appearance, where one hears the crowing of the cock, the cackling of hens, geese, and ducks, the lowing of the cow, and the bleating of sheep.

We have fourteen passengers, a majority of whom are Americans, and the remainder English and Scotch. They are all well educated, intelligent, and gentlemanly men, who have seen much of the world, and are intimately acquainted with the respective countries to which they belong. Although we have no ladies on board to exercise their restraining influence, the utmost decorum in dress and demeanour is observed; and as much etiquette prevails daily at our table, as is witnessed at a genteel dinner party. This circumstance has added greatly to the pleasures of our passage. There is a good library on board the *Corinthian*, which with the books belonging to the passengers and thrown into common stock, furnishes an ample supply of literary amusement. I have not found an hour hang heavy on my hands since my departure, except in cases of indisposition, which have been less frequent and less severe than I had anticipated. The day passes in reading, writing, and conversation, interspersed occasionally with a game at chess, or back-gammon for recreation. These occupations, at once instructive and amusing, together with the various operations in directing and managing the ship, presenting a new sphere of life and a language peculiar to itself, with which I was in a great measure unacquainted, have left no room for *ennui*.

But there is a pleasure beyond what this little world, enclosed in wooden walls, can afford—the pleasure of looking abroad upon the boundless ocean, of watching its changing aspects, its restless agitation, its eternal heavings. There is a grandeur in such an expanse of water, stretching beyond the limits of vision; and on all sides mingling with the skies, even when its surface is calm and placid. But how is its magnificence heightened, when it is lashed into tumult, and the billows are crested with foam! I have stood for hours, to see the waves rolling and tumbling in the verge of the

horizon, with which they appear to be blended. It is at such a moment, that man feels his weakness and insignificance, while the elements are in commotion, the sea dashing around him, in all its terror and sublimity, and a fathomless abyss yawning beneath, insulated as he is from the rest of the world, and devoid of human assistance. His confidence is limited to a plank, and that apparently too fragile to withstand for a moment the violence and concussion of the waves.

In spite of all the convictions of safety and of all resolutions to meet whatever may come, with firmness and fortitude, the imagination, startled by the creaking of masts, the piping of winds, and the dashing of the surge, will sometimes descend to the bottom of the ocean, and survey such horrors, as are depicted in the dream of Clarence :

“ What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !  
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful couches ;  
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;  
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.  
 Some lay in dead men’s skulls ; and in those holes,  
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
 As ’twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
 That woo’d the slimy bottom of the deep,  
 And mock’d the dead bones that lay scatter’d by.”

When the imagination has once reached the bottom of the ocean, it is very easy for it to extend its rambles through coral groves and those green recesses, which poets, and naturalists scarcely less fanciful, have supposed to exist. Buffon thinks that the depths of the sea exhibit all the varieties of hill and dale, earth and rock, that we observe on dry land ; and that its plants and shrubs have a similar regular distribution. According to others, these vegetables and sub-marine productions are of the most gorgeous and splendid colours, vying in richness and beauty with the most picturesque scenery of the earth above. Fancy may go a step farther, and people these bright abodes with the inhabitants of the deep, or those fabled divinities, whom the poets of antiquity called into existence.

I have never before so fully realized the imagery,\* which

\* The dim and shadowy forms of ships, seen in the distant horizon, jour-

has been drawn from, and the epithets which have been applied to the ocean, by every writer from Homer to Byron, as my observation has enabled me to do in this short voyage. The epithet employed by the latter, in the first line of the *Corsair*,

"O'er the glad waters of the *dark-blue* sea,"

is exactly true to nature, and expresses with minute accuracy the colour of the ocean, at depths where there are no soundings. As you recede from the shore, the sea-green tinge vanishes, and the cerulean hue darkens in proportion to the depth of the water. So perceptible is this change, that we were able to discover in a moment when we had arrived on soundings upon the Grand Bank. A skilful mariner will ascertain with great accuracy the number of fathoms by the eye, without the use of the lead.

Other natural objects, such as the sun, moon, and stars, acquire an additional interest, when seen from the ocean, particularly at their rising and setting. Some of our sunsets have been glorious beyond description. As the ruddy orb sunk into the sea, its disc became oblong, and flashed its splendours across the waves, tracing a pyramid of light of the brightest hue. This gorgeous imagery towards the west appears the more splendid, when contrasted with the darkness of the east, where there are no objects to reflect the beams of day, after the sun has reached the verge of the horizon, owing to the sphericity of the ocean. His disc appears to be tinged and gradually quenched by the billows, assuming as it sinks, a hundred different forms. On one evening, some of our passengers had the curiosity to climb to the round-top, while others held their watches below, for the purpose of ascertaining how much longer the sun could be seen at that height, than from the deck. The difference was found to be one minute and four seconds.

neying onward over the pathless ocean, will often bring to mind Milton's sublime simile :

"As when far off at sea, a fleet descry'd  
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
Their spicy drugs : they on the trading flood  
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole."

The moon, stars, and clouds, have to us been equally fruitful sources of observation, appearing under new aspects, and being dearer from the eternal solitude, which reigns over the long and desolate tracts of ocean. We have often stood upon the deck to see the star of evening go down, and the moon plunge her cold orb into the main, creating a silver drapery in the clouds around her, as she sinks to rest. When the sea is calm, twilight and the reflection of the rosy west is delightfully soft and tranquil. The mornings too are sometimes extremely beautiful, the clouds reposing in the utmost serenity along the horizon, and apparently resting upon the blue unruffled waters. By good fortune, the *aurora borealis* has been added to the phenomena of nature observed by us, during the passage. It brightened the whole north, and gave to the skies the appearance of the crepusculum at break of day. The latitude of this place has in some measure changed the aspect of the heavens, the sun setting at 7 minutes after 8 o'clock, making the day 16 hours and 14 minutes long. Evening twilight does not disappear till about 10 o'clock, and the day dawns at a little after two. There are of course at this season but a few hours of darkness, and even that brief reign is at present shortened by the moon, now fast becoming full-orbed. The Captain informed us at breakfast to day, that twilight in the north-west was visible the whole of last night. In the course of our passage we have experienced every variety of weather, except the severe gale, and have therefore enjoyed an opportunity of viewing the ocean under all aspects.

In three days after leaving the Hook, we reached the Gulf Stream, and nearly crossed it, our ship being at one time as far south as the 38th degree of latitude. There is some advantage in taking this current in an eastward passage, as it runs at the rate of two or three knots an hour; but this seems to be in a great measure counterbalanced by the bad weather and heavy swell to be encountered. It is indeed a region of tempests, occasioned probably by the different temperature of the air, and its effects in producing a conflict of the elements. On Monday the 13th, we experienced a severe thunder storm, accompanied by heavy gusts, which continued from 4 o'clock in the afternoon till midnight. It was truly a terrific scene, especially after night came on. The flashes of lightning were frequent and vivid, and the peals of thunder, mingling with the roaring of the sea, were

tremendous. The bolts fell thick around us, but the lightning did not appear to strike near the ship. A more sublime and awful spectacle than the ocean presented during this storm, can hardly be imagined. The sea, as well as the skies, seemed to be in a blaze, the phosphoric flashes of the former being scarcely less vivid than those of the latter. The grandeur of the scene was heightened by the active bustle and cry of the hardy mariner, as he went aloft amidst the storm, to reef the sails. To a landsman it is really surprising to witness with what alertness the sailor will climb to the dizzyest heights, and leap from one part of the rigging to another. There is a sprightly and interesting little boy on board, only thirteen years old, who is sometimes seen poised like the lark at the top of the mast, handing the royal. His name, as well as his activity in climbing or descending, has often reminded me of Gay's beautiful simile, in "Black-eyed Susan."

At 10 o'clock on the night of this thunder-gust, Captain Davis called me to the deck, (for the rain was so severe as to drive the passengers to the cabin,) for the purpose of witnessing what mariners term a *corpo santo*, or sacred body—a phenomenon I was very anxious to see. A ball of fire was visible at the top of the mainmast, emitting a light not unlike that of a lamp. Indeed, so striking was the resemblance, that I at first suspected some one had been playing off a quiz, or that one of the crew was aloft with a light. But the reality of the phenomenon was soon ascertained. As it never appears except in storms, it has generally been supposed to be electrical; but the mate of the ship assured me, that he had often examined the substance emitting the light, and found it to be a mass of jelly, apparently composed of marine animalcules, exactly resembling those to which the phosphorescence of the ocean has by some been ascribed. This testimony seems to corroborate the theory broached by Charles Baldwin, Esq. in the year 1822, who has made many ingenious experiments on the subject.

When we had escaped the Gulf Stream, and arrived at the Grand Bank, a sudden and very sensible change took place in the temperature of the atmosphere, indicated by our feelings not less than by the thermometer and sea-glass. All the cloaks on board were put in requisition, and even these were scarcely sufficient to keep us warm. We were all upon the look-out for mountains of ice, amidst the fogs which



constantly envelop this extensive shoal. June and July are the months, when these masses of ice from the arctic regions arrive at this part of the ocean, and are frequently seen in the most fantastic forms, resembling enchanted islands, mountains, churches, and castles. The passengers were desirous of witnessing so great a curiosity, although they did not care to come very near such dangerous and formidable obstructions to navigation. The melting of the ice creates a thick vapour around it, and vessels frequently run close upon the floating masses, before they are discovered, as was the case with the Packet Liverpool, which was lost a year or two since. Our eyes were strained in vain, and a few days bore us beyond the region of these mountains from the pole.

From the 20th to the 22d of June inclusive, the ship lay in a dead calm. On the last mentioned day, so perfectly tranquil was the ocean, that the captain ordered the jolly-boat to be launched, and four of us with a man at the helm rowed to the distance of a mile from the ship, the little skiff climbing over the smooth swells with an easy and delightful motion. We brought back with us a large nautilus, or Portuguese man-of-war, as this animal is generally called by the sailors. He is a curious creature, peculiarly fitted for the element on the surface of which he moves, being furnished with a keel, anchor, sails, and ballast, for the purposes of navigation. Possessing the power of loco-motion, he can shift his position so as to catch the breeze, and glide over the highest waves with ease and safety. Some times when the sea is calm and the sun warm, he will turn himself upon his side, wet his sail, and then right his little bark and resume his passage. These animals frequently navigate the ocean in fleets, perhaps under the command of an admiral. Their sails, which are transparent and beautifully bordered with a bright pink colour, vie in richness and elegance, particularly when seen in the direction of the sun, with the silken sails of Cleopatra. We have seen thousands of them bounding over the billows, reminding us of Pope's couplet :

"Learn of the little *Nautilus* to sail,  
Spread the thin oar, and catch the rising gale."

In the course of our voyage, we had a glance at nearly all the various inhabitants of the deep. Soon after our de-

parture, numerous shoals of porpoises were discovered, gamboling in the waves, and playing round the ship, being visible several feet below the surface, and darting like lightning through the water. One of the passengers, who was formerly an expert whaleman, and is perfectly acquainted with every fish that swims the ocean, planted himself with a harpoon in the bow. He soon hurled his weapon with unerring dexterity, and a large porpoise was hoisted upon deck.

One day while we were at dinner, word came below that a large whale was along side the ship, within a few rods. We all rushed upon deck, and had several fair views of the monster, as he stretched himself upon the surface and threw up torrents of water. His length was estimated to be about seventy feet, and his enormous bulk furnished an image of

"That sea-beast,  
Leviathan, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream."

The process of speaking ships, was to me novel and interesting. The first we spoke was the Lord Sidmouth from Quebec, bound to Plymouth. It was just at twilight. Both were fine vessels and standing upon the same course. The Corinthian, being the fastest ship, came close alongside, and passed the other with great dignity, affording merely time to make the usual inquiries and exchange civilities. Such an incident, trifling as it may seem to those on shore, is extremely gratifying at sea, after one has gazed day after day upon the solitary ocean. Three or four vessels are now in sight. To one of them the Captain hoisted his colours on the mizen peak. The signal was promptly answered by a display of "the meteor flag of England." The utmost courtesy prevails on such occasions, and the hearty good will, with which the masters wish each other pleasant passages, has something in it beyond a cold formality, exposed as they are to common dangers, and often standing in need of mutual assistance.

Thus have I given, more in detail than was anticipated at the commencement, the history of my adventures upon the ocean, which are scarcely less voluminous than those of Telemachus; yet prolix as my letter is, it contains but a small proportion of the incidents recorded in a dairy of thirty

pages. The day has declined since I began to write, and another charming evening finds us bounding over the billows, under full sail :

"The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And by the bright track of his fiery car,  
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow."

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## LETTER II.

ARRIVAL ON THE COAST OF IRELAND—KINSALE—CORK—  
COVE OF CORK.

*July, 1825.*—At half past three o'clock on the morning of the first of July, land was dimly descried through the clouds and mist, which obscured the horizon. The report soon circulated through the ship, and called the passengers from their births to the deck : for although our voyage had been neither long nor tedious, the sight of the shore was welcome. To some of us the interest of the view was heightened by novelty ; and to others, by the ties of kindred and country, as the distant hills of the Emerald Isle were beheld swelling above the sea, and the breeze came, charged with fragrance, from sweet-scented beds of the shamrock. In a word, every living thing on board appeared to participate in the gladness of the moment. The first land we made was Mizen Head, and the high ground in the vicinity, forming the south-western part of the Island. So accurately was the ship's reckoning kept, that it did not vary three miles from the Captain's estimate.

By eight o'clock we were opposite Cape Clear, which is a bold promontory, with a light-house upon its summit, in a very conspicuous situation. As the wind was fair and the sky clear, the ship ran within a few miles of the shore, affording us by the aid of the glass a full and perfect view of every object along the coast. A large number of boats and small vessels covered the Channel, frequently sailing close under the cliffs, to the very bases of which the sea is in most places navigable for the largest ships. A whale-boat, with a crew

of seven miserably clad and dirty fishermen, boarded us off Cape Clear, and supplied us with fresh fish, eggs, and new potatoes, taking in exchange, pork, beef, bread, and a bottle of rum, prized above all the other articles received in the way of barter. This crew furnished a specimen of the rudest portion of the population of Ireland. Their language was scarcely intelligible; and they had made but little progress in civilization.

The aspect of the island for some distance after making Cape Clear, is rude, barren, and solitary, the high hills being composed of naked rocks and wastes, exhibiting neither tree nor shrub, and but little vegetation of any kind. Farther up the Channel, the appearance of the country greatly improves, the sloping highlands being laid out into regular fields to their very tops, covered with verdure, and bordered with flowers, which were visible through the glass from the deck of the ship. It is, however, a rugged, precipitous, and inhospitable coast, with few buildings in sight, and those apparently inaccessible. The cliffs are in many places abrupt, craggy, and cavernous, with here and there insulated rocks rising above the water at some distance from the shore.

At about 12 o'clock we arrived opposite the cliff, on which the packet ship *Albion* was wrecked. It is a memorable spot, and every passenger manifested an eager curiosity to examine the rocks, which proved fatal to so many of our countrymen, and caused so much affliction. We were near enough to have a distinct view of the precipitous ledge, which is more than a hundred feet in height. On one side is a sandy beach, and on the other, a small bay or inlet, indenting the coast. Had the ship providentially drifted a few rods on either hand, the passengers and crew would probably all have been saved, as the bank slopes to the water's edge. But such was not the destiny of the melancholy wreck, which drifted to a point where no human aid could be afforded. Two transports, filled with troops to the number of about twelve hundred, were wrecked near the same place a few years since, and the whole perished. A large hole was dug in the earth, and officers and men found a common grave. More respect was paid to the remains of the passengers who were lost in the *Albion*. Their bodies were numbered and decently interred side by side, at a little distance from the fatal cliff. It has been my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr. Gibbons, of Kinsale, and Mr. Mark, the American

consul at Cork, both of whom witnessed the wreck of the *Albion*, and did every thing in their power, for the preservation of life and property. They have given me minute descriptions of the awful scene. Most of the particulars were, however, publicly stated at the time ; and I have no wish to revive the sorrow which this afflicting event occasioned in our city and country.

In the course of the forenoon, a pilot-boat came alongside the *Corinthian*, and offered to take us ashore at the Old Head of Kinsale. As the sea was tranquil, the landing convenient, and the passage up the Channel to Liverpool might be protracted and tedious, six of us concluded to accept the offer, unwilling as we were to desert the ship, until she had reached her port of destination. After making our arrangements, and shaking hands with our fellow-passengers, who in feeling had become as one family, among whom the utmost cordiality and even attachment prevailed, we debarked at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and made for the harbour of Kinsale, at the distance of seven or eight miles. As the wind blew off the shore, our crew, consisting of four Irishmen, were obliged to row the whole way, which they effected without difficulty by the aid of a bottle of brandy, a sip of which was proposed by the pilot, as a premium to his subalterns for pulling manfully from point to point.

Our passage was sufficiently slow to afford us a very fair view of the lofty promontory of Kinsale, close under the brow of which the little boat glided along the waters. The summit is smooth and green, crowned with a handsome light-house, which is seen at a great distance up and down the Channel. In many places the cliffs are tremendous, with deep caverns in the rock, which is of secondary formation. At one point, a fissure wide enough for the passage of a boat, was observed to extend quite through the projection, on a level with the water. It is a fine place for smuggling and if reports be true, the natural advantages of the coast are not neglected. Back of the headland, the hills are covered with groups of Irish cottages, and the fields exhibit marks of a high state of cultivation. On the heights are several of those castles in ruins, which are so common all over the Island. As these were the first we had ever seen, their rude, crumbling, and fantastic forms were regarded with an eye of eager curiosity.

The harbour of Kinsale is easy of access, the water deep,

and completely land-locked by the eminences projecting on both sides of the river Bandon, on the left bank of which the town is situated. On the right, as you enter the basin, is Fort Charles, a very strong and expensive work, commanding the harbour, and at present garrisoned by a regiment. On the opposite side are the ruins of an ancient fortress, where James the Second landed with an army from France, at the time he was driven from his own country and sought to regain his throne, occupied by William of Orange. In the year 1690, the fort was stormed by the Duke of Marlborough. It was a severe and bloody conflict, the Governor of Ireland being killed in the breach. In 1660, it was captured by the Spaniards. The work is now a mere ruin, with its dilapidated ramparts mantled with ivy. Immediately after passing the point on which it stands, the town of Kinsale opens on the view, at the distance of only a few rods, standing upon an acclivity so steep, that the roofs of the houses on one street are on a line with the basement of those above. The heights are planted with trees, and many of the houses have gardens in front, presenting a picturesque and romantic prospect from the basin, which spreads before the town and is covered with boats and vessels. Ships of war may ride to the very doors of some of the houses; and we were informed that the officers on deck sometimes converse with the ladies at the windows of their drawing-rooms.

The town of Kinsale, having a population of eight or ten thousand, bears all the marks of decay, many of its buildings being in a state of dilapidation, and its narrow, dirty streets filled for the most part with crowds of poor and miserably clothed inhabitants, who once depended on the fisheries and the troops for support, both of which sources are now in a great measure cut off by the unaccountable failure of the former, and the removal of the latter. We were thronged with a host of mendicants, from the moment of landing, till our departure from the place. There is, however, considerable wealth among a certain portion of the inhabitants, and many of the houses are splendid. The little we saw afforded us a favorable specimen of the hospitality of the better classes towards strangers. They took much trouble to point out to us whatever was worth seeing, and to trace the history of the town, which is of great antiquity. The family of Lord Kinsale is celebrated in its annals, being descendants of De Courcy, so renowned for feats of strength and

chivalry. His lordship is privileged to wear his hat in the presence of the king; and he asserted his prerogative, at the time George the IVth visited Ireland. Many anecdotes were told us of the family. One of its members was unexpectedly called to inherit the title, while he was in exile, in the State of Rhode-Island, industriously employed as a ship-carpenter.

Some incidental inquiries at a shop, where we called to purchase a few articles, induced the good lady to send for Mr. Gibbons, who politely conducted us over the town, and offered to take us to other places in the vicinity; but as our accommodations at the hotel were bad, and some of our party were in haste, we concluded to ride to Cork on the same evening. Several of our company went out and chartered two vehicles, one of which is called a *jaunting-car*, being an open two-wheeled carriage, with the seats on the out side, at only a step from the ground. It is rather a rude conveyance, but no otherwise inconvenient, than from exposing the passengers to the dust. Most of us preferred it to the post-chaise, not only on account of its novelty, but from its ease. The Irish post-chaises are extremely uncomfortable, on account of being so narrow from the front to the back, keeping the limbs confined. The *jaunting-car*, with three passengers besides the driver and baggage, was drawn by one horse, (and that not very good,) without changing from Kinsale to Cork, a distance of 16 Irish miles, 11 of which are equal to 14 English miles. The roads are however at this season very smooth, being *M'Adamized*; or constructed of pounded lime-stone, covered with a stratum of the soil, which is clayey and forms a hard pan. They are kept in perfect repair, and must have been enormously expensive. The bridges are all of stone, and built in the most substantial manner, calculated to last for ages. We are informed, that the roads are equally good, and if possible still better, all over the Island; which is gratifying intelligence, especially as the carriages and horses, so far as our limited experience yet extends, are much inferior to those of our own country.

The ride from Kinsale to Cork was by no means unpleasant, although we were much fatigued with the labors of the day, so filled with incident from its very dawn. It was at first difficult to realize, that we were travelling in the land of Burke, Grattan, Sheridan, Swift, and Goldsmith, in twen-

ty-two days after leaving New-York. The various adventures of the day, with the novelty of the scene presented by the streets of Kinsale, appeared to bewilder the mind and leave a lingering doubt of their reality.

Every mile of the road presented objects to arrest the attention. The aspect of the country is entirely artificial, even to the few trees to be seen by the way-side. The surface consists of gentle swells, perfectly naked of woods, and divided into small fields, by fences composed of the soil thrown up into embankments, turfed and generally covered at top with furze. On every side are to be seen groups of cottages, composed of the same materials, rude in structure, with one door, and many of them without a window or any other aperture than the chimney. They are generally thatched, some of them are completely covered with ivy, presenting a most picturesque and fanciful appearance. In several instances, we saw families of ragged, but healthy looking children re-enforced by hogs and other domestic animals, as the co-tenants of mud walls.

The country is populous almost beyond what an American who has never seen it can imagine. It literally swarms with inhabitants, as may be inferred from the fact, that eight millions are crowded upon an Island 300 miles long, and of an average breadth not exceeding 130. The county of Cork alone, which is a mere speck in territory, contains a population nearly as great as that of the state of New-York. Every nook and corner is filled to overflowing. The road for the whole distance from Kinsale to Cork was almost as much thronged with passengers, as one of the ordinary streets of a city. They were passing both ways in troops, "foot and horse," some in carriages, some on horseback, frequently riding double;—women and girls with arms full of children, and crowds of a larger growth were seen at the door of every cottage. The first circumstance in their appearance that arrests the attention of the traveller, is the extreme meanness of their dress. A considerable proportion of the lower classes are literally in tatters, and rags too of the dirtiest kind, with bare heads and bare feet. Nothing but a climate of this happy temperature, which never feels the extremes of heat or cold, could render such a state of nudity tolerable, or many of the confined mud cabins habitable. The second striking feature in their external appearance, is extreme health, and in most cases cheerfulness.



Rosy cheeks and athletic limbs peep from their rags, and their countenances are lighted up with a smile, which seems to set poverty at defiance.

The last part of our ride was in the evening, which was remarkably serene, being sufficiently cool to render our cloaks comfortable, and the full moon pouring her splendours upon the green hills. Just before entering Cork, the road passes a beautiful promenade called the Dyke, which was covered with all the fashionables of the place. We arrived between 9 and 10 o'clock, and took lodgings at the principal hotel, which is well kept, although in a style in some degree novel to us. The table is hountifully supplied with meats, fish, and other substantial articles of a good quality, as well as with the fruits of the season, consisting of strawberries, cherries, and gooseberries. Our greatest difficulty has been with the butter, which is perfectly fresh, and to our palates insipid. The salmon and sole, both taken in the vicinity of the city, are excellent; as are also the mutton and veal. Judging from the specimens we have seen, the wines are inferior to those obtained at the hotels in our country. The water which is of much more importance, is of a good quality, coming from the Lee above the town. The next day after our arrival, having no letters to deliver, as our visit to Ireland at so early a period was unexpected, we perambulated the city and learned its localities, visiting most of the public places and some of the numerous institutions. Cork is pleasantly situated upon the Lee, the greater part of it occupying an island formed by the two branches, which are crossed in many places by handsome stone bridges uniting the principal streets. It is on all sides surrounded by hills, forming the banks of the river, and covered to their summits with ranges of houses and elegant country seats. Most of the streets are narrow; the buildings are of grey stone; and there is nothing very prepossessing in the exterior, with the exception of the suburbs, which are rural and neat. The population of Cork is 100,000, covering an area of four miles square. Its commerce and manufactures are extensive, it being the second mart in magnitude on the Island. Vessels of 150 tons come into the heart of the city, and the inhabitants are now engaged in deepening the channel four feet, so as to admit ships of greater burthen. There is a good show of enterprise with a portion of the citizens, who find, however, many drawbacks and sustain heavy burdens

in support of the poor. The number of paupers and vagrants exceeds all calculation, and numerous as the charitable institutions are, they are wholly inadequate to the wants of the city. In the foundling hospital, there are 1200 children; in the fever hospital 200; in the lunatic asylum as many more; and in the house of industry an equal number. The large county and city gaols, situate opposite each other on the banks of the river, are also crowded with tenants. In fact, every refuge for the poor is filled, still leaving the streets thronged with vagrants.

On the evening of the 2d instant, four of our party set out for Dublin. Previous to their departure, one of them introduced us to Mr. Mark, the American Consul, who has shown us every attention. Yesterday (the 3d) he was so polite as to accompany us to Passage and Cove, the former at the distance of five, and the latter of seven miles below Cork, forming its sea-ports, to which the largest ships ascend. We made the excursion in the steam-boat, crowded with much of the beauty and taste of the city. The day was remarkably fine, and the passage down the river, lined on both sides with ranges of handsome country seats was charming. At a mile or two below the town, the Consul pointed out to us a large and valuable tract of land, belonging to some of our acquaintances in New-York. It was on that account examined with the more attention.

The Cove has a population of about 10,000. Its buildings are large, and situated on a steep acclivity, so that the town appears to great advantage from the water. There is a handsome Protestant Episcopal Church in the place, where we attended worship. The congregation was numerous and highly respectable. In most particulars, the service is the same as in the New-York churches. There were, however, no audible responses, except from the clerk; and the chants, as well as the singing, were far inferior to ours. There was nothing peculiar or striking in the sermon, and during its delivery, a spectator would not have known either from the parson or the congregation, that he was not in our own country.

After church, the passengers re-embarked, and the boat proceeded as far as the entrance of the harbour, which is easy of access, and commanded by two strong fortresses on each side. It is one of the most capacious and secure in the world. The whole British Navy might ride in its waters.

Large fleets have often made it a rendezvous, and it is much resorted to by American and other ships, which put in for repairs or provisions. There is also a considerable direct trade with New-York, and other ports of the United States. Four vessels are there at present. The British frigate *Semiramis* and one or two sloops of war were lying at anchor ; also a large ship Bound to Botany Bay, with *three hundred* convicts on board. Her captain spoke the steam-boat, and inquired if she had any despatches for his passengers, who are soon to bid adieu to their country forever. Another crowd of voluntary exiles were on board the *Cambridge*, bound to the western world. There is a large prisonship moored in the harbour, whither convicts are sent, in readiness to be transported.

On our return, the steam-boat *George the IVth*, from Bristol, England, passed us with her deck thronged with passengers. She crosses the Channel twice a week, making the passage in 48 hours. Two or three other boats are building for the same route ; and a line is soon to be established between this place and Liverpool, as also one to Dublin. In short, steam-boats are as much the rage here as they are with us. The Irish Sea is already crossed by them at four points, forming the most direct and expeditious communication with England.

In the evening we returned from Passage by land, in a new kind of vehicle, called a *Jingle*, open at top, with a door behind. It is drawn by one horse, and accommodates four persons. The driver whirled us up the five Irish miles in three quarters of an hour, over a most beautiful road, in many places entirely over-arched by trees, and bordered the whole way with seats and pleasure grounds, in a high state of embellishment. We took tea with the Consul, and have dined with him to-day, (the 4th,) in company with one of his friends, an eminent physician of this city, who has analyzed and given us a full account of the state of society in Ireland. His conversation and that of his friend, at whose house and hands we have met with so much hospitality, will be of great service to us, in our tour through the Island. Our country, the President of the United States, and other sentiments equally liberal, were drunk at table ; and the anniversary of our National Independence has been celebrated in a manner peculiarly gratifying to our feelings.

## LETTER III.

## LAKES OF KILLARNEY—TRALEE—LIMERICK.

*July, 1925.*—On the morning of the 5th instant, we set out on a visit to the Lakes of Killarney, which are so celebrated on this side of the Atlantic, and the fame of which has reached our own shores. The distance from Cork is about forty-five Irish miles, which the mail-coach travels in nine hours,—a tardy pace, compared with the rapidity of an American stage. There were six passengers in the inside, and about as many more on the top, together with the guard and baggage. Sixteen persons are frequently carried by these coaches. The fare is comparatively cheap. A passenger aloft pays but about half as much as one below, although in pleasant weather the outside is preferred, especially by strangers who are anxious to see the country.

The party in the inside was extremely pleasant, consisting of an agreeable gentleman living at Beaufort, who had just taken his degree at the University of Dublin, and was returning to his paternal estate, with a young and accomplished wife, who is to share with him the pleasures of his rural retirement on the borders of the romantic Lake. We found them an interesting couple,—intelligent, literary, and affable. With them was a maiden lady, who had in charge two beautiful ring-doves—a pretty emblem of the young pair whose nuptials had but a few days before been celebrated. The remaining person of the party was a bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked girl, with a musical voice and the full brogue of Ireland. Many inquiries were made about our respective countries, and the ride was far from being tedious, though the road is not very interesting. For a considerable distance, after leaving Cork, the fields continue in the high state of cultivation visible in the environs of the city. Handsome seats and farm-houses border the way. The peasantry were busily employed, in the harvest, and the aspect of the country clothed with a deep verdure, and fragrant with "the new mown hay," was cheerful in comparison with the confined streets of the town. It is, however, destitute

of trees and shrubbery, and the bare hills, although in many places fertile, are too uniform to be grateful to the eye, seldom presenting those rich landscapes every where to be found in the United States.

Midway between Cork and Killarney, commences a rough and sterile region, with extensive bogs along the road, wild, desolate, and dreary. In several of these morasses, the poor tenants were at work, in cutting peat, which is the principal fuel of the country. It is taken up in cakes of the size of tile, and arranged in small piles to dry. The process of digging it has lately been greatly improved, and is much less laborious than it used to be. It is frequently transported to great distances, and afforded at cheap rates. In these bogs and hills, the *White Boys* a few years since were wont to collect in great numbers, and commit frequent outrages. But Ireland is now comparatively tranquil, and travelling safe.

There are some antiquities and curiosities on the way; but at these the coach enabled us to take only a glance. Four miles from Cork is the Castle of Ballincolly, once owned by the Barrets, and celebrated in the wars of the Commonwealth, and of James the Second. The last of the illustrious family has long since descended to the tomb, and the place is now a ruin. Opposite this castle are extensive barracks, with powder mills, on the head waters of the Lee. In the vicinity are also the remains of the castle and abbey of Kilcrea. Macroom, Mill-Street, and other places on the route are dirty villages, filled with a miserable population. We were glad to escape from the crowd of beggars who beset us, and whose distresses we could not relieve. The language of the mendicants is wholly unintelligible, accompanied with all sorts of gesticulations, and in tones the most importunate.

Some miles from Killarney, the high hills of Kerry begin to meet the eye, and peak after peak rises successively to view. The ranges extend to the Atlantic, which is visible from their summits. Kerry is the most mountainous part of Ireland, and the whole aspect of the country is extremely rugged. The approach to Killarney is pleasant. Several ruins, groves, parks, and pleasure grounds skirt the road. We arrived at five o'clock P. M. The town, containing a population of 8,000, is badly built at the distance of a mile from the lower lake, with the fronts of the houses all turned

from the beautiful scenery. It presents nothing worthy of particular notice. The hotels are not good, and their locations are inconvenient to the objects of the visiter. After dinner we rambled through the extensive grounds of Lord Kenmare, whose woods and walks are enchanting; but his mansion is in bad taste and unworthy of the natural charms by which it is surrounded. From an eminence in the midst of his demesne, we had a fine prospect of one of the three far-famed Lakes of Killarney, with the romantic hills rising round its borders, and the hundred green islands studding its bosom. The expanse of water is small, and a low, reedy margin detracts something from the beauty of its northern shore. But the mountains on the southern side, illumined, as some of the peaks were, with the declining sun, while others were enveloped in clouds, presented a view in the highest degree wild and picturesque. The principal summits in this range are Mangerton, Turk, Eagle's Nest, Tomies, and M'Gilly-Cuddy's Reeks. The last mentioned is the highest in Ireland, being about 3,500 feet above the level of the sea. As its location is near the Atlantic, and in a climate remarkably humid, its top is almost perpetually covered with mist. Among these hills the three lakes are embosomed, being near ten miles in length, connected by narrow straits, which are navigable with small boats. The largest and most beautiful of the islands is Inisfallen.

After gazing for a time at the outlines of the scene, we continued our ramble along the shore of the lower lake, towards Ross Castle, at the eastern end. It is in itself a fine ruin, but has been spoiled as an object of taste, by the addition of a large modern wing, occupied as a barrack, and resembling a hospital. The ancient part is beautifully mantled with ivy to the very top, which is about eighty feet from the ground, and to which we climbed through a dark winding stair-way, over crumbling arches. In the upper story is a large hall, in a tolerable state of preservation, called O'Donohoe's ball-room, through which the song of the minstrel, and the voice of merriment once rang. O'Donohoe was an ancient chieftain of Kerry, renowned for his prowess, his hospitality, and popularity among the Irish. You meet his name at every step on the shores of these lakes. One of the islands is called O'Donohoe's prison. He used there to confine his captives. Another is denominated O'Donohoe's Library; and a curious rock, of a grotesque form, is called

O'Donohoe's horse-drinking, from the striking similarity which it bears to such an object. There is a tradition here, that when the storm descends from the mountains and whitens the waves of the lake with foam, O'Donohoe is seen riding upon the water, still lingering about his favourite abode.

Ross Castle, like many other places in this vicinity, was distinguished in the wars of the Commonwealth. It was attacked by General Ludlow, and gallantly defended by Lord Muskery. A superstition prevailed, that it could not be taken until a man-of-war should ride upon the Lake of Killarney. A large boat in the shape of a frigate was accordingly brought across the mountains from the ocean, and soon after, the Castle was reduced, though not without a desperate conflict, attended with much bloodshed. We lingered about this ruin until 9 o'clock in the evening, and in the enthusiasm of the moment were not aware, that we had walked about eight Irish miles after dinner.

On the morning of the 6th inst. we set out, on ponies, for the head of the upper Lake, there to meet a boat which was to take us home. The path leads by the ruin of Aghadoe, which is renowned in ecclesiastical history, and still gives title to a catholic bishop. We also passed the river Lanne, forming the outlet of the lake, over which is a handsome stone bridge with numerous arches. Near this are Beaufort and Dunloe Castle. In the course of the day we received some fine fruit from the garden belonging to the former—a present from our fellow-passengers in the coach from Cork. At a little distance from this point is the celebrated pass of Dunloe, being a narrow and rugged defile in the mountains, just wide enough for a road, which was so rough that we were compelled to dismount from our ponies and walk through. The hills rise almost perpendicularly on either hand, and immense masses of the rock have crumbled from the cliffs, blocking up the sides of the way with the fragments. A little stream with several expansions, in the form of ponds, passes through the gap. Goats and sheep were seen in some places among the rocks; and at one point, two of the latter had imprudently descended upon a cliff, from which they are unable to extricate themselves, and must soon perish. Around the summit of the highest mountain, we saw a brace of Eagles, soaring and basking in the solar blaze. They build in the crags.

In the exaggerated descriptions of the scenery about these lakes, it is stated among other things, that persons have entered the gap of Dunloe, and were so terrified at the precipices overhanging them, as to retreat without venturing through. They must have had weak nerves, if there be the least foundation for the report. We experienced nothing like terror. The scene is grand, but cannot be considered awful. In sublimity, it is far inferior to the Notch in the White Hills of New-Hampshire. The Saco is a much finer river, than the streamlet hurrying down the rocky pass of Dunloe, and M'Gilly Cuddy's Reeks and Purple Mountain are mere mole hills, in comparison with Mount Washington.

From the height of ground in this celebrated gap, the sequestered vale of Comme Duff opens on the view towards the south-west, winding among the hills. It is a beautiful glen, watered by a small stream falling into the upper lake, near the mouth of which is a cottage and castle, belonging to Lord Brandon. Here we found our boat in waiting, and after a most fatiguing walk over a pathway impassable to our ponies, we embarked and commenced our descent through the lakes. Our first landing was upon Ronan's Island, situate in the midst of a group of four or five others, raising their verdant and wood-crowned summits to the height of fifteen or twenty feet above the tranquil surface of the water. We climbed to the top of Ronan's, whence a fine panoramic view of the mountains and lake is obtained. On the border of the isle under a cliff, are the ruins of a cottage, the site of which is not inferior to that described by St. Pierre, and which a Paul and Virginia might not have disdained to inhabit.

The boat next landed us near the base of one of the loftiest hills, denominated Derry-Cunnihy, on the south shore of the upper lake. Along a glen and brook of the same name, a walk winds among the trees for some distance. On emerging from the woods, and close by a beautiful cascade, the murmur of which is sent back in echoes from the mountain, the visitant finds a neat garden and cottage suddenly bursting upon his view. The sequestered dwelling is low-roofed and thatched, with alcoves in front, defended from the beams of the sun by trees and shrubbery. It is entirely surrounded by hedges of flowers. Roses and woodbines, in full bloom, actually peep in at the windows, and fill the air with fragrance. The grounds, garden, and cottage display



more taste than I have elsewhere discovered in the vicinity of Killarney. They belong to the Rev. Mr. Hyde.

From this rural retreat we hastened down the shore of the upper lake, and through the straits connecting it with Turk, or the middle section, debarking at several points to take parting views of the hills. Several bridges in ruins and covered with ivy, crossed our passage and added much to the picturesque beauty of the scenery. The boat landed us on Dinis Island, just at the entrance of Turk Lake, and our guide conducted us to a cottage overhung and concealed by a delightful grove, where we dined on provisions brought from the hotel. Near this point we passed close by the foot of Eagle's Nest, the most rugged and finest peak of these mountains. It takes its name from an aerie of that noble bird, lodged for many years in the same crag of the rock, which was distinctly seen by us, at the height of a thousand feet from the base.

The echo at this and several other places is remarkable for its distinctness and number of repetitions. A bugleman first tried the experiment; but as the wind was high, Æolus outblew our Irish trumpeter. A small cannon was next loaded and discharged twice. The *paterara*, as it is called, succeeded to admiration. Half a dozen reverberations from remote parts of the mountain, at intervals sufficient to enable a person to count them, were clearly distinguishable. It is said that sixteen have been numbered in still weather.

There is nothing very peculiar in Turk Lake, which washes the base of the mountain of the same name, except that it is the largest unbroken expanse of water. It is, however, in all respects inferior to the crystal sheet of Lake George; and the scenery about the latter is equally beautiful with that of Killarney, with the single exception, that the mountains do not present so great a variety. As night was now fast approaching, we hurried across its dark and ruffled surface, and landing at its outlet, walked four Irish miles through the grounds belonging to Mrs. Herbert, for the purpose of viewing the ruins of Murcruss Abbey, which is the most celebrated spot in this region. Its location is at the eastern extremity of the lower lake. The ruin is entirely concealed from view, by the thick foliage of aged trees which surround it. Even on a near approach, the eye does not readily discover it, as the dilapidated and desolate walls

are mantled with ivy, scarcely distinguishable from the verdure of the ground and woods.

A feeling of awe is felt on entering the cloisters of this venerable pile. It was near sunset by the time we had reached it. The heron from the lake was rustling and croaking among the branches of the trees, where it builds its nest. At the right hand of the tottering arch, forming the principal entrance, is a mass of human bones, which at one time reached to the second story of the building; and the heap of rubbish is scarcely less at present. The skulls are by dozens, not to say by hundreds, so arranged as to stare the visitant full in the face. At every step, we stumbled over fragments of coffins, which strew the apartments of the ruin. Such a horrid scene appeared to us highly indecorous. The relics of the dead might at least be collected, and decently covered.

This abbey was a friary, founded in the sixth or seventh century, and has ever since been a cemetery, for which purpose it is still used. So strong is the attachment to the consecrated ground, as a place for depositing the dead, that the whole surrounding country flock to it; and persons are sometimes brought from Cork to be here interred. The O'Donohoe family have a tomb in a conspicuous part of the shattered building, around which are grouped the graves of the principal chieftains, renowned in war, or eminent for piety. We penetrated every cloister, climbed the dark flights of steps, and read many of the inscriptions, some of which are very ancient. In the centre of the ruin, is a yew tree, said to be three hundred years old. Its trunk is a foot and a half in diameter, and its branches fill one of the apartments, rising to the top of the building and hanging over the walls. Each of us plucked a twig, as a slight memorial of the scene. By the time our survey of the abbey was completed, the boat arrived, and took us across the lake and among the islands to Ross Castle, where we landed and returned to the hotel at 10 o'clock in the evening, fatigued but highly gratified with the numerous adventures of the day.

It was our intention to climb some of the peaks, if the weather would permit, and there should be a probability of obtaining a favourable view. Mangerton is the easiest of ascent, and offers perhaps the most attractions. The prospect from the summit is said to be both wide and grand. On the top is an oval and unfathomable lake, a mile in circum-

ference, called the "Devil's Punch Bowl," around which the celebrated Charles James Fox once swam—a feat which is here accounted scarcely less arduous than that of Lord Byron in swimming the Hellespont, as the water is very cold, and the shore in some places rugged. As the clouds still continued to hang round the brow of the mountains, though the sky below was clear and bright, the excursion to Manger-ton was abandoned; and at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th, we took the post coach for Tralee, which we reached about sunset. The road is excellent; and the country on either side, for the greater part of the way, rich and well cultivated. From several turns and eminences, the hills of Killarney, and those still farther to the north-west, about Castlemain, were in full view, mingling their blue summits with the skies.

Among the passengers in the coach was an intelligent and literary lady, an enthusiastic admirer of Goldsmith and Cowper, and strongly prejudiced against Byron and Moore. Her animated flow of conversation and the local information she imparted, contributed in no small degree to the pleasures of the ride. She had resided many years in the village of Killarney, and was familiar with the scenery, the state of society, and the traditions about the lakes. Several interesting anecdotes of the family of O'Donohoe were related by her. The last of the line, whom she recollected, was a princely looking man, but so ignorant that he could barely write his name. By indulging too freely in the pleasures of the chase and the rites of hospitality, he ruined his fortune. His purse was replenished and his estate redeemed, by marrying with the daughter of a wealthy merchant, which was, however, regarded as a degradation of character, although his lady was an accomplished woman. As an instance of his humanity and gallantry, it was stated that one day in a stag-hunt, a doe was driven from the hills into the lake. On approaching the poor animal, the big tears were seen to roll from her eyes. O'Donohoe took his handkerchief from his pocket, bound it around her head, and treating the captive kindly, presented her to Lady Kenmare, who with great delicacy of feeling loosed the bonds, and permitted her to return to her native forests.

The mind of this lady, notwithstanding all her intelligence and refinement, was strongly tinged with superstition. In speaking of Murcruss Abbey, and on being informed that

a sprig of the yew-tree was plucked as a memorial of the place, she raised her hands in astonishment, and exclaimed that she would not have broken a twig for the world. She remarked that there was a story still current in the village, of an officer, who cut off a branch of the sacred tree with his sword; the wound wept blood; and an awful fatality pursued the hand which perpetrated the deed. In her opinion however, the sin of ignorance would be winked at in our case; yet the act was abhorrent to the sentiments of the people in the neighbourhood; although they are by no means scrupulous in other respects. The boatmen on the lake, will refuse to row a visiter to the shore, if they know he has a relic from the Abbey.

Our informant stated that two summers ago, the celebrated poet Moore paid a long visit to Killarney and the county of Kerry, in company with the Marquis of Lansdowne and his lady. On his return, he wrote the work called *Captain Rock*, comprising the facts and materials which he collected in this excursion. The volume, I believe, has been republished in the United States. Captain Rock is a common designation of the White Boys. We heard a great deal of Moore at Cork. The gentleman from whom we received so many civilities, accompanied him to the Cove and the entrance of the Harbour, pursuing the same route, over which he conducted us. He was a school-fellow with the poet, and lived in the next street to him in Dublin, of which both are natives.

A few miles from Tralee, the road passes Ballyseedy, a fine seat belonging to Mr. Blannerhasset, a relative of the man of the same name, who once owned an island and a beautiful residence in the Ohio, and was involved in the ambitious schemes ascribed to Aaron Burr. Lady Kenmare at Killarney, said to be an accomplished woman, is a sister of the individual who figured in the supposed conspiracy. According to our informant, the beings with whom Mr. Wirt, in his celebrated speech, peopled the little paradise upon the Ohio, were not that innocent and immaculate pair, which the vivid fancy of our Attorney General portrayed.

It was not a little gratifying to our feelings to hear this lady speak in terms of the highest applause of the writings of Washington Irving, which she had read with attention, and gave a discriminating opinion of their merits. She gave us the origin of the story of the "Broken Heart," in the

Sketch-Book, and related all the particulars respecting the unfortunate heroine of the tale, whose ashes sleep in a retired spot, at a little village in the county of Cork. Her affections were indissolubly wedded to one, whose name is familiar in our city, and who fell a victim to his attempt to break the chains of his countrymen; while her hand, after the death of her betrothed, was imprudently and not without some reluctance given in marriage to another.

On our arrival at Tralee, a large and well built place, situate at the head of a bay of the same name, we walked to the port, which is a mile below, and connected by a canal, up which the tide flows to the heart of the town. The estuary opens into the Atlantic, at the distance of five miles, and is easy of access. The trade of the town is now considerable, and is about to be greatly increased by the establishment of a line of steam-boats, four in number, to run to the United States. The Knight of Kerry is the projector and patron of this enterprise. We were told that the boats are now building, and one of them will be at Tralee by the first of August, in readiness to commence running. If this plan succeeds, it will be of great importance not only to Tralee, but to Ireland, through which a direct communication will be opened between the United States, Canada, and Europe.\*

At three o'clock, on the morning of the 8th, we took the post-coach for Tarbert, a small village on the left bank of the Shannon, with the intention of ascending the river to Limerick, in the steam-boat. Finding that the boat would not arrive for several hours, and that part of her passage would be performed in the night, we concluded to proceed in the coach, especially as the day was delightful, and afforded a fine opportunity for viewing the country from the top of the carriage.

The road pursues the left bank of the Shannon for 14 miles. It is a noble stream, and its shores are highly interesting, not only on account of the variety of landscape which they present, but from the great number of ruins crowning almost every eminence. These antiquities, consisting of mounds, towers, castles, churches, and monasteries, are not all satisfactorily accounted for. Some of them are said to have been erected by the Danes; others are the

\* It is believed this project has been abandoned,

relics of feudal times ; and others were reared by ecclesiastics, and for military purposes, during the civil war in Great-Britain. They seem to prove, that this part of Ireland has long possessed a dense population, and was deemed of great importance.

A few miles below Limerick, we passed St. Patrick's Well, a spring by the way-side, which has given name to the little village around it. With the holy waters of this fountain, the tutelary Saint is said to have baptized the neighbouring inhabitants in person, who flocked to him in multitudes, to receive the token of the remission of their sins. Four miles from town stand the ruins of a castle and abbey, reputed to be the oldest on the Island. The spot is said to be enchanted. A legend is still in circulation and currently believed, that the wife of a peasant went out one evening to milk her cow, when the animal made for the ruined abbey and entered the door : the woman followed : suddenly the dark and crumbling cloister became a splendid apartment, with furniture of the most dazzling description : the cow moved on, and the house-wife pursued with her pail : another cloister was converted into a repository of gold and precious stones : in an instant, the scene changed, and the ruin became dark and silent as the grave : the woman groped her way out, but the cow was never again heard of. Lights were also seen in the dilapidated castle so insufferably brilliant, that whoever looked at them became blind. St. Patrick presented himself one stormy night at the door of a cottage, and requested admittance and shelter from the inclemency of the weather. The tenants of the cabin refused to rise and let him in, lest they should see the light and be struck with blindness. He knew the cause of their fears, and gave them a charm against the influence of the light, commanding them to cross their faces as soon as it appeared. The custom prevails to this day of making a cross, when a candle is lighted. I asked the guard of the coach who is an active and intelligent man, possessed of good understanding and sound sense on other subjects, if he believed these stories. He replied there was no reason why he should not ; for St. Patrick had removed serpents and every thing venomous out of Ireland : and that shows, added he, that he had power to do these things. The opinion was expressed in so much sincerity, and with such gravity of manner, that his faith was disturbed by no farther interrogatories.

We arrived at Limerick at two o'clock. On the left of the road, just as it enters the town, are the unostentatious residences of Lord Limerick and of the Bishop, side by side; and on the right, at a little distance, a large and new county jail, a lunatic asylum, and an infirmary for the sick and aged. That part of the city through which we first passed, is handsomely built. The streets are wide, and the houses, nearly all of brick, are spacious, finished in the modern style. This is called the new town and is inhabited by the wealthier portion of citizens, who make it merely a winter residence. While dinner was preparing, we visited the Court House, Custom House, and Cathedral. The last is a venerable pile of great antiquity. Around its mouldering walls are the tombs of the nobility, with the bearings of their families, and many inscriptions, some of which are in illegible characters. The organ, which is profusely ornamented, and the tones of which are said to be uncommonly sweet, was captured from the Spanish by Admiral Drake. We climbed this edifice, which is a specimen of pure Gothic architecture, to the very battlements, whence a perfect view of the city was obtained.

After dinner our rambles were resumed. Limerick was once a walled city, and is celebrated in the history of the wars between England and Ireland. A section of the ancient rampart is yet standing; as are also two castles, in one of which, King John for some time resided. They are now both vacant and shut up. Adjoining to them are the barracks, in which there is a regiment of troops at present stationed. Near these old fortresses, a stone bridge of equal antiquity, extends across the Shannon. A bloody battle was once fought upon it, and multitudes of the troops were in the heat of the conflict precipitated into the river and seen floating over the falls below.

The Shannon, opposite Limerick, is a narrow stream, but the channel is of sufficient depth to admit ships of 500 tons burthen to ascend with ease and safety. It soon becomes wide. Where we first saw it this morning, it is nearly as broad as the Hudson. The distance from Limerick to its mouth is 63 miles. It rises far in the interior, and is the largest river, not only in the three kingdoms, but on any island yet explored. Its commerce is extensive. The steam-boat *Lady of the Shannon*, which is small in compa-

rison with ours, runs every other day to Killrush, a village on the right bank of the river, near its mouth.

This city is apparently in a flourishing condition. Fewer beggars are seen in the streets, than in other towns, and the lower classes are more decently clad. This difference in the aspect of the population is ascribed to the number and activity of the charitable institutions, among which is a house of industry, where eight hundred or a thousand are constantly kept employed. There is, however, yet a wide field open for melioration.

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## LETTER IV.

ROUTE FROM LIMERICK TO DUBLIN—CITY OF DUBLIN—  
PASSAGE FROM DUBLIN TO LIVERPOOL.

*July*, 1825.—On Saturday morning the 9th instant, we left Limerick in the post coach, at 5 o'clock, and arrived at Dublin at 9 on the same evening. The distance is 91 Irish, or about 116 English miles. Each of the horses belonging to this line has his name stamped on the collar. Our coach was drawn by *Bolivar*, and other heroes. Relays are stationed at distances of eight or ten miles, and changes are effected with great expedition, seldom occupying more than two minutes. So exact are the times of arrival at the different stages, that the teams are standing harnessed at the door of the inn, and the only delay is the unhitching and hitching the traces. Irish horses are generally stout and well fed, calculated for strength rather than speed. They are not so fleet as ours. An American stage, with an American driver, would fly like lightning along an Irish road, which presents no obstructions. I have smiled at the caution of coachmen in this country. They begin to turn out by the time another team is in sight, always taking the left hand side of the path, exemplifying the solecism that in travelling, "the left is always the right." Where there is only a moderate descent, the wheels are locked. With such precautions, accidents very seldom happen. Travellers feel so much security as frequently to sleep upon the top of the



coach, although at almost a dizzy height from the ground. We were told that our ride from Limerick to Dublin was a pretty fair specimen of English travelling ; and if so, it has the preference in point of comfort over ours. The motion of the coach is easy, and very little fatigue was felt at the end of this long journey.

The road between these two cities stretches across the Island in a diagonal direction ; and as we rode almost the whole distance upon the outside, we had a good view of the interior and agricultural part of the country. Both in point of soil and cultivation, Ireland has much surpassed my expectations. The surface is uniform, consisting of moderate undulations, with here and there chains of hills and intervening bogs. There is however, very little waste land, the high grounds being used for pastures to their very tops, and the morasses for supplies of fuel. A destitution of trees and timber is the greatest defect, both in point of convenience and beauty of landscape. No woodlands are seen, except about the seats of the more wealthy inhabitants ; and the residence of one of the nobility may be ascertained as far as the eye can reach, by the green copses about his dwelling. Geologists infer from the strata in the bogs, that Ireland was at three different periods covered with forests of heavy timber. These morasses are composed of vegetable and ligneous materials, some of which are found in a perfect state, in different layers, for many feet below the surface. Stumps and trees of a large growth have frequently been dug up in cutting turf.

The formation of the Island is secondary, being chiefly composed, as far as our observation has extended, of lime stone and slate, lying in strata nearly horizontal. We have seen no primitive rock since landing, not even about the mountains of Killarney. The soil is heavy and moist, being much better adapted to pasture and grass-land than to other crops. Wheat fields frequently look well, and are sometimes extensive. One was observed containing twenty acres. Potatoes, however, are the staple commodity, and fields of them are every where to be seen. The mode of tillage, both as respects this vegetable and grain, is generally different from ours, the ground being thrown up into beds four or five feet wide. Sometimes the former is planted in drills, but never in separate hills, as with us.

Fruits of all kinds are rare, with the exception, perhaps of the gooseberry, currant, and strawberry; and these are insipid, compared with those of the United States. We have not seen a dozen orchards in the whole of our route. The few apple-trees to be found are dwarfish, and the fruit equally small and stunted in its growth. New-York pippins are spoken of in terms of admiration by those who have tasted them. They are very frequently brought to the principal cities in Ireland. Our cherries are as much superior in size and flavour as our apples; and the peach will not grow here at all. The traveller is struck with the scantiness of the fare at the inns, compared with the profusion of our hotels. Nothing is placed before him, but what is expressly ordered, and a dozen little articles are not thought of, until the knife and fork are extended to take them. The necessity of making one's tea is awkward enough. We are not very well versed in Madam Glass; and our tea has on some occasions been a strange kind of beverage. Experience has, however, taught us to measure the quantity with tolerable accuracy.

Immediately after leaving Limerick, the road runs along a section of the Grand Canal, which connects the waters of the Shannon with those of the Liffey and the Barrow. This is an important work, and has been of great utility to the country. Boats are constantly passing this navigable channel extending across the island. Farther north is the Royal Canal, running nearly parallel to the other. But I have not yet seen enough of these great national works, to enable me to enter into detail, or to draw a comparison between them and similar improvements in our own country.

In one of the villages, a beautiful range of white cottages was observed, with neat doors and windows, and the grounds about them in a high state of cultivation. Every thing appeared in a thrifty condition, presenting a perfect contrast to the poverty, dirt and wretchedness of the ordinary cabin. The appearance was so novel, as to arrest the attention of the passengers. A gentleman in the coach, who was acquainted with the country, furnished an easy solution of this moral phenomenon. He remarked that the tenants were all freeholders, feeling the pride and ambition of citizens.

Seven or eight miles from Limerick, is Castle Connel Spa, with a cluster of houses about it, situate upon the banks of the Shannon. The waters are chalybeate, and said to be

efficacious in bilious complaints and obstructions of the liver. The Spring is much frequented in the summer months. Mineral waters are very common in Ireland, there being eight hundred or a thousand similar springs, scattered over the island. Near this fountain are the ruins of an old castle, blown up by the Prince of Hesse, in the year 1690. The Earl of Clare has a beautiful seat called Mount Shannon, within a mile of this watering place.

In the course of the forenoon, we passed a lead mine which is the only one wrought to any extent in Ireland: Several old shafts were observed about the lakes of Killarney, and pieces of ore were picked up, which probably contained 25 per cent. of lead. Experience proved the mines to be not worth working. Metals and minerals of all descriptions, except tin, are found on this island. On the banks of the Shannon we saw several coal mines. One of the shafts extended about 70 feet under the bed of the river. The coal is of an inferior quality, used only in reducing lime. It is said that native gold was formerly abundant in Ireland; and that immense masses of it were used in the furniture and ornaments of the early chieftains. It does not appear to be very plentiful at present.

In the county of Tipperary, we passed through the village of Roscrea, where are several interesting ruins, among which is a castle erected by King John, in the year 1213. It is an immense pile, and still in a tolerable state of preservation. A few rods from this, stands the shrine of St. Cronon, consisting of a triangular structure, like the gable end of a house, with a gate forming the entrance to a modern church. It is a rude piece of antiquity, of Saxon architecture, and presenting the half-effaced images of Saints, in bas-relief, with some unintelligible inscriptions. On the opposite side of the way, is a round tower, 15 feet in diameter, and a hundred in height, supposed to be of Danish origin. We had barely time to look into the tower, and stand a moment at the sacred shrine, when the coach took us up, and hurried us away. There is also at Roscrea an ancient castle of great extent, built by the Earl of Ormond. A dwelling house now stands within the walls.

A few miles farther on, are seen the ruins of an abbey, situate upon a little *oasis* in the bog of Mouela, inaccessible for a considerable part of the year. Upon the island, traces of an orchard and a fish-pond are discoverable. The mo-

nastery was founded in the seventh century. Its site is truly romantic. To the south-west rise the hills of Sliew-bloom, celebrated by the poet Spenser. The morass around the abbey was evidently once covered with a forest of heavy timber, the remains of which are yet found in the bog in three distinct strata. The monastery was therefore for many centuries in the midst of a deep and dark wood, insulated entirely from the rest of the world.

At Émo are the ruins of the castle of Dunamase, planted upon an insulated rock, impregnable before the invention of gunpowder. It has gone through many revolutions, having belonged successively to M'Murrough, King of Leinster, the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Mortimer, and Lisagh O'Moore, until it was finally destroyed by Cromwell, who was any thing but a *protector* to the castles and monasteries of Ireland. The marks of his scourge are visible in every part of the island. Had he acted strictly upon the principle which he professed, the destruction of monastic institutions and of castles might have been beneficial to the country; but in most cases, his career was marked by a barbarous destruction of property, without substituting any thing better, either in religion or government.

Kildare is one of the most celebrated places upon this route. The name signifies the *wood of oaks*. It was so called from being originally surrounded by an immense forest. In the centre of the woods was a large plain, now called the Currah of Kildare, once sacred to heathenish superstition. St. Bridgid, a natural daughter of an Irish chieftain, after her conversion to Christianity, here founded a nunnery, as early as the fifth century. She is said to have received the veil at the age of 14, from the hand of St. Patrick himself. She possessed great talents, as well as great sanctity, governing for many years a friary connected with the nunnery. Her name is still enrolled in the calender of the saints, and her festival observed on the 1st of February. Here also Black Hugh, one of the Kings of Leinster, took refuge and assumed the habit of a monk, preferring the solitude of a cloister to a throne and the regalia of power. In 1220, the Archbishop of Dublin quenched the *inextinguishable* fire, (if a bull may be allowed,) which the vestal had kept burning for many ages. The sacred flame was, however, rekindled, and continued to burn till the suppression of monasteries.

The Curragh of Kildare is now a common, across which

the road passes. It is one of the most extensive and beautiful in the world, containing about five thousand acres. It is perfectly level and smooth, covered with little tufts of furze, and the green sod, closely fed by thousands of sheep which make it their pasture. Large flocks of crows and magpies were seen walking over it, some of them within a few yards of the coach. The tameness of these birds surprised me, until I learned the cause. In the turbulent times, now in some degree gone by in Ireland, fire-arms of every description were taken out of the hands of the people; and the crows have gradually become so domestic, as to hover round the cabins, and tear up fields of potatoes with impunity.

Kildare common is now a race-ground, said to be the best turf course in Europe. A multitude of people were assembled upon it, and we saw a kind of scrub-race at a distance. Several of the English officers were out from Dublin, to participate in the sports of the turf, which are certainly more pleasant than fighting the Burmese. One of the *fancy* overtook the coach, and gave us an account of the momentous events of the day, in the true cockney style. On the eastern border of the common are numerous entrenchments, or *tumuli*. They are denominated in the Irish language *Forranta Foras*, or ancient graves, where the first inhabitants of the country were buried.

Near Kildare is the ancient town of Naas, once the seat of the kings of Leinster, and of the Irish parliament. It is full of ruins. A little beyond the town are the remains of a castle begun but never finished, by the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, whose barbarous execution is one of the greatest blots on the page of English history. It is an immense pile, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. At Naas are handsome modern barracks, at present occupied by one or two regiments. Indeed, in every town along the road, in the streets and market places of the cities, troops are seen parading with a useless formality—useless certainly at present, as the White Boys have in great measure disappeared, and the people are tranquil. Several spots were however pointed out to us, where English officers fell, or were murdered in this inglorious species of warfare. The traces of hostility between the English and Irish are still visible. The former are viewed in the light of oppressors; the latter are considered rebellious and despicable. It will

be long, very long, before these feelings, which have been cherished for ages, will be entirely obliterated among the lower classes.

The suburbs of Dublin, in the approach from Limerick, are extremely picturesque and beautiful. On the right, is a distant range of high hills extending along the coast. The grounds are fertile, and in a high state of cultivation, with numerous seats of noblemen and wealthy individuals belonging to the city. Just before entering the town, we crossed a stone bridge over the Grand Canal. Our entrance was at twilight. A ride through several of the principal streets, bordered by a great number of public buildings and other magnificent edifices, including the residence of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and the University, gave us a very favourable impression of the architectural grandeur and taste of this city, which is the second in point of magnitude in the United Kingdom. Subsequent observation confirmed the opinion, which was derived from a first glance. Sackville-street, opening in a northern direction from the bridge of the Liffey, is a spacious and splendid avenue, lined with ranges of lofty structures, and adorned with a stately monument in memory of Lord Nelson. The post office is one of the largest and most commodious establishments of the kind I have ever seen. In general, the buildings are constructed of substantial materials, and exhibit a high degree of neatness and elegance. Good accommodations were found at the Royal Hibernian Hotel. As our arrival was on Saturday evening, no opportunity was afforded of delivering our letters the next day; and as we were in great haste to reach Liverpool, it was concluded to take the first packet, reserving our visit to this place till our return from the north of Ireland.\*

Our view of the south of Ireland, both town and country, has been as full and perfect, as could well have been accomplished in the same time. The weather has been delightfully pleasant, enabling us to be abroad every day; and we have been constantly upon the alert with all the inquisitive-

\* Subsequent events compelled us to defer a visit to Belfast and the Giant's Causeway, till our return from the Continent; and the consequence was, that we did not go at all. Our stay, at Dublin, therefore, was limited to less than two days, one of which was Sunday, affording no opportunity of examining the institutions or other interesting objects in this beautiful city.

ness of Yankees. Although we were entire strangers, it has been our good fortune to meet with many intelligent and communicative persons, who have manifested towards us their characteristic hospitality and kindness. An instance of this description occurred at Limerick. On making some inquiries of one of the clerks of the courts respecting the town, he at once locked his office and devoted an hour to our service, in conducting us to the public places and in pointing out what was most worthy of observation.

The country was undoubtedly seen under the most favourable circumstances. So fine a season has not been known for many years; and the Emerald Isle is now in the full bloom of summer, with the prospect of abundant harvests. Provisions of all kinds are plenty, and the ordinary sufferings of the lower classes are comparatively light. There is, however, at present much wretchedness, which nothing but some radical changes in the structure of society can remove. At Dublin we read the report in the House of Lords, on the state of Ireland. The ministerial papers denominate it an able document, and the King thanks the committee in his speech. But the report appears to be a mere collusion, calculated to lull the people into a state of quietude, and to cherish hope long deferred, yet always disappointed. It is here viewed in that light; and the catholics have already held meetings preparatory to another political campaign. They are confident of ultimate success. Their opponents accuse them of a wish to revolutionize the Island, and dissolve the union; but this they stoutly deny, contending that they are loyal, and ask for nothing beyond the privileges which other sects enjoy. Seven eighths of the whole population are catholics. The protestants say, that an accession of power and influence would increase the number and render it formidable both to church and state. The result of the controversy, and the destination of Ireland, is a great problem, which remains to be solved.

It is evident that the government entertain serious fears of such an immense physical force, in a starving and discontented condition. Hence the policy of sending so many from the country to Canada. This is a dangerous experiment. The emigrants will by and by look for that freedom and independence abroad, which they could never find at home. To us republicans the policy to be pursued towards Ireland appears perfectly plain. Education should be the

great and prime instrument of changing the state of society. Let public schools be established at the expense of the government, and the children be well educated; let houses of industry and penitentiaries be founded; in short, let the great mass of the people be enlightened, and there will be no danger of the world relapsing into popery. I cannot but think, that the benevolent efforts of Bible Societies, and other charities, in England, which seek for objects in remote parts of the earth, might with more philanthropy, and with a better prospect of success, be directed to the lower classes in Ireland, thousands of whom have almost as little claim to civilization, or to the enlightened principles of Christianity, as the Chinese or the islanders of the Pacific Ocean.\*

At 6 o'clock in the evening of the 11th we embarked at Dublin on board the steam-packet, for Liverpool. The bustle and confusion incident to our departure, and indeed during the whole passage, presented such scenes, as we had never before witnessed. Our boat was a second ark, containing all sorts of beasts and creeping things. A considerable part of the cargo was taken in, after our arrival at the dock. It consisted, in the first place, of a stratum of horses, something like a hundred in number, occupying the hold. The process of letting them down, struck us as novel. A box sufficiently large to hold a horse is placed upon deck, with a sliding door at each end. The animal is led in, enclosed, and swung down ten or fifteen feet into the hold. A man descends on the moveable stable, to open it and stow away the animal. Above the horses was a stratum of sheep, one hundred and fifty in number, going to the Liverpool market. On the deck were numerous crates of geese, ducks, pigs, and poultry, with all sorts of lumber thrown promiscuously together. To complete the freight, between two and three hundred Irish, consisting of men, women, and children, with their baggage and provisions, were strowed among the rubbish upon the deck of the boat. They were going over to England, with their families, to labour during the harvest. A gentleman on board informed me, that they make three harvests annually—the first in England, the se-

\* It is urged by the protestants of England, that they have instituted schools in Ireland, and laboured in the cause of education; but that it has been found wholly impracticable either to persuade or compel the children of catholic parents, under the influence of the priesthood, to embrace the advantages of instruction freely held out to them.



cond in Ireland, and the third in Scotland. The difference in the seasons of the three countries is sufficient to give them time to cross and re-cross the channel.

Scenes were exhibited at the embarkation and on the voyage, which I sighed for the pencil of a Hogarth to portray. One group in particular arrested our attention. It consisted of a whole family, husband, wife, sons and daughters, seated upon their baggage in a corner of the deck. Their poor neighbours were constantly pouring in, one after another, bringing little presents of cakes, fruits, and other comforts, shaking hands, shedding a parting tear, and giving the parting kiss, with many benedictions. From the formality of so many long farewells and last words, we concluded they were emigrants bound to America, and taking leave of their friends forever, until we were informed that the separation was only for a few weeks. There were other scenes less tragic, where Mathews might have gleaned new materials for his exhibitions. In the bustle of taking in the freight of horses, sheep, and baggage, one passenger was knocked off the plank into the dock, mantled with a thick scum. Fortunately he was not much encumbered with garments. The crowd upon the wharf cried out, "swim, Pat!"—others, "throw a rope!" The good fellow buffeted it with lusty sinews, looking up wistfully to the spectators, some of whom were laughing and others weeping at the accident. He reached the steps in safety, and shook the wreaths of seaweed from his brow, with no other loss than that of his sugar-loaf hat.

When the boat reached the swell, the confusion deepened. Some were drinking, singing and carousing; others huddled into corners with affright. All sorts of noises were heard, from the gabbling of the geese to the squalling of children. The deck was literally covered, in some spots two or three deep, lying length-wise and cross-wise, with the dying and the dead. A part of them had fallen gallantly by the influence of the bottle, which circulated freely, and was taken "by the word of mouth," to adopt a phrase suited to the theme. Others met a more unwelcome fate, in sinking gradually, from the motion of the ship. There was a glorious uncertainty to which of these causes, the sufferer was a victim. The cabin passengers were separated from the multitude, occupying the after part of the boat, elevated several feet, and presenting a full view of the field before them. Had any

serious accident befallen the ship, the loss of hundreds of lives would have been inevitable, as there were but two small boats on board.

The "Town of Liverpool" is a vessel of about three hundred tons; but as unlike our steam-boats in style and accommodations, as Hyperion to a satyr. There is no forward cabin, and the after one is small and inconvenient. The deck, as already mentioned, is lumbered with freight. Almost the only good point about the packet is her machinery, which is safe, and drives her forward at the rate of about ten miles an hour, consuming in that time something more than a ton of coal. Owing to her promiscuous cargo, the air is a villanous compound, and said to resemble that of a Guinea trader. It is impossible to keep her clean, and we suffered more from bilge-water or something worse, in crossing the channel, than during the whole passage in the Corinthian. The captain is a modest, clever man, attentive to the wants of the passengers, and willing to do every thing in his power to render them comfortable. It is said the other boats on this line are much better, and several new ones are building, which will commence running in the course of the season. They pass in all kinds of weather, winter and summer, although the sea in the channel is often rougher and more dangerous than any part of the ocean. The fare across for cabin passengers is a guinea each, with half a crown to the steward, whether you receive any benefit at his hands or not. This latter fee may be considered as a species of imposition, since the person who receives it is otherwise well rewarded for his services, and has amassed a handsome property, amounting to something like 20,000*l*.

As we receded from Dublin, the view of the bay, harbour, and town was extremely picturesque. It was a calm and bright evening, the fleecy clouds reposing in the utmost tranquillity upon the hills surrounding the city, and the sun, as it sunk towards the horizon, gilding the spires, turrets, and castles with a golden splendour. On either side of the bay, which was covered with boats and vessels under easy sail, are high promontories, extending far into the Channel, and forming the entrance of the harbour. Back of these on your right in leaving the city, the hills rise in peaks to the height of perhaps a thousand feet, which seen in connexion with the blue waters of the sea, the city, and works of art along the shores, present a rich and enchanting prospect. On the left,

close under the head-land, we passed "Ireland's eye," a fantastic little island, composed of naked rock, skirted with low and green margin. In either direction, up and down the Channel, verdant promontories are seen projecting into the sea, until their dim summits fade into water and sky.

By sunset the last speck of land had disappeared. Strange as it may seem, it afforded us real pleasure to find ourselves once more bounding over the billows. The sea in one short voyage had become a familiar acquaintance, and there was music in the waves as they foamed and dashed round the ship. We wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and remained on deck till a late hour, finding it much more comfortable than a confined cabin. At 1 o'clock in the morning, the boat passed Holy Head. Its light, as also the one at the harbour, and on the shores, were visible at the same time, appearing like stars twinkling upon the water. The moon, with her form wasted to a crescent from the full-orbed splendour, in which she had lighted our pathway upon the ocean, rose from the waves, and added much to the scene.

By 5 o'clock, we were in full view of the mountains of Wales, lifting their high tops and basking in the beams of a bright morning. This shore is not less bold and rugged, than the one which had just been left behind. Lofty eminences are seen projecting into the Channel, with perpendicular white cliffs. Our approach to Liverpool was extremely interesting. The town is situated upon the right bank of the Mersey, concealed by a point of land, until you are within a short distance of it. The port is not easy of access, the channel being narrow and crooked. Fleets of vessels of every description were seen entering and leaving the harbour, with their white sails gilded by the sun. Our boat cut her way through the multitude, affording us an opportunity to read their names, and to perceive, with mingled feelings of pride and pleasure, that many of them were from New York and other parts of the United States. Half a dozen steam-boats were also descending the river, some of them with great rapidity, and others having ships in tow. Over the town a heavy cloud of smoke hung, so thick as to render the spires of the churches scarcely discernible. By 8 o'clock, the packet was ascending the rapid current of the Mersey, which hurries on at the rate of six miles the hour; and before 9 o'clock we were comfortably settled at the King's Arms Hotel.

## LETTER V.

## LIVERPOOL.

*July, 1825.*—It would be sheer affectation in me to pretend that I felt on landing at Liverpool any of those high and intense emotions, which have thrilled through the hearts of others. The first step upon the shores of our ancestors, the land of story and of song, which has occupied so much of our thoughts from the days of boyhood, awakened a few of the ten thousand strains of ideas, with which the Island is associated. There was no kneeling to kiss the parent earth, and less enthusiasm at our debarkation, than was anticipated. Indeed, I can yet hardly realize, that I am in the land of Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, Locke, and Chatham. The apathy of feeling may perhaps in some measure be accounted for from our gradual approach. A ride through Ireland; the habit of gazing day after day upon the ruins of castles and other antiquities; a survey of scenery not dissimilar and equally consecrated by genius, had doubtless in some degree blunted the edge of feeling, and rendered curiosity less eager.

Another reason may be found in the external appearance of Liverpool, which is comparatively a modern town, not unlike New-York. Although it was founded eight hundred years ago, yet the greater part of it has sprung up within the last half century. By a comparison of its number of houses and population at different periods, I find that its recent growth has been nearly as rapid as that of our metropolis. Not a vestige of its ancient appearance now remains. A spirit of improvement, an accession of population, and the conveniences of commerce have swept away every relic of antiquity, and left no monuments to carry the mind back to other times. Even taste has in many instances yielded to a spirit of enterprise, and been violated by a thirst for gain. The castles of the Molyneuxs and the Stanleys have been demolished and removed even to the last stone; new churches are erected on the sites of ancient structures; and the mariner, as he spreads his canvass to the breeze, no longer

bends to the image of St. Nicholas, which once rose near the harbour, as the tutelar divinity of the port, to whom the sailor made an offering, and implored a blessing upon his voyage. Light-houses, beacons, manufactories and wind-mills, (the most unpoetical of all images,) crown the neighbouring heights, and disappoint the eye in search for any thing venerable.

The streets, houses, shops, and public buildings are in keeping with these outlines. They are of brick and stone, all in the modern style. A moist climate together with the great quantity of coal smoke, has given the town a dingy aspect. The streets are quite as irregular as ours; and Knickerbocker might here find a second edition of his cowpaths. There is also the same bustle—the same noise—the same activity through the town. Every one moves with a hurried step, in straight lines, and with an air of business depicted on his countenance. The display of goods in the shop windows is remarkably neat, resembling that of Broadway and Cornhill. When to these circumstances are added similarity of dress and manners in both sexes, and an actual mixture of population in the two places, the difference becomes so slight as to be scarcely observable; and since our arrival at Liverpool, we have in all respects felt ourselves very much at home. The intercourse is in fact so frequent, and the interchange of inhabitants so common, that the resemblance between New-York and Liverpool is much more striking, than between remote parts of our own country.

The first objects, which arrested our attention on arriving at this place, were its splendid docks. These far exceed any thing of the kind I had before seen, or which I probably shall see, to whatever countries my tour may extend. The disadvantages of nature have more than been counterbalanced by the works of art; and what seemed an insurmountable barrier to the prosperity of trade has led to its greatest facilities. Such are the achievements of wealth, enterprise, and perseverance. The tides in the estuary of the Mersey, which rise twenty-five or thirty feet, are so rapid that vessels cannot with any kind of convenience lie along its shores, to take in their cargoes. At low water, their docks would be fifteen or twenty feet below the wharves, along which as one walks, he sees boats sailing far beneath him.

These embarrassments induced the merchants to construct artificial channels, resembling the locks and basins of

canals, extending into the very heart of the town, and to the doors of the ware-houses. Vessels go in at flood tide; the gates are then closed; and sufficient water is retained for purposes of navigation, from one wharf to another. In other basins, vessels are high and dry at ebb tide. The latter are distinct from the docks, where ships are calked and repaired, with as much ease as they could be upon the stocks. It is in vain for us to look for the same improvements at New-York, as the tide is not equal to the depth of the hull. The difficulty may however in some measure be obviated by excavation, and by works of art.

The Liverpool docks are constructed of large stones, accurately hewn, and adjusted with the most exact masonry. Their sides are as smooth and as handsome, as the walls of a house. Vessels move or lie by the side of them, without the slightest attrition. Some idea may be formed of the expense of these gigantic works when it is known that upwards of four miles of artificial wharf has been built in this way, with a perpendicular wall, thirty feet in height. For the greater part of the distance, the channels are artificial, in some places excavated, and in others filled up. On the walls, the feet are marked from 1 to 30, corresponding with the marks on the prow of the ship, so that the depth can be ascertained at a glance. Across the channel, swing bridges, like the locks of a canal, some of them of cast iron, are placed at convenient distances. The piles along the wharves are also in some instances of iron. In short, the whole structure seems calculated to endure for ages.

The view of these docks, filled with the commerce of the world, and presenting a forest of masts, rising among the houses and stores in various parts of the town, is at once strikingly novel and interesting. It is by far the most peculiar and prominent feature in the town. The most rigid regulations are enforced in the police of the docks. A fire would be destructive, not only to all the shipping in the basin, but would also endanger the neighbouring stores and houses. Such accidents are guarded against, by prohibiting the smoking of cigars upon the wharves, the importation of gunpowder within the docks, and other regulations equally strict. The officers live in buildings erected purposely on the quays, and are constantly upon the alert. To one who takes an interest in commercial affairs, or in naval architecture, a walk by the side of the basins, where vessels may be seen

from almost every port on the globe, is both instructive and agreeable. Prince's Dock is the most splendid; and it so happens that this is the rendezvous of vessels from the United States. They are decidedly the finest ships in the port, both externally and internally. You may tell a Yankee vessel, as far as you can see her. She sits like a swan upon the water, with her deck forming a beautiful curve, and her bow not so round and full as those of other nations.

In many places by the sides of the docks, open buildings, in the form of markets, have been erected to protect seafaring men and merchants, as well as their merchandise from the inclemency of the weather, in lading and unlading vessels. Some of the warehouses also have colonnades, which are extremely convenient in case of rain. In short, no expense has been spared in promoting and facilitating the commerce of the port. The stores are spacious and commodious, some of them being twelve or fourteen stories high. Between the range of docks and the Mersey, is an extensive walk, called the Parade, with a massive brick wall something like ten feet in height, and about a mile in extent. Its utility is not obvious, and certainly it conduces very little to ornament. The one on the immediate margin of the river, forming a railing to the perpendicular wall, is apparently more necessary, to prevent persons in the night from tumbling down a precipice of 30 feet. At convenient intervals along this high embankment are flights of stone steps, and in one place, there is a road passable with horses, to the edge of the water, forming a place for embarkation, in the steamboats and other vessels.

There is a striking peculiarity in the carts and dray-horses of this town. Both are heavy beyond any thing which has met my observation. One of the carts, I should think, would outweigh four of ours, forming a load for an ordinary team. They are apparently more unwieldy than Pennsylvania wagons. The horses, however, are proportionably large, being of the real Brobdennagg breed. They are well fed, strong, but clumsy. They lumber along the streets, with a jar like the carriages of heavy artillery, carrying sometimes three or four tons at a load. It is said these horses degenerate, when exported to other countries. An anecdote was related to us, which, if it were strictly true, would be strongly illustrative of their strength. A carman, it is said, was employed with his span in drawing timber from a ship: the cap-

tain was provoked with the tardiness of the process, and ordered the driver to whip up his team: the horses had in tow a large stick, and in quickening their pace, carried away the stern of the vessel!

Soon after our arrival, a gentleman who came passenger with us, and to whose polite attentions we are greatly indebted, conducted us to the Exchange, which is on a scale commensurate with the other commercial conveniences of the town. It is, in truth, a magnificent pile of buildings, said to be unequalled by any thing of the kind in Great Britain. It is almost as well known in the United States, as it is in England, and any notice of it may seem to be superfluous. But should my letters embrace only what is new to our readers, they would be extremely laconic; for I am treading at every mile a beaten track, over which tourist after tourist from our country has travelled. I am actually afraid to look at the sketches of my predecessors, lest indolence should lead me into temptation, or the perusal of other journals disclose to me, how stale must be the materials of my own. My readers must permit me to write, as if I were the first traveller, instead of the last. The Liverpool Exchange occupies three sides of a square, which is 197 feet by 178, and paved with flags. It is two stories high, built of a kind of free stone from Toxteth Park, resembling that in the rear of our City Hall, or the Academy at Albany, though lighter coloured, and not so handsome as either. Its proportions are fine, and its Corinthian pillars, as well as the magnificent arches in front, show to very great advantage, being rich, chaste, and highly ornamental. The lower story of the eastern wing is thrown into a spacious room for the accommodation of merchants and the transaction of business. It is furnished with newspapers, and mercantile appurtenances of every description. On the wall is an index, in the form of a large clock, showing the direction of the wind, the hand shifting with every gust. An accurate registry is kept of all the arrivals, and of vessels below, communicated by signals. Here also the state of the market may be learned from a record of the public sales, and the articles entered at the Custom House. In the second story is Lloyd's Room; and adjacent are a coffee-room and other apartments for the use of merchants. The remainder of the building is occupied by the counting-rooms and offices of individuals.

In the centre of the area is a monument commemorative



of the four naval battles of Lord Nelson—St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. It is built of Westmoreland marble, of a sombre hue, suited to the character of the ornament. The device appeared to me to be in very bad taste, but the execution admirable. From the basement rises a circular pedestal, around which are ranged four naked images *in chains*, in the attitude of weeping their captivity. Over the head of each, on the circular column, are four times repeated the memorable words of Lord Nelson, before the battle of Trafalgar—“*England expects every man to do his duty.*” As much as to say, it is the duty of England to keep the rest of the world in chains. The device is a barbarous expression of power, without its concomitants, justice and mercy. As a work of taste, the monument appeared to me too crowded, and wanting in simplicity. Nelson is represented in a dying attitude. Death's skeleton hand is extended from the folds of a flag, and placed upon his breast; and above, the figure of Glory is putting the fourth crown of victory upon his sword. There is also an incongruity in the design. A British sailor, full armed, is in the act of leaping forward to avenge the death of Nelson—for what? for conquering his enemies and confining them in manacles! The whole expense of this pile of buildings, with its appendages, cost about £200,000, raised by subscription.

On the fourth side of the area, stands the Town Hall, a magnificent edifice, which appears to great advantage from Castle-street, but almost entirely intercepts the view of the pile in its rear. It is built of the same materials as the Exchange, and the style of architecture is similar. The dome is a proud structure, upon the summit of which sits the figure of Britannia. We went through every apartment in this building, from the basement to the cupola. In one of the rooms, the Mayor was holding a court, with a crowd of both sexes at the bar. The suite of apartments on the second floor are splendidly finished and furnished, and kept in a state of the utmost neatness, the steps and flags being rubbed with a white cement, and the furniture highly polished. One of the rooms is ornamented with full length portraits of the two last Georges, and the Duke of Clarence, which are said to be good likenesses. The ball room is a spacious and superb hall, with a lofty and arched ceiling, hung with chandeliers of uncommon brilliancy.

Our ascent up the dark and winding steps to the top of the

building was tedious ; but the prospect well repaid us for the trouble. From this point we had a fine bird's-eye view of the town, its suburbs, harbour, and the country in the vicinity on the Cheshire shore. Liverpool extends along the Mersey for about two miles, and is something like a mile in breadth. Although it has nearly the same population as New-York, it does not cover so much ground, the houses being both higher and more compact. The former does not show to so good advantage as the latter from the top of the City Hall or the Hospital. Fewer steeples and turrets are in sight ; and the tall, naked chimneys of numerous furnaces, emitting volumes of dense smoke, together with the long, red earthen pipes uniformly crowning the flues, present a novel appearance. To the east lie the villages of Everton and Toxteth Park ; to the north, the entrance of the harbour and the channel ; on the west, the Mersey hurries by the town, and the hills of Wales rise in the distance, with an intervening country clothed in green and studded with white buildings. The view is picturesque, but inferior to that from the State House in Boston, or the Observatory at Portland.

The prospect towards the sea is by far the most interesting, as fleets are almost constantly arriving and departing, freighted with no inconsiderable portion of the commerce of Great-Britain. Nearly one sixth of the whole trade of the country is carried on from this port alone ; and the imports in some articles, as cotton for instance, exceed the aggregate of all the rest of the kingdom. The great amount of business is owing to the facilities of transportation from the interior of the Island, by means of canals and excellent roads. No small proportion of the wealth of Liverpool was derived from the slave trade ; and the town still bears one conspicuous relic of the disgraceful traffic. The principal place of business is called the *Goree* ; a name of African origin. It should, however, be added, that its inhabitants have been among the foremost in the abolition of that trade, which was openly denounced as unjustifiable and barbarous, in a large public meeting. At a subsequent period, the contraband trade with South America, and the West Indies, was extremely lucrative. For a long time this town waged a competition with Bristol ; but the latter has at length been completely distanced, and the former is now grappling with the metropolis as her only rival.

The public buildings in Liverpool, with the exception of

those above mentioned, and the church attached to the Asylum for the Blind, the architecture of which is purely Grecian, have nothing about them peculiarly worthy of notice. They are modern structures, neat and commodious. The places of worship are numerous, corresponding with the great variety of sects in religion. St. Nicholas struck us as favourably as any of the churches. Its steeple fell some years since, while the bells were ringing for the morning service : the crash was tremendous, and upwards of twenty persons were buried in the ruins. The Athenæum is a pretty building of stone, two stories high ; the lower one is occupied as a reading room, and the other as a library, which at present contains about eleven thousand volumes. We were received with much politeness, and many inquiries were made about the kindred institution in New-York. Near this is the Lyceum, containing about 20,000 volumes. Some of the shelves in the gallery are filled with *paintings of books*, which struck us as a novelty, in an institution of this kind. The charitable associations of Liverpool are numerous. Of these the Asylum for the Blind is by far the most interesting. We attended its church on Sunday, and have since visited the buildings with which it is connected. It is a splendid charity, furnished with every thing which can conduce to the welfare and happiness of its unfortunate inmates, who are at present one hundred and twenty in number, assembled from all parts of the kingdom. Their skill in various mechanical operations are surprising. Some of the females were sewing, others weaving and knitting ; and in one apartment the males were making shoes. These articles are exposed for sale, for the benefit of the establishment. The workmanship is remarkably fine, particularly the needle-work, consisting chiefly of silk reticules. But the proficiency of the blind in music, astonished us above all. They chanted the psalms for the day of the month on Sunday, in full chorus, without missing a word or a note, and their responses throughout were perfect. We have since heard them perform some of the most complex and difficult pieces of Handel and Haydn, in a masterly manner. The music hall has a good organ, and is filled with piano-fortes. On its walls are inscribed, in letters of gold, the names of the benefactors of the institution, with the amount of legacies and donations. On Thursday afternoon, the fashionable day, we visited the Botanic Garden, at the distance of a mile from the Ex-

change. It was at this season in full bloom. The grounds contain an area of between four and five acres, tastefully laid out, and filled with trees, shrubs, and plants from every quarter of the globe. Its neatly gravelled walks are completely overhung with shades of every variety, and furnish a charming promenade. In one part of the garden is a little lake where the water-lily was seen in bloom. An excellent band of music occupied a central position, and the mellow notes stole through the alcoves of this delightful retreat. There were perhaps three or four hundred ladies and gentlemen in the garden, promenading in all directions. On every Thursday afternoon, the first families in town are accustomed to assemble at this place, to amuse themselves with a walk, music, and conversation. It is a custom worthy of imitation, being equally conducive to health and sociability. The strictest rules are enforced, respecting admissions, and for the preservation of the plants. We have had an opportunity of seeing much of the beauty, taste, and fashion of the town. But as has been already remarked, there is so strong a resemblance in dress and manners, that one would hardly be able to distinguish this collection of people from an assembly of ladies and gentlemen in the United States.

The theatre does not at present offer many attractions. It is smaller than the Park Theatre, but finished in much the same style. There is one peculiarity in the audience. Most of the ladies sit in the pit, and judging from our limited experience, there is "a beggarly account of empty boxes." The acting is of an inferior kind, without one *star* to dazzle and delight. Miss Foot is expected here in a few days. She was playing at Dublin, when we passed, but no convenient opportunity was afforded to see her. There was a partial riot on one evening; some applauded, others hissed, and she fainted in the uproar. Her acting is not highly spoken of; and the curiosity to see her is in a great measure factitious. She is said to be extremely handsome.

There are several minor theatres, and raree shows in abundance in this town. We were not a little amused in passing through one of the streets, to see the picture of an "American Giant," so called, contrasted with Napoleon. He has been christened "Lambier," probably of the Lambert family, and is said to be upwards of seven feet high. As such a gentleman had never been heard of in our country, we resisted the music of a hand-organ, and did not think

proper to pay a shilling to make his acquaintance. In the street opposite my window, at the King's Arms, is a curious sign, labelled "*Eidouphusicon*." Notwithstanding a slight acquaintance with the dialects, the application of the term at first puzzled me. But every night has furnished a definition. It points to an exhibition of natural scenery and natural phenomena. Regularly at 10 o'clock, they come to "the thunder-storm" and "the shipwreck." There is a tremendous beating of tin pans, and the pattering of peas for rain and hail. We have only to look from the casement, to enjoy the confusion of elements—such as they are. From this sketch, it will be perceived that public amusements are much the same here as with us.

Among other public places, we have been through the several markets. The principal one is a stupendous pile, said to be the largest structure in the kingdom. It is built of brick, with five spacious avenues leading from end to end, on the sides of which the articles are neatly displayed. There is an abundant supply of meats, fish, vegetables, and fruits, with the usual variety of miscellaneous commodities. The salmon from the Dee and the turbot are of an excellent quality.

In the two great necessities of life, fuel and water, Liverpool is well supplied. Coal is abundant and cheap. Water of a good quality, pure, and wholesome, but not cold, is conveyed through the streets in aqueducts from two fountains; and families are plentifully furnished, on moderate terms. The town is lighted with gas of two kinds, one from oil and the other from coal. There is a strong competition between the two companies, and the controversy, as to the superiority of the light, runs high. From all we could learn, the oil gas has a decided preference. It burns with a purer flame, and is not accompanied with so much stench. The gentleman who afforded so many facilities to the superintendent of the New-York Gas-Works, in the prosecution of his inquiries, imparted to us much information on the subject.

On Friday last, we dined at Birchfield; a charming retreat at the distance of about a mile from the centre of the town. It is the residence of taste, ease, and hospitality. The mansion is in the midst of a park of four acres, surrounded with trees and shrubbery, and handsomely laid out with walks. Among the guests at table, was the Rev. Dr. Raffles, who is

well known in our country both in his sacerdotal and literary character, and whom I had a strong desire to see. A clergyman from Boston was also present. The conversation turned upon a great variety of topics, and was extremely interesting. If delicacy permitted, my limits would not allow me to give a sketch of it in this letter. Our visit was protracted till 10 o'clock, and for its pleasures, we are indebted to a friend who has devoted himself to us since our arrival, and whose kindnesses, with those of his family will long be gratefully remembered.

On Saturday, we took tea and passed an agreeable evening with a family to whom one of my letters introduced us, and by whom we were received with the utmost cordiality. The gentleman had resided for some time in New-York ; and it was not a little gratifying to us, to find his apartments hung with portraits of Washington and Lafayette, as also with the Declaration of Independence, by Col. Trumbull. On the mantle-piece was a fine miniature bust of Mr. Roscoe, in Italian marble. You may judge of my surprise and pleasure to find an English lady in the party, who had visited the White Hills in New-Hampshire, and passed through the Notch, so called, some fifteen or twenty years ago. She had also climbed the Green-Mountains in Vermont, and was familiar with American scenery. A gentleman from Boston, who is on his second visit to Europe, with his lady, and one or two others were of the party. The evening passed pleasantly ; and I feel under great obligations to a distinguished friend, who made me acquainted with so worthy and agreeable a family.

Sunday evening made us acquainted, through the medium of a kind letter from an other of my New-York friends, with one of the most eminent men of the age, whose writings and whose philanthropic efforts are as well known in the United States, as in Europe. I was familiar with both, before leaving the cloisters of a college, but at that period little dreamed of ever seeing and taking tea with the admired author of "Leo the Xth"—the patron of literature and the arts—and above all the friend of man. He and his family received us with that kindness and hospitality, which have on all occasions been manifested towards our countrymen ; and with that ease and attic simplicity of manners, which could not fail to charm. Although in the presence of such a venerable man, I wished only to listen ; yet

his many inquiries respecting the institutions of our country, and the circle of his acquaintances, compelled me sometimes to talk. This gentleman, who is now at an advanced age, and has been conspicuous for the last forty years, manifests the same zeal and enthusiasm in the cause of science and literature, freedom and humanity, that have characterized his whole life. He showed us the four first numbers of a most splendid botanical work, with plates, in which he is now engaged, and which is publishing in London, in royal folio. It contains a full and accurate description, with coloured drawings as large as life, of all the plants in the Botanical Garden at Liverpool. The four first numbers are chiefly occupied with the class *Monandria*, *Monogynia*, and are particularly rich in plants from the East Indies, where he has several correspondents, eminent for their botanical attainments. The whole work will be comprised in twelve or thirteen numbers. God grant him health and strength to complete an undertaking, which will form such a splendid acquisition to science and to his own reputation. He also showed us some elegant specimens of a catalogue of a manuscript library, which he is making out for his distinguished friend, Mr. Coke, of Holkham. The catalogue is designed to contain fac-similes of the various *illuminations*; and the imitations which have been completed are exact and perfect. There are about eight hundred manuscripts in the library, some of which are of the rarest and most valuable kind, comprising, among other things early transcripts of the Gospels.

Only two members of the family were at home, a son and a daughter, both of whom have imbibed the spirit of the father. My readers have had the pleasure of perusing some of the poetical effusions of the two sisters, the youngest of whom formed one of the circle on the evening of our visit. Her unaffected manners and polished conversation are in strict accordance with the productions of her pen. The residence of this literary family is in a retired and quiet situation at Toxteth Park, two miles from town. The house is surrounded with trees, and with a spacious garden, in which the proprietor amuses himself with his favourite pursuits in botany. He gave us a number of pamphlets on subjects of interest at the present day. The enjoyments of that evening, and the image of that great and good man, as he took my hand and uttered a parting benediction, are too deeply impressed upon my mind

and my heart ever to be effaced, and a visit which was so instructive, and in all respects so agreeable, will form one of the eras in my life.

On Monday we dined with a gentleman, with whom I was made acquainted, and whose hospitality was procured, by a letter from one of my brother editors in New-York. The party consisted of a circle of American gentlemen, whose homes and hearts, however distant in the United States, a foreign shore soon brought together, and produced a community of feeling. A fine turbot, which a Roman epicure would have extolled and a Roman poet might have sung, bathed as it was in the true Falernian, formed but a small item in the pleasures of the evening. Sentiment and good cheer, with many a kind remembrance of our country, and many a panegyric upon its institutions, circulated briskly at the convivial board. The laws which govern physical attraction appear to be reversed in morals; and I have thus far found, that American hearts are only the more warmly attached to the land of their nativity, the farther they are from home. It occasioned not a little surprise, that these gentlemen, some of whom have been residents here for years, should be so minutely acquainted with the politics of the United States. Not an event has transpired, not an election has taken place, from the President downward, but they are familiar with all the particulars. Plied pretty freely by the generous hospitality of the table, and backed by the high authority of a member of congress, our session was protracted till 1 o'clock, when this little convention of republicans, assembled by accident, and not for treasonable purposes in the King's dominions, adjourned *sine die*. Some of its members are now climbing the mountains of Wales, and others are bending their course towards the lakes of Scotland.

It will be perceived by the foregoing sketch, that we have not been inactive since our arrival at Liverpool, and that we have had every reason to be pleased with the place. There is a frankness and a cordiality in the manners of those whom we have seen, peculiarly prepossessing and pleasing. Both sexes when introduced, instead of a formal bow, or retreating courtesy, advance and take the hand of a stranger with a welcome which appears to come warm from the heart. If it does not, it is an agreeable illusion, which at once removes all restraint, and renders the guest easy in his feelings. Our



letters, coming as they did, from gentlemen who are known and respected, have been every thing to us, insuring the utmost attention and kindness from those to whom they were addressed. He alone who has found himself among strangers, upon a foreign shore, can know how to appreciate duly such civilities; and if our tour shall have no other good effect, it will at least more deeply impress the virtues of hospitality.

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## LETTER VI.

CHESTER—EATON HALL.

*July, 1825.*—ON the afternoon of the 21st, we took leave of Liverpool and crossed the Mersey in a steam-boat at Birkenhead Ferry to the Cheshire shore. The estuary of the river is about a mile and a half wide, and in both directions, as far as the eye can reach, it is covered with vessels of every description. So great is the number of steam-boats hourly crossing at three or four different ferries, and plying up and down the river, that a cloud of black smoke constantly hangs over the water, and adds to the obscurity in which the town is enveloped. Its spires were scarcely discernible from the opposite side. The banks of the Mersey, so far as they could be traced through a dense atmosphere, appeared high and romantic; and the bustle of commerce in the harbour, added to the verdure and beauty of the surrounding country, presented a scene extremely picturesque. Its effect was heightened by the serenity of the day, and a band of music on board.

At Birkenhead a post-chaise was chartered to take us to Chester. The distance is sixteen miles. It was accomplished in about two hours. The road, which is perfectly smooth and most of the way level, pursues the left bank of the Mersey and presents a full view of the river and opposite shore. For the whole distance, it leads through the rich, agricultural county of Cheshire, so celebrated for its extensive dairies. The land is in a very highly cultivated state. Every rood maintains its man. In point of populousness, however, it cannot be compared with Ireland. The fences,

consisting of embankments crowned with hedge-rows of hawthorn, pruned with exactness, are at once substantial and beautiful.

Hay-makers of both sexes were busily at work in the fields. In several instances, females were observed pitching hay from the cart, with their cheeks flushed by the heat of the afternoon and the severity of the toil. The crop of hay is abundant. It is uniformly put into stacks, exposed to the weather. Not a barn was seen the whole distance. The wheat fields appear to be luxuriant, and are fast whitening to the harvest. As evening approached, large herds of cows were driven up, and the milk-maid commenced her task. The rural quiet of the country and its pure fragrant air, were peculiarly grateful to us, after having breathed for eight or ten days the hot and smoky atmosphere of the town.

We reached Chester at 7 o'clock, and passing under the antique gate, on the north, took lodgings at the Royal Hotel, which is owned by the Earl Grosvenor, and is from that circumstance generally preferred by strangers, as it is said they are more readily permitted to visit his lordship's seat and grounds in the vicinity. So eager was our curiosity to take a view of this ancient city, the aspect of which was totally unlike any thing we had seen, that we at once scaled the wall by a flight of steps, and commenced a walk round the parapet. It is a most curious and interesting piece of antiquity. Its origin, both as it regards the period of its construction and the nation by whom it was erected, is involved in obscurity. Some say it was built as early as the 73d year of the Christian era. Authentic records, however, reach no farther back than the 9th century, when it is spoken of indirectly, and as a matter of course. There is little doubt, that the work originated with the Romans, since it is certain that the XXth Legion made this place for some time their head-quarters. The site of the prætorium is still pointed out to the traveller. It formed the termination of their conquests and marches to the west. The wall has undergone some modifications at different periods; but the great outlines of it have been preserved. It is of various heights, according to the ground over which it passes, being in some places forty or fifty, and in others not more than ten or twelve feet. The top is nearly upon a level, wide enough for two or three persons to walk abreast, paved with smooth flags, and the sides guarded by railings. It is about two

miles in circumference, extending among the buildings of the town, which have been erected on both sides since it was completed. It is constructed of red sand-stone, which is weather-beaten, crumbling with age, and exhibiting all the marks of great antiquity. The remains of battlements, niches and towers, along the parapet, now nodding to their fall, are sculptured with antique figures and black-letter inscriptions, most of which are illegible.

The first object which attracted our attention in making the circuit, was the Cathedral on the left within the town. It is a large Gothic pile, the age of which is involved in the same obscurity as the other antiquities at Chester. It is extremely rude and grotesque in its architecture, with stained glass windows, and every thing about it bearing the marks of decay. The stone has been discoloured by time; and exposed as it has been for ages to the weather, it has assumed a sombre hue, as if scathed by fire. Some years since its spire was taken down, from an apprehension it was about to fall. The building is connected with the old Abbey of St. Waburg, (whose purity and sanctity were such that miracles are said to have been wrought at her tomb,) and surrounded with sepulchres and monuments of the dead. Among these is a sarcophagus of Henry IV. of Germany.

A few rods from the Cathedral, on the ramparts, stands a shattered tower, twenty or thirty feet high, and apparently just ready to tumble into ruins. It is thought to be so dangerous, that it has been shut up, and visitants are not allowed to climb it. Many bas-reliefs and half-effaced images are carved in the stone; and on one side is an inscription, which states, that in 1645, Charles I. stood upon the top of it, and witnessed the defeat of his army upon Rawton Moor, whence he retired to the summit of the Cathedral, where one of his officers was shot dead at his side. From this point, the view of the country to the north-east, in the vicinity of Delamere forest is picturesque and beautiful. Under the wall passes the Nantwicks canal, cut through solid rock, in some places to the depth of 30 feet. Beyond the northern gate, there is a high platform, mounted by a flight of steps, whence the mouth of the Dee and St. George's Channel, together with the mountains of Wales are seen in the distance, forming a charming back-ground to the landscape which intervenes, watered by the windings of the river, and embracing a variety of rural objects. At the south-western

angle of the walls, is another fine ruin called the Water-tower, richly mantled with ivy. It was celebrated in the civil wars of the Commonwealth, and at length yielded to the cannon of Cromwell, planted on the opposite bank of the Dee.

Under the western section of the ramparts, spreads the Roodee, a beautiful level common, closely shorn, and bordered on one side by the meanders of the river. It comprises an area of 84 acres, and is now used as a race course. Although the green turf has been appropriated to profane purposes, its name is of holy origin. From the smooth sod rises a little cross which marks a spot consecrated by a superstitious legend. It is said that an image of the Virgin, which fell upon the head of a lady of distinction and crushed her to pieces, while at her devotions, was thrown into the Dee at Hawarden church, several miles above, and floated to this place, where it was picked up and interred, inscribed with a barbarous distich.

Passing by the Infirmary and the Gaol, which are modern structures, we arrived at the stately group of edifices called the Castle. These have all been lately re-built, and although neat, possess little interest, except from their association with former events. The tower of Julius Cæsar is converted into a powder magazine and armory. Near the Castle is an entrance called the "Hole in the Wall," where there is the remnant of a Roman arch, said to be the oldest in the kingdom. Besides being consecrated by the footsteps of the XXth Legion, it has been celebrated in later times, as the place where King Edgar landed, when he was rowed across the Dee by eight captive princes. At the corner of one of the streets in this part of the town, is a little tavern, called the Edgar Hotel, with a sign on which the above mentioned scene is delineated, the regal oarsmen all wearing their crowns, with their coats off.

Opposite the southern gate, is a lofty stone bridge, built in the seventh or eighth century. It is a rude structure, with five massive arches and bastions at top, like a fortress, and has probably been used as such. It is now in a crazy condition, and accounted very unsafe.

On the right bank of the river below, is a beautiful public walk, shaded with trees, and over-looked by St. John's Church, an extremely ancient structure, associated with much history and many traditions. The village of Hand-bridge, on the other shore, where Henry IV. of Germany

resided when he retired from his throne to this place, stands upon an eminence, and appears to great advantage.

Our promenade round these dilapidated walls was entirely novel, and in the highest degree interesting. The evening was fine. In the course of the circuit, the sun went down behind the hills of Wales, and the moon soon followed in his train. The bells of the Cathedral rang a *curfew*, which is still observed in this ancient city. Herds and flocks were quietly grazing upon the Roodee, and a thousand circumstances recalled the imagery every where to be found in the English poets.

On the following day our examination of Chester and its environ was completed. In the morning, our steps were first directed to the centre of the city, where once stood a cross, at the junction of the four principal streets, leading through the gates placed at the cardinal points of the compass. The sacred emblem was demolished in the civil and ecclesiastical wars, and a church now stands upon the site. Chester throughout is a curiosity. It is one of the oldest cities in the kingdom, and its venerable aspect is in a great measure preserved. Its houses are grotesque in the extreme, being a mixture of stone, wood, brick, and mortar, with the gable ends to the street, and embellished with the oddest sculpture imaginable. They are annually tumbling down with absolute old age. Most of them are built in what the inhabitants call the *Rows*, consisting of a lower tier of rooms under the pavement of the side-walk, which forms the roof of the subterraneous apartments, supported by pillars in front. The shops and dwellings are back of this odd species of arcades, on a level with the walk. At convenient intervals, are dark and covered ways leading through the blocks. It is said this construction was adopted to guard against the Welsh, who in turbulent times used to make frequent incursions upon the city and plunder its inhabitants.

In Bridge-street, a tavern was pointed out to us connected with a curious tradition. Dr. Cole, Dean of St. Paul's, was entrusted with a commission from Queen Mary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, authorizing him to persecute the Protestants. On his way to Dublin, he put up for the night at this house. The landlady apprized of his errand, and being less a catholic than either her guest or her sovereign, hit upon an expedient to defeat the bloody project. She secretly slipt the commission from the box in which it was

enclosed, and substituted a pack of cards in its place, taking care to turn up the Jack of Clubs. In the morning, the Dean pursued his journey, and delivered the package to the Lord Lieutenant, who on opening it found to his surprise *Pam* staring him in the face. The holy messenger trod back to London with all possible despatch, but some change of policy had in the mean time taken place, and the persecution was stayed.

On the same street, we penetrated a dark and dirty cellar, for the purpose of viewing the remains of a Roman Bath. It is situated in the side of a rock, supported on thirty pillars, about two feet high, placed at equal distances. The roof is covered with cement. Persons have crept into the gloomy recess, until nearly suffocated with the confined air. Near the bath is a living fountain, hewn from the cliffs, whence the water was drawn. Here the soldiers of the XXth Legion used to recreate themselves after the dusty toils of the field and camp. In this avenue, we also visited St. Bridget's Church, founded by Offa in the eighth century; and the old house, in which the Gamul family afforded refuge to Charles I. when he was driven from the throne, and persecuted by his enemies. An hour was passed at the Bridge, and in St. Mary's Church. The latter is a great curiosity, being a perfect specimen of Gothic architecture. Its roof exhibits the ancient mode of pannelling, and is fantastically embossed with rose-work. In one corner, the Gamul family lie in state, sculptured as large as life in marble. At the foot of Lady Gamul, a child sits reading the Bible. Noblemen, gentry, and persons of distinction lie entombed around, with their tablets, escutcheons, and armour suspended from the walls.

We next rambled over every part of the Castle from top to bottom. A part of it is used as a town-house; another part as a prison; a third as an armory, in which are 20,000 muskets, pistols, carbines, and other implements of war neatly arranged. But the modern edifice had few attractions for us. It was much more interesting to be shown the spot over one of the gates, where Richard II. slept, when he was driven from Ireland, than to look at the seat where a pursy alderman doses. From the top of the Castle, there is a fine view of Moel Fammo, (the mother of mountains,) the highest hill in Flintshire, and of Beeston, a curious insulated hill to the northeast, crowned with the ruins of an ancient

fortress. On the summit of the former is a beacon, erected as a memorial of the coronation of the present king. By a curious coincident, we were gazing at the monument, on the anniversary of that event, and while the guns were roaring through the city. A bird's-eye view of the town and its environs, from the battlements of the Castle, is picturesque and beautiful.

The most interesting part of our visit at this place, was to Trinity Church, where the remains of Dr. Parnell, the poet, are said to repose. An old lady, who has charge of the keys, accompanied us, and was requested to conduct us to the tomb. She seemed at a loss, but at length led the way to a pillar, beneath which she believed the author of the *Hermit* slept. She knelt down, and brushed away the dust with her apron, from a little brass tablet, close to the floor of the aisle. The inscription was half illegible; but after applying our handkerchiefs to the plate, it was believed we could read the name of Parnell. It was, however, afterwards found to be the tomb of Aspinwall; and we were compelled to leave the church without being able to find the place, where sleeps the friend of Swift, and the subject of Goldsmith's and Johnson's eulogy.

At two o'clock we set out on foot for Eaton Hall, the seat of Earl Grosvenor, a distance of four or five miles. A pedestrian excursion of this extent, after the fatigues of the morning and on a warm afternoon, was undertaken at the suggestion of a citizen of Chester, who had taken us all over the town, and offered to walk with us to the residence of his lordship, although he had been there a dozen times. The English are much better pedestrians than our countrymen. This same gentleman had walked forty-eight miles for amusement on the Sunday previous. We found him intelligent, polite, and obliging. He devoted the whole day to us, although entire strangers, and without the slightest introduction.

Our walk led, for more than half the distance, through the grounds of Lord Grosvenor, on the rural and quiet banks of the Dee, where the hay makers were busily employed in the meadows. A mile on this side of Eaton Hall is the village of Eccleston, with a neat church built by his lordship, and in which is his family vault. Beyond this commences his Park, where several hundreds of deer of all colours, were re-

posing beneath the shade, their large branching horns appearing like a dry forest.

Eaton Hall is a splendid pile of buildings, in the pure Gothic style. It is said there is nothing of the kind in the kingdom which surpasses it. The length of the mansion is four hundred and fifty feet, besides the other buildings finished in the same style, making a total of seven hundred feet. Its centre is three stories high, and the wings two, with Gothic turrets peeping above the groves of oak, and producing a fine effect. The structure is of Shropshire stone, in colour somewhat resembling that of the Exchange at Liverpool. It was begun in 1803, and has but just been completed. I was informed that the expense of the Hall, exclusive of the furniture, was between four and five hundred thousand pounds, or about two millions of dollars. Nearly as much more has been expended in furnishing this gorgeous palace; and yet his lordship's income, after this deduction, is said to be not less than \$600,000! Such is the inequality of wealth in this country, between the thousands of beggars, who ask an obolus, and the noblemen, wallowing in luxury. Happy, thrice happy is our Republic, which yet knows not, and God grant may never know, any of these extremities!

We entered the front door, ascending a flight of white marble steps, at the same moment with a party of ladies from Boston, on a similar errand. Our names were recorded in an album, in which the United States furnished quite a list for one day. On each side of the entrance, in the principal hall, is a figure in ancient mail, from head to foot, armed and masked. Other statues of the same description adorn the vestibule. I will not attempt to describe the interior, as my visit was limited to an hour, and apartment after apartment burst upon the eye in such rapid succession, and with such dazzling splendour, as to render the whole like a scene of enchantment. A few particulars only will be mentioned.

The floors and tables are of English oak, highly polished, and extremely beautiful. Many of the doors are of mahogany, certainly less beautiful, and less in keeping with the style of architecture, than the other material. There is however much taste, as well as great splendour, exhibited in finishing and furnishing the rooms; and if his lordship has superintended the whole, his duties have been both complex and arduous. It would require much ingenuity, and a great



stretch of the imagination, to form a conception of half the luxury here displayed.

The dining-hall is ornamented with full length statues of the first Earl Grosvenor, who came over with William the Conqueror; of Miss Eaton, who brought a large accession to the estates, and gave name to the Hall; of Miss Davis, the late Lady Grosvenor; and full length portraits of the present Earl and his Lady, besides many other statues and paintings, among which is Oliver Cromwell in his shirt sleeves and flapped hat, dissolving the Rump Parliament. He is in the act of pointing to the insignia of royalty, and exclaiming, "take away those baubles!" The picture does not seem to be exactly in its place, surrounded as it is by so many badges of the same description, that the protector despised. His lordship, perhaps, intended it, as an indication of his political principles, as he is a strenuous member of the opposition.

We were ushered into the state bed-room, and the suite of apartments adjoining it. The couch is gorgeous and the pillow seemed downy; but who can tell how often it may have been planted with thorns?—Sleep, I suppose, is equally sweet under a less splendid canopy: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;" and the expression may sometimes perhaps be extended to a badge of nobility, though from all we can learn in the neighbourhood, the present lord and lady Grosvenor are much respected and esteemed for their private worth, being pious, liberal, and charitable. Among other things, a neat little chapel was pointed out to us, where they assemble morning and evening, to hear prayers, and kneel with their servants before a common altar. His lordship is said to be a Roman Catholic at heart; but such a report may have arisen from the circumstance of his supporting the Catholic Claims.

The state bed was once prepared for the Prince Regent, (the present King,) who was expected to visit Eaton Hall, at the time he was at Liverpool. Perhaps his reception at the latter place deterred him from extending his tour. It is certain, that he slighted the beautiful banks of the Dee, and thereby gave great dissatisfaction to his friends in this quarter. On one occasion, multitudes of people lined the banks of the canal, from a rumour that he was to ascend in a boat from the Mersey to Chester; but the day came and went, without being cheered by his royal presence.

Lord Grosvenor's sitting-room is a most splendid apartment. It is finished and furnished in princely style. Crimson sofas and couches, inlaid tables, chairs embossed with gold,\* mirrors of the utmost brilliancy, every where meet and dazzle the eye. Over the fire-place is a fine Rubens, and over each door, a splendid picture by our countryman West. I forgot to mention, that on the Gothic windows, lighting this suite of rooms, the eight Earls of Chester are delineated in succession, on stained glass. It is a conspicuous and pretty ornament.

The library is in a style of elegance, corresponding with the rest of the palace. It occupies three large rooms. I was, however, surprised to see some of the shelves filled with mock, or painted books, like those in the galleries of the Lyceum at Liverpool. In a country where books are so abundant, and in a mansion where so much wealth and taste are conspicuous, the narrow economy of saving a few guineas in painting volumes, instead of purchasing them, struck me as very singular. If my memory serves me, the works thus delineated were the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and *Jeremy Taylor*, both of which his lordship would surely wish to possess. In his library as well as in his drawing-room, he has paid a compliment to American genius. All the writings of Washington Irving, not even excepting *Knickerbocker's History of New-York*, adorn the shelves. Such a circumstance is flattering to our literature.

The grounds and gardens of Eaton-Hall are laid out with a good deal of taste, although there is nothing very bold or striking in the scenery. Towards the north, the prospect from the window is fine, presenting a picturesque view of Beeston in the distance, and a canal, or artificial channel for the Dee, winding among the trees and forming the border of the garden. On all other sides the view is intercepted by groves of large oak and other forest trees, covering a level lawn. At the distance of half a mile from the Hall, a one-arched Bridge of cast iron, with a span of 150 feet, has been thrown across the Dee, at an expense of 10,000*l*; but it is entirely concealed from the house by the intervening foliage.

The garden contains about 50 acres, covered with every variety of fruit, vegetable, and flower. Plants of the most gorgeous hues attract the eye, and load the air with fra-

\* These chairs are said to have cost 100 guineas, or about \$500 each!

grance. From the centre of the Hall, a broad and beautiful walk leads to the water, where a pleasure boat with sails is moored among the trees. Another promenade runs along the margin of the artificial basin, at one end of which is a statue of a naked gladiator, and at the other a Minerva. In a copse on the right, rises a little temple in which is placed the Roman Altar, dug up near Chester some years since, with the inscription, "*Nymphis et Fontibus Leg. XX. V. V.*" On the opposite side of the garden are the hot-houses, through all of which we passed, although the temperature of some of them was as high as 110 degrees. Pine apples were fast coming to maturity, and luxuriant clusters of ripe grapes hung from the roofs. The vintage continues the year round, furnishing an abundance of fresh fruits. There is an imitation of Alpine scenery in one part of the garden; but it is upon a small scale, and in an unfinished state. His lordship is not very fond of horticulture, and has no taste for the higher sports of the nobility. Politics are his pursuit, and building is a passion with him. He has a family of three sons; his only daughter died a few years since.

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## LETTER VII.

RIDE FROM CHESTER TO MANCHESTER—NORTHWITCH—  
MANCHESTER—STOCKPORT—BUXTON—BAKEWELL.

July, 1825.—On the afternoon of the 23d, we rode from Chester to Manchester—a distance of forty miles. As the day was pleasant, our seats were, as usual, taken on the outside of the coach, by the side of the driver, for the purpose of plying him with questions and learning something of the road. There were sixteen persons of both sexes on the top, and four in the interior. As the former exceeded the number that the coachman is by law allowed to carry, he was obliged to send some of them below, as he approached the bridge where the officers reside, lest, as he said "they should touch him for five pounds, to be expended among themselves in roast beef and porter." A pretty little Cheshire girl, with her face rendered a brunette by exposure to the sun in hay-making, was the least likely to incommode the inside

passengers ; and she was therefore smuggled through the turnpike.

Just without the walls of Chester, a spot was pointed out to us, consecrated by the execution of a protestant, who fell a martyr to the bigotry and persecution of Queen Mary. In the vicinity is an eminence, which is said to bear a striking resemblance to the celebrated Richmond Hill, near London, and to which the same name has been given. It presents a pretty view of Chester and its environs, and is a favourite place of resort. Rawton Moor, the scene of former battles, alluded to in my last letter, has been reclaimed and converted into cultivated fields, now waving with golden harvests. The extensive barren, which by courtesy has assumed the name of Delamere Forest, is nothing more than a heath, of many thousand acres. In one direction, it is eight miles in extent, covered with a thick bottom of fern. It has been planted with fir and oak, under the superintendence, and at the expense of the government. Shrubs of the former tree are a few feet in height, and may in time form a forest ; but the soil, or rather the sand, will never apparently support a growth of oak. On the waste are several little white cottages, inhabited by the foresters, who are in the pay of the government. There is also an oasis in the desert, with a small village, and neat Gothic church, erected at the expense of the Earl of Derby. These buildings in some degree relieve the eye and break the desolation which reigns around.

At Sandiway hotel, we saw four coursers belonging to Earl Grosvenor, in charge of as many grooms, on their way to Knutsford, where the annual races were to take place on the Tuesday following. The golden cups and high bets, then and there to be lost and won, formed almost the only topic of conversation on the road. The coachman entered fully into the spirit of these high sports, and as he did not carry the mail, and was permitted to loiter as much as he chose, he would often stop his team, to converse on the probable issue of the contest. Noblemen's horses are much better known than themselves to the people ; and without taking any particular pains to acquire the knowledge, we became tolerably familiar with the studs of all the Dukes, Earls, and Squires in the vicinity. It is said that Lord Grosvenor has no taste for sports of the turf, but is obliged to participate in its turmoils, for the sake of maintaining his popularity.

In the course of the afternoon, we passed through the

town of Northwich, so celebrated for its salines and mines of salt, whence the extensive exports from Liverpool are obtained. The two places are connected by the river Weaver and by canals, affording great facilities of transportation. Immense quantities are annually taken to market through this channel. Although we had a strong desire to stop and compare the works with those at Salina; yet as the day was far spent and Sunday approaching, affording no opportunity to witness the operations, it was concluded to defer the visit. There is nothing inviting in the aspect of this town. The Weaver is a dark and sluggish stream, and the buildings on its bank bear the marks of decay. Some of them incline, as if ready to fall, owing, it is said, to the sinking of the ground from excavations.

Near Northwich, is a pretty country seat, the residence of Sir John Leicester. There is an artificial lake, or canal on his grounds, on which a small brig, designed as a pleasure boat, was moored. He is the great patron of young artists, and is said to have an extensive collection of paintings and statuary, purchased partly to show his munificence towards works of taste and genius. His brother seems inclined to different pursuits. He was among the passengers in the coach, on his way to the races. In the same neighbourhood is the residence of another nobleman. A beautiful vista leads through the Park to the mansion, which, at this season, was entirely concealed by the foliage. The personage referred to is said to be extremely unfortunate in his family. The gambling debts of one of his sons, have deeply involved him in pecuniary embarrassments; and large lots of timber have been sold from his grounds, to wipe off the old scores. But in the opinion of my informant, the deepest affliction of all consisted in the marriage of one of his daughters with the son of a bishop, who has neither titles, honours, nor estates. It was a pure love match between the young couple; and such is the artificial state of society here, that it is reckoned an indelible stain upon the escutcheons of nobility. His lordship is said to have directed his carriage to keep the middle of the road, leaving the disinherited pair to take which side they chose, if they chanced to meet.

An hour before reaching Manchester, the crowds of people returning from market gave indications of our approach

to a large town. The suburbs are pleasant. After crossing the Mersey, which is here a small stream, as also a canal connecting London, Liverpool, and Manchester, we were hurried through one of the principal streets, to the Star Inn, which the driver pronounced to be "the best hotel in the world." Our arrival was at an hour, when all the labourers of both sexes had finished the toils of the week, and were set free until Monday morning. The immense multitude of old and young, male and female, who literally blocked up the streets, afforded conclusive evidence of the populousness of this *borough*; for although it now contains 165,000 inhabitants, it is not dignified with the name of a *city*, and has no other government than that of a Reeve and a Sheriff, without a representative in parliament!

The appearance of Manchester is not very prepossessing. It is built of brick, manufactured in the suburbs. The buildings are plain, and discoloured by the cloud of smoke in which it is constantly enveloped. Some of the streets are handsome, and all of them much cleaner than could be anticipated from the pursuits of its population. None of its public edifices, except perhaps the Collegiate Church, are very peculiar or striking. There is a beautiful Town-Hall now going up in King's-street, the design and architecture of which are chaste; but its location is bad, and it does not appear to advantage. The pleasantest part of the town is the Crescent, on the Liverpool avenue, which presents a fine opening, embracing a view of nearly the whole borough, the windings of the Irwell, a small stream on which it stands, and the canal covered with boats.

On Sunday we went to St. Peter's Church, which is a plain structure. The chanting and singing are said to be the best in town. There was nothing in the least peculiar in the service, except that the responses in the liturgy are sung instead of said. The politeness of the ladies to strangers was observed. As there was a deficiency of books in the pew to which we were conducted, our female neighbours on both sides, found the places and supplied each of us. Such little courtesies have frequently attracted our attention, and trifling as they may seem, convey an expression of civility and kindness.

The Collegiate Church is a curious specimen of the ancient Gothic. It is not however so striking as the Cathedral, or St. Mary's at Chester. Like those it exhibits much rude

and fantastic sculpture in its ornaments, and carries the mind back several centuries, both by its architecture and the monuments of the dead by which it is surrounded. The whole area is paved with tomb-stones, and any more interments within the enclosure are prohibited for twenty years. We were told, that forty couple sometimes appear before the altar at once, and are united in marriage by the same ceremony. In one instance, a gentleman among the crowd, and in the perturbation of the moment happened to take the hand of the wrong lady, and was actually wedded to her. The parson was obliged to tread back, and annul the holy vow. A gentleman informed us, that he had seen fifty infants receive the ordinance of baptism in a group, and that the squalling of so many children took away all solemnity from the rite. In populous places, it may sometimes be necessary to perform such ceremonies in the gross.

One of the largest piles of buildings in the borough, is the Infirmary, standing at Piccadilly, in a central position. It is a plain structure of brick, with no other attractions than its conveniences. Its location is near a large sheet of artificial water, covering an acre or two, around which are pleasant promenades. The front of the edifice has an illuminated clock which is a great convenience to the inhabitants at night. There is a fine suite of cold and warm baths, connected with the Infirmary, but likewise open to others. It is in all respects a useful institution, to which the sick and infirm of all descriptions, strangers as well as residents, have free admission, with good medical attendance.

Not far from this, on Mosely-street, stands the Portico, a neat circular building of stone, two stories high, with a dome. It is designed as a literary and news room. The lower part is furnished with maps, charts, newspapers, pamphlets, periodicals, and other appurtenances, for the use of subscribers and strangers, whose names are entered in a book, and who are afterwards admitted gratis. On the wall is an index, similar to the one in the Exchange at Liverpool, indicating the course of the wind. In the gallery, there is an extensive and well-selected library, with chambers for the use of visitors. The Exchange is at a little distance. It is a heavy doric edifice, with a circular front, two stories high, and in most respects bears a strong resemblance to the Portico. The building is private, open only to subscribers, and per-

sons introduced by them. It is not therefore a place, where much public business is transacted.

There are two theatres in the town, at one of which a part of an evening was passed, which was quite sufficient. The play was the *Battle of Bannockburn*. Hero after hero bit the dust, in a manner the most ludicrous, and which turned the whole into broad farce. Not the least excusable part of the murderous work was that of mangling Bruce's address—"Scots wha ha wi' Wallace bled," the high, harsh, and shrill notes of which emphatically "pierced the dull ear of night." Although an advertisement upon the door promised the spectator, that strict order would be preserved, the galleries were extremely turbulent, and made the roof re-bellow, as some kilted warrior fell; or some Highland beauty ranted in mock-heroics. It is but justice to remark, that this is "the Minor Theatre," though the papers informed us, that it is "fashionably attended;" and the newspapers of course never tell the world what is not true.

A letter from a friend at Liverpool to a resident at this place, insured to us his hospitality and kindness, and enabled us to accomplish the great object we had in view, in our visit to Manchester—an examination of its manufactories. He first conducted us to an establishment for carding, spinning, sizing, and weaving cotton. All these processes were carefully examined; and I am fully of the opinion, that both in point of machinery and skill in operation, the factory is far inferior to some of those of the same kind in our country. The one we saw, however, might not be as extensive or as perfect, as some others. Manufacturers are in some instances so wise, as to determine to keep the rest of the world in ignorance of their hidden mysteries, particularly the Yankees, who it is feared will pilfer, or what is worse, improve upon their inventions. This spirit is illiberal and unfair. The Americans have contributed their full share to the mechanical improvements of the age, in the benefits of which England has freely and fully participated. Her navigable waters exhibit the triumphs of Fulton's genius, and the machinery in her manufactories evinces the ingenuity of our countrymen.

An instance occurred while we were at Manchester which shows how useless is such caution. Soon after our arrival, an acquaintance was formed with a gentleman at the same hotel, who is extensively engaged in a manufactory, in one



of the eastern states. He has recently introduced an improvement in the spinning of cotton, and the invention is now in operation, by way of experiment at Manchester. In spite of all the difficulties and jealousies he was obliged to encounter, he has penetrated work shops of every description, and examined every operation deserving attention. Another of our countrymen here has accumulated a princely fortune, chiefly by the variety of patterns he has introduced in calico-printing.

But the most enterprising and persevering of these adventurers, is a native of one of the western counties in the state of New-York, who was on the northern frontier and fought for his country during the late war. At its close, he beat his sword, not into the pruning-hook, but into an ingenious machine for the manufacture of reeds.\* The same enthusiastic spirit, which led him to the lines, induced him to cross the ocean, and during his residence in this country, he has endured greater hardships than the toils of the camp or the frosts of Canada. He related to us the history of his invention, and of his efforts in introducing it abroad, which would make a volume, combining the adventure of Roderick Random, with the sentiment of *Tristram Shandy*. At a certain stage in his story, he produced a beautiful sword inscribed to Liberty, which he had prepared at the darkest period of his life, in readiness to embark for South America, in case his invention did not succeed. But a brighter prospect now gleams upon his path, and we found him "in the full tide of successful experiment," on the road to wealth, blest with occasional visitations of the muse, grateful to his benefactors, and warily attached to the land of his nativity.

Through the influence of the gentleman, into whose hands it was our good fortune to fall, we experienced at Manchester none of that illiberality of which others have complained. Having examined the process of spinning and weaving cotton, we proceeded to the engraver's, where the rollers for printing calico are prepared. Free admission was granted to every branch of the business, and the several stages of it

\* In February, 1827, we saw this machine in successful operation, on the borders of the Champs Elysées at Paris, and a beautiful specimen of the workmanship was presented to us by the proprietor. It is one of the most ingenious pieces of mechanism I have ever examined. A patent for the invention has lately been taken out in France, and a branch of the manufactory has for some time been established in the Netherlands.

were politely pointed out. Different figures are made to order, as fashions change, or the interests of individuals dictate. The shop is filled with thousands of patterns. It requires some fancy to produce a new combination at present. The figure is first engraved upon steel stamps, and thence transferred to rollers of copper, about four feet in length. Some of the work is extremely delicate, requiring the use of the microscope.

From the engraver's, we followed the stamps to the printing establishment, and saw the machinery in operation. The process is simple and expeditious. Thousands of yards are printed in a day, with very little manual labour. The cloth passes through rollers, which are moved by steam and which feed themselves, taking the colouring matter from a trough beneath. A boy is sufficient to attend on a machine, and keep the cloth in order. Two colours only can be impressed by rollers. The process of putting on a variety of dies is more complicated and difficult, being entirely done by hand. It requires two persons to make the impression; one, to replenish the sieve containing the colouring matter, and the other to use the stamp, which sometimes assumes the oddest shapes, resembling spiders, frogs, and other reptiles. In complex figures, the cloth passes through a dozen hands, before it receives the finishing touch. It appeared to me, that there is much room for improvement in this department, which would certainly be desirable, as hundreds of people of both sexes are found in one of these manufactories, breathing an atmosphere at the temperature of 100 degrees, and inhaling the effluvia of the different dies. Their countenances wear a sallow and sickly appearance.

In these work-shops for calico-printing is to be found one of the great sources of wealth to Great Britain. Hence in part, her ships are laden, and despatched to every quarter of the globe. The cottons we saw to-day in the hands of the manufacturer, will perhaps to-morrow be on their way to India, to the Baltic, or to America. The commerce of Manchester consists of little else than in vending these articles, and in supplying the raw material. As nearly as could be ascertained, the profits of merchants and agents are about 10 per cent. They pass through many hands, before reaching the consumer, and each change enhances the price.

Having completed a survey of the principal manufacturing establishments, we dined very pleasantly with a small party

at the hospitable mansion of the gentleman, who had kindly devoted to us so much of his time and attention during the day. He has an agreeable family. Both himself and lady, had been in the United States the summer previous. The evening was passed in the little circle of our acquaintances, one of whom, by way of a valedictory, played a number of plaintive airs upon his flute, and among the rest, "Sweet Home," which gave us some idea of the influence ascribed to the national song of the Swiss.

On the 27th, we rode to Bakewell, in Derbyshire, thirty-five or six miles from Manchester. The route leads through the large and populous town of Stockport, which is famous only for its manufactures, principally of cotton. It is cradled in a deep vale, the hills in the environs being higher than the tops of the buildings. The fires of the manufactories had just been lighted, and a volume of dense black smoke filled the whole valley, curling like a well-defined cloud round the green heights on either side. Winding cautiously down the steep descent, we plunged into a suffocating atmosphere, where the pure breeze of the morning ceased to breathe, and the sun was shorn of his brightness. The coach made no pause, and the only object which peculiarly arrested our attention, was a large circular edifice, rising above the buildings on the acclivity denominated the Castle, and occupied as a hotel.

At 9 o'clock, we reached Buxton, a pretty village, neatly built of hewn stone, chiefly at the expense of the Duke of Devonshire. On the left of the road, stands a large octagonal pile of buildings, called Anne's Stables, within which there is a circus, for the exercise and amusement of visitants. Buxton has long been a celebrated watering-place. It is said, the Romans here erected a bath, and that many antiquities are found in the vicinity. As our stay was limited to half an hour, we hastened to the spring, at a little distance from the hotel, at the risk of losing breakfast. The principal fountain is called St. Anne's Well, the waters of which have been sung by the eccentric Hobbes, in a Latin poem "on the Wonders of the Peak." He ascribes a miraculous efficacy to the waters, which few husbands would probably wish to realize :

"Huc, mater fleri cupiens, accedit inanis,  
Plenaque discedit, puto, nec veniente marito."

It is distinguished also as one of the favourite retreats of Mary Queen of Scots, during her barbarous imprisonment in the vicinity. On her last visit, she is said to have left the following classical valedictory :

*"Buxtona, quæ calidæ celebrabere nominæ lymphæ,  
Forte mihi posthac non adeunda, vale."*

*"Buxton, whose fame thy tepid waters tell,  
Whom I perhaps no more shall see, farewell!"*

We quaffed a glass from the crystal fountain, which plays prettily into a white marble font, and congratulated ourselves on being free from chronic affections, if they were to be removed by draughts from St. Anne's Well. The water is of the temperature of 82 degrees, being about that of milk, without the taste of any mineral properties to prevent nausea. It is however admirably adapted to the purposes of bathing, for which it is extensively used. Round the spring extends what is termed the Crescent, a beautiful semi-circular pile of buildings, three stories high, occupied as hotels and baths, for the accommodation of visitants. It was erected by the late Duke of Devonshire, at an expense, including that of the stables above mentioned, of 120,000*l.* Upwards of 2000 piles were driven 16 feet into the ground, to obtain a foundation. In front of the spring, is a pretty conical eminence, with serpentine walks leading to the summit. Many ladies and gentlemen were here, enjoying a morning promenade.

We had barely time to take a dish of tea and half a muffin, when the peremptory twang of the coachman's horn summoned us away. There is in such cases not a moment's grace; and although not in very good humour, at being hurried from table with an unsatisfied appetite, I could not but laugh at the misfortune of another passenger, who had just sweetened and creamed his second dish of tea, but had not tasted a drop of it, when the summons for his departure came. He "cast a longing, lingering look behind," as he left the room and the remainder of his breakfast, as a legacy to the waiter.

Our ride from Buxton to Bakewell, was through a hilly region, exhibiting a fair specimen of the scenery in the Peak of Derbyshire, in which there is great uniformity, so far as it has met my observation. It is a lime-stone country, with

here and there naked and castellated precipices. The highest of the hills are about 1500 feet, being nearly of the same altitude as the High Lands on the Hudson, but far inferior in variety and picturesque beauty. They are generally destitute of trees, and to their very tops exhibit the appearance of a smooth and closely grazed pasture, with white rocks occasionally peeping from the surface. A succession of these ridges and deep valleys extends from Cheshire to Yorkshire. There is the same uniformity in the villages of the Peak, which consist of one story houses, built of unhewn lime-stone, with thatched roofs. They give a romantic aspect to the country, being cradled among the hills, and often seen hundreds of feet below the traveller.

Soon after leaving Buxton, the road reaches the banks of the Wye, a small stream hurrying on with its clear and sparkling waters, through a deep ravine, till it unites with the Derwent, below Chatsworth. The coach arrived at Bakewell about noon, where we found the best hotel, which has been met with since landing. It belongs to the Duke of Rutland, who has fitted it up in the style of a private dwelling, with chambers and sitting-rooms handsomely finished and furnished. Its walls are hung with pictures and sketches of natural scenery, instead of race-horses, which are here the common ornaments of bed-chambers at the inns. Among the books lying upon the tables in the several apartments, I was gratified to find the London edition of the *Pioneers*, by Cooper and Koningsmarke, by Paulding.

Near the front door of the hotel, the following curious notice was suspended from the wall, in gilt letters, covered with a glass : "White Watson, F. L. S. Bath-house, Bakewell, executes monuments, tombs, &c. gives lessons on geology and mineralogy ; and furnishes collections : affords information to antiquarians ; and amusement to botanists." This advertisement furnished an index to a profession unknown in our country ; and while dinner was preparing, we had the curiosity to pay a visit to the scientific Caleb Quotem. He was to me a perfect original, and it is not improbable he may have sat to the pencil of Sir Walter Scott, who is familiar with Peak scenery.

On giving a rap at the door, a small, thin-faced, bald-headed man, turned of three-score, made his appearance and bade us walk in. His coat, once black, was fast approximating to thread-bare, and might soon be placed in his cabinet

of antiquities, being already covered with the same honourable dust. It was in admirable keeping with his corderoy breeches, made before the age of suspenders, finely polished with grease, and snugly buttoned about the knee, over his blue woollen stockings. A good old-fashioned pair of shoes, with sufficient lee-way fore and aft, completed his costume. But men of science are above dress, and Mr. Watson must be a man of science; for he has written a quarto on mineralogy, dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire, and has moreover arranged in neat galvanic batteries all the strata to be found in the region of the Peak. He is also familiar with its botany, its history, its antiquities, and its traditions. Many of its "seven wonders" have been delineated by his pen and pencil, the productions of which grace the shelves and walls of his apartment.

With much politeness and suavity of manners, he conducted us to his cabinet, put on his glasses, set in black horn, and commenced an exhibition of all the articles which his own industry and the contributions of his friends have assembled. Druidical, Roman, Celtic, Saxon, and Gothic remains, of all descriptions, enrich a museum, which does not exceed in its dimensions eight feet by ten. Within those narrow limits may be seen the lachrymatories, in which some Cæsar or centurion bottled the tears of his mistress; fragments of stone consecrated by holy rites, in groves of oak; and implements which no antiquary can explain, disinterred from the barrows. In an adjoining room, is a cabinet of all the minerals to be found in Derbyshire. All these curiosities, natural and artificial, together with the Roman bath, the niches of which are still perfect, Mr. Watson exhibited to us for half a crown. He also conducted us over the grounds, forming his little domain, neatly laid out, blooming with flowers, and embellished with grottos. In one of these retreats, curiously formed of spar in imitation of stalactites, with a door and seats fantastically woven of roots, "a noble family dined last summer." Chantrey has also visited Mr. Watson, and was delighted with a bas-relief of a sleeping infant, executed many years since by one of the ancestors of the antiquary, whose family have acquired some celebrity as artists. Specimens of their skill were subsequently met with in our rambles through the Peak.

After dinner, we paid a visit to Bakewell church, which is said to be a thousand years old at least. A stammering sex-

ton was hunted up, who keeps the keys and acts as expositor to the treasures within. In front of the antique edifice, stands a Roman relic in the form of a cross, exhibiting much rude sculpture. On entering the shattered and venerable pile, the tomb of "old Vernon," so celebrated as the proprietor of Haddon Hall, was pointed out, and its Latin inscription deciphered. The sexton next conducted us to a dark corner, where are deposited two stone coffins; but whence they came, or whose dust once filled them, even tradition saith not. There is a half obliterated inscription on one of them which has defied the skill of the antiquary.

In another part of the church, sleep in marble, as large as life, an interesting group, wearing the costumes of the age in which they lived. The first in order is Kensley, in full armour, who fell near Tewkesbury in 1403, while fighting for Henry the IV. Not far from him Peveril of the Peak and his two wives rest side by side, with rings upon their fingers and their dress perfect. The hair of the ladies is done up much in the modern style, and their shoes are not unlike those of the present day. Cromwell's licentious soldiery mutilated their features, and broke some of their noses. In a niche upon the wall, stand George Manners and Dorothy Vernon, his wife, whom he stole out of the back door at Haddon Hall, and clandestinely married. Opposite to this group are eleven statues, consisting of Lady Grace Manners and her family, kneeling in niches, with concise passages of scripture over each of their heads.

This church presents many attractions to visitants. During our examination of its interesting monuments, at least thirty ladies and gentlemen came in on the same errand. It stands on an eminence, commanding an extensive prospect into the vale of the Wye, with the high hills rising on either side; also a distant view of Haddon Hall, with its grey battlements towering above the trees, by which it is surrounded. A walk by moon-light to the rustic bridge, which is thrown across the river at this place, concluded the toils and pleasures of the day. It was a rural, quiet, and charming scene. In the course of our rambles, we saw several Cambridge students, half a dozen of whom, under the care of a tutor, have been boarding at the hotel for the last three months, pursuing their studies, and qualifying themselves for the approaching examination.

## LETTER VIII.

VALE OF THE WYE—HADDON HALL—VALE OF THE DER-  
WENT—CHATSWORTH—CASTLE OF FEVERIL OF THE PEAK  
—CAVERN MAM TOR.

*July, 1825*—Early on the morning of the 28th, we set out in a post-chaise for Haddon Hall. The path leads through the Vale of the Wye. In the distance of a mile and a half, in a direct line, the meanders of the river exceed seven. It winds its way through a wide and fertile meadow, in which half a dozen pretty lasses in one group, with rosy cheeks peeping from under their straw hats, were busily employed in turning hay, the fragrance of which loaded the atmosphere.

Passing through a shattered gate and over a narrow, stone bridge, constructed like the one at Chester with bastions, we approached Haddon Hall, once the residence of the Vernons and the Rutlands; but which has not been inhabited for the last century and a half. It has a green old age, and is in such a state of preservation, that the Duke of Rutland thinks of repairing it for his residence a part of the year. Were it possible to impart to my description of this ancient hall, the lively interest, which our visit created, I am sure it would be perused with pleasure. It differs essentially from any thing we have yet seen, possessing a freshness of antiquity, and forming a sort of connecting link between feudal ages and the present time. Not only the apartments, but the furniture and decorations are entire, presenting a vivid image of domestic life as it existed several hundred years ago.

The reader must permit me to descend a little into detail, and retrace for a moment our footsteps through deserted halls. An aged portress conducted us to the heavy door of oak, furnished with an iron knocker, rude in its construction, and corroded by rust. The stone-step is nearly worn through by the feet of many thousands, who have entered since the age of the Vernons. This antique portal opens into the principal court. On the right is the porter's lodge, with the remains of the couch on which he slept. In an ad-



joining room are the boots, the holsters, the musket, and the hunting-jacket of the first proprietor of the Hall. At the entrance of the chapel stands a little font for the holy water, and in the interior, one of larger dimensions, for baptismal rites. The bell which once tolled for matins and for vespers is removed from its place, and the massive iron clock is in ruins, forming a part of the lumber in the gallery. Near by is a heavy and strong chest for the communion plate. On the wall are paintings of the twelve apostles, and other images before which the household knelt in their devotions. A dim light admitted through low Gothic windows of stained glass adds greatly to the solemnity of the Chapel. Although the day was remarkably bright, many of the passages and apartments wore the gloom of twilight. As Mrs. Radcliffe is not a favourite in our country, it may be no recommendation of this interesting relic of other ages, to state that she borrowed from it much of her imagery in "the Mysteries of Udolpho."

The dining room remains entire. A spacious gallery extends round its sides, in which spectators could assemble to witness the feast and merriment below. Over the entrance and on the walls, horns of the stag are suspended, emblematic of the pleasures of the chase. The fire-place, before which the feudal lords used to receive and entertain their friends, passing whole nights in revelry, and in the generous rites of hospitality, is of immoderate size, and the blaze of the hearth must have contributed greatly to the enjoyments of the banquet. On one side of the room stand two capacious sideboards, and on the other, a long table, benches, and a chair at the head, all of oak, and antique in their structure. In an adjoining apartment are the broad metallic plates, which I regretted had not been left upon the oaken table. So perfect is the hall, that it requires but a moderate exercise of the imagination to summon back the guests from the sleep of centuries, and to seat them at the convivial board, clothed in their ancient costumes, and participating in the fruits of the chase.

The old kitchen corresponds in its proportions and in its furniture with the dining-room. There are blocks and oaken tables, worn through in cleaving venison and other viands for the feast. A wide and deep fire-place furnishes evidence, that cooking was carried on upon a large scale. The ponderous crane and hooks still hang in the chimney. On each

side of the kitchen are capacious larders and pantries, suited to the profuse hospitality in the age of the Vernons.

We were conducted successively through the sitting rooms, the bed-chambers, and dancing hall, the walls of which are hung with tapestry, curiously wrought by the ladies of the ancient family ; with escutcheons of the Manners and the Rutlands ; with the portraits of kings and heroes ; and with many dusty paintings, chiefly scripture pieces. The assembly-room is of comparatively recent origin. It was built in the time of Elizabeth, three or four hundred years after some part of the Hall. It is ornamented with a likeness of the virgin Queen, and of Lady Grace Manners, aunt of the first duke of Rutland. The floor is of oak, said to be made entirely from one tree, and the circular flight of steps leading to it, of the roots. It sends back a hollow echo to the footsteps and to the voice ; and as we paced beneath its vaulted roof, and by its Gothic windows, through which the green ivy peeps, fancy recalled the scenes of gaiety which were here once exhibited, when music resounded through the hall, and the beauties of the sixteenth century led down the mazy dance.

The most ancient part of the venerable pile, is the castle or tower, which was erected in the time of king John. It has a battlement at top, for purposes of defence. It is now in a state of partial dilapidation, some of the stone steps having fallen, and their places being supplied by those of wood. We climbed to the very summit, which commands a view of the rural Vale of the Wye, and of the surrounding country. It was about noon, and the landscape around wore the stillness and languor of a summer day. The hay-makers had sought the shade, and the herds of cattle the stream, for refreshment. At our feet, the river, after passing quietly beneath the arches of two stone bridges, hurries down a rocky bed, forming a beautiful cascade, the murmurs of which echo through the desolate apartments of the hall. On the north, the prospect is limited by the high ridge of land, on the side of which the edifice stands, and by a grove of aged oaks, elms, and yews which cover its brow.

After remaining half an hour upon this giddy and crazy monument of other ages, where the foot treads with involuntary caution, we groped our way back through the winding passages, rendered darker by having our eyes dazzled with the splendid prospect above, and were conducted by the

guide, in waiting below, to the state bed-room. The couch is hung with antique tapestry, and its ornaments are rich in specimens of embroidery. Over the fire-place is a representation of Orpheus, charming the listening woods with the tones of his lyre; and the walls are adorned with a variety of pictures. Having a strong curiosity to enjoy a moonlight view from the tower, and to indulge in a dream of gone-by days, we requested of the old lady permission to remain for the night in Haddon Hall. She said she would not do such a thing for the world; although in her opinion, one would have no reason to fear the ghosts, which some visitors supposed might haunt these desolate ruins.

We had a fine promenade through the pleasure grounds, enclosed with high walls, and extending to the banks of the Wye, where there is a beautiful bower close by the cascade. It is a cool and sequestered retreat, its quiet being disturbed by no other noise than the murmur of the water-fall. Higher up the acclivity was the favourite walk of Dorothy Vernon, bordered on either hand by aged trees, the branches of which are thickly interwoven, and their trunks covered with ivy. At one end, is the entrance to the hall, by a door through which Dorothy escaped when she married Manners; and its portals are said never to have been opened since that event.

Our guide gave each of us leave to gather a bouquet of the moss-rose, and other flowers blooming in the ancient court, intermingled with box, which was left there one hundred and fifty years ago, and yet looks vigorous and thrifty. These fragrant spoils fragile as they are, have been carefully preserved, and will be borne across the Atlantic, as memorials of a place which probably afforded us a higher pleasure, than its noble tenants ever enjoyed, when they made it the seat of hospitality, music, and mirth.

From Haddon Hall, our ride was continued to Chatsworth, the celebrated residence of the Duke of Devonshire, and still more celebrated, as the place where Mary Queen of Scots was long imprisoned. I will freely confess, that the latter circumstance, while it gave double interest to our visit, prejudiced me very strongly against the seat of his Grace, the image of the unfortunate queen haunting me at every step through his beautiful grounds.

A high ridge of land divides the estates of the Duke of Rutland from those of the Duke of Devonshire, at the east-

ern extremity of which is the junction of the Wye and the Derwent. The opening into the vale of the latter is certainly very beautiful, presenting a rich and varied landscape, the repose of which was charming at the hour we arrived, the fleecy clouds resting upon the circumjacent hills, and the tenants of the park and fields reclining in the groves, or cooling themselves in the bright waters of the rivulet. A herd of twelve hundred deer were seen feeding upon the lawn. The aspect of the valley is extremely rural and romantic. On the left bank, the scenery is rugged, the cliffs appearing at intervals, and behind them stretches an extensive moor, the purple surface of which, when viewed at a distance, strongly resembles the sea. The hills on the opposite side, slope with a gentle declivity to the stream, and are covered with woods and green pastures to their summits.

We rode through the Park and the little village of Endsor where there is a small Gothic church, in which sleeps the first Duke of Devonshire. Here also is a monument, with a long Latin inscription, erected by Mary Queen of Scots, to commemorate the fidelity and attachment of an old servant, who died while she was a prisoner at this place. The antique edifice, rising above the thatched roofs of the houses, gives variety to the landscape. A stone bridge crosses the Derwent, and conducts to the Palace. On the left, as you approach, is a circular tower or terrace, covered with earth and planted with trees and shrubbery. It was a favourite walk of the unfortunate Mary. The branches of an aged yew, under which perhaps she used to repose, overhang the walls, twigs of which were brought away by us as a memento of the spot.

Notwithstanding the immense sums of money, which have been squandered upon Chatsworth Hall, I am compelled to think much of the sumptuous pile in bad taste, and its beauty by no means commensurate with its expense. There is no point of view from which the edifice has an appearance of grandeur. The grounds immediately in front, at present naked of trees and covered with rubbish, together with the scaffolding of another wing, which is now going up, detract very much from the exterior. Another deduction is to be found in the colour of the stone, which is a light yellow, obtained from a quarry on the Duke's estate at the distance of a mile or two from the house. The structure is of the Ionic order, with a terrace covered with a great variety of statues,

and a profusion of ornament. Its cost exceeds all calculation, and its proprietor has not yet arrived at the sum total. Large additions are daily making to the disbursements, and extensive improvements are still in contemplation. One part is coming down and another going up, as fancy or whim may dictate. Numerous revolutions have taken place, since the building was commenced, more than a century ago. His Grace is a bachelor of thirty-five, and appears to have some of the caprices incident to such a condition in life. He has a rage for building, and is a magnificent patron of all the mechanics in the neighbourhood, and of artists, foreign as well as domestic. It is perhaps better, that he should scatter a portion of his princely fortune\* in this way, than by engaging in the high and fashionable sports of some of the nobility.

A pretty, well-dressed, genteel looking girl of twenty, with her white silk stockings and kid gloves in keeping with her gold chains and bracelets, received us at the door, and conducted us through every part of the mansion. She appeared to be well educated, and qualified for a more appropriate and higher sphere, than that of a cicerone. The office of conducting gentlemen through galleries of undraped statues is, to say the least, not of the most delicate kind. Habit, however, does much towards removing that squeamishness, which characterizes, and I hope will long continue to characterize, the female sex in our country.

This sketch would be extended to an unconscionable length, should it embrace even a brief description of the luxury displayed at Chatsworth. Our fair portress had the complaisance to wait patiently till a memorandum was made, with as much particularity, as if we had been taking an inventory of his Grace's furniture. As a sample for the rest, and as a matter of curiosity, it was deemed advisable to take notes, with some minuteness, of the interior of a nobleman's palace; especially, as we hoped never to have an opportunity of seeing any thing of a similar kind upon our own shores. Long, long may it be, before the United States shall present the striking contrast of princely wealth and

\* The Duke of Devonshire is perhaps the wealthiest nobleman in England. There is no end to his estates, and his income is said to be not less than 500,000*l.* sterling per annum. He has the reputation of being a liberal man, both in his political sentiments and in the management of his pecuniary affairs.

abject poverty; of lordly power and cringing servility, which are visible in this country, though even here probably in a less degree, than in some countries upon the continent.

It was the pertinent inquiry of some one, no matter who, after examining and admiring the splendid apartments of Chatsworth—"where are the rooms for the servants?" The interrogatory is characteristic of the Palace. Every thing appears to be fashioned for show, rather than for convenience. Hall after hall is thrown open to the dazzling gaze of the spectator, without his being able to perceive to what use so many of a kind can be appropriated. The drawing-rooms, and dressing-rooms, and bed-rooms are innumerable, and it would require the clue of Ariadne to guide one through the labyrinth. I have no intention of treading back, or of losing myself in the maze.

One of the most gorgeous ornaments of Chatsworth is the frescos or painted ceilings of the principal apartments, executed by Sir James Thornhill, Verrio and Laguerre. The colouring is splendid; but critics have severely censured the designs, applying to them the couplet of Pope:

"On painted ceilings, you devoutly stare,  
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre."

The collection of pictures, statues, and other ornaments by the most celebrated masters, is very extensive, and creditable to the taste of the Duke. We were not a little surprised to find in his study, where he passes his mornings, a full length statue of the mother of Napoleon. He has a beautiful Cupid, by Trentanove; several pieces, by Canova, as well as a bust and portrait of the artist himself. Chantrey has also contributed largely to the decorations of Chatsworth; and Sir Thomas Lawrence, has added the splendid products of his pencil. In short, the rooms are adorned with fine specimens of the arts, ancient as well as modern. I was pleased with the Duke's partiality for the rocks of Derbyshire, from which a large proportion of the ornaments are made, the spar and marble being extremely beautiful. His private apartment contains a cabinet of all the minerals to be found in the county, collected and neatly arranged by his mother. Among the furniture of the Hall, are the chairs used in the coronation of George the III, on which occasion the late Duke acted as Lord Chamberlain, and received these splendid ornaments by virtue of his office.

Six large chambers are appropriated to the Library. The shelves, however, are not all full. There appears to be an extensive collection of rare books, among which the ponderous tomes of the Fathers are conspicuous, and many other antiquated volumes in divinity. "The Tales of a Traveller," by our countryman, occupied a niche, and the other writings by the same author were probably mixed with the multitude.

The most peculiar feature in the embellishments of Chatsworth is its fountains; and as it was the first thing of the kind I had ever seen, my readers will permit me to enter somewhat into detail. It may be premised, that the criticisms of Lord Kaimes had taught me long ago theoretically, that such unnatural works as are here displayed, are in bad taste; and a practical illustration has fully satisfied me of the justness of his lordship's remarks.

The reservoir from which these fountains are supplied is on a moor, a thousand feet above the level of the Derwent. It covers about fifty acres to the depth of eight feet, and is collected from a number of springs, at a heavy expense. The water is conveyed from the reservoir to the river in aqueducts, affording an opportunity in its descent for raising it to almost any height in jets d' eau and other fanciful pieces. Half a mile in the rear of the hall, on the declivity of the hill, is the principal fountain, called the Temple. It is a small building fifteen or twenty feet high, supported by open pillars. On the summit, Nilus and several river gods are seen, in a recumbent posture, each of them holding an urn, from which the water pours when the fountain plays. Below, in front, are two huge dragons, opposite each other, who are made to vomit water instead of fire. There are also half a dozen other grotesque pieces, unlike any thing in nature, from which torrents proceed. A stop-cock, or gate-way, like those used in the locks of canals, is turned, when the water mounts to the top of the temple, and gushes from all the fantastic statues at once, uniting in a mass, and concealing the building behind the sheet of foam.

In the interior, among the pillars, there is a great number of small apertures, which are used for playing "tricks upon travellers," who are decoyed in to look at the work, when the fountain is suddenly put in operation before they have time to escape. We received a fine ducking; but as the day was oppressively warm, a shower-bath was not ungrate-

ful. A dozen ladies are sometimes taken by surprise ; and in the trepidation of the moment, often throw each other down and are nearly suffocated, besides being thoroughly drenched, before they can retreat.

In front of the temple, is a most business-like sluice-way, composed of hewn stone, descending by regular steps. Over this, the accumulated water pours with the regularity of a mill-race, till it arrives near the hall, where it falls upon a bed of rocks and disappears. It is in shocking taste. There is not a tree near the artificial channel, and a hot sun pouring upon the bed, has produced a slime not less disagreeable to the smell than to the sight. It was gratifying to learn that the Duke contemplates some improvements in this department of his pleasure grounds.

Farther down the declivity, in a grove of oaks, is another section of the fountain, as unnatural as the former. Here the water gushes from the branches of a weeping-willow, made of copper, and of course resembling the withered shrub. It would be bad enough to see water-spouts issuing from a green tree ; but to make them emanate from dry limbs, is quite intolerable. Here also is another decoy. The visitant is conducted to a little fount, to feel if the water is as warm as the spring at Buxton, or in the Derwent, when the stop-cock is turned, and streams burst from the green turf in all directions, entirely surrounding him, and leaving no retreat.

Below is an artificial lake, where the water-lily was in full bloom. There is a jet d'eau in the centre, which throws the water to the height of forty-five feet. It rushes out with such violence, as to produce a crackling sound, like the rapid and successive discharges of musketry. Between this place and the Derwent are two other large fountains, with lakes covering an acre or two, on which the Duke sometimes amuses himself with skating in the winter. One of the jets throws the water ninety feet high, producing several beautiful rainbows in the descent. There is here another group of grotesque images in bronze, consisting of a Triton surrounded by four sea-horses, all of course spouting torrents. These works were projected by a French artist, and were executed at an immense expense. While contemplating such a useless and tasteless expenditure, I could not but think, how much better it would be to leave the brook to murmur down the landscape, in the channel which God has



made for it, than to mar the simplicity and beauty of nature by such whimsical distortions. If her works must be improved, let her own designs be adopted, as the most perfect models.

The gardens at Chatsworth are not worth seeing; and having completed an examination of the Hall, we climbed a full mile up the hill, to the Tower which stands upon the summit. For a considerable part of the way, the ascent is by flights of stone steps, rising at an angle of at least forty-five degrees. It was indeed a toilsome passage, in the heat of the day, and exposed to a fervid sun. The tower is of stone, about 50 feet in height, and was built a thousand years ago, for the accommodation of ladies in viewing the stag-hunt in the vale below. We ascended to its top, and had a very wide and charming prospect of the vale of the Derwent, the high hills of the Peak, and the moor to the east. A family lives in the tower. The lady informed us, that in the winter, when the storms among the mountains of Derbyshire are tremendous, the castle, though founded upon a rock, is shaken with the wind, and trembles as if ready to fall. A flag-staff rises from the battlements, used for hoisting the red-cross of Saint George, when the Duke is at the Hall. It was once struck by lightning, and half consumed, without the knowledge of the family, although they were all at home.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, we left Chatsworth in a post-chaise for Castleton, distant fourteen miles. The ride for the greater part of the way was uninteresting, after what had already been seen of the hills of Derbyshire. On the right, we passed the village of Eyam, situated among the rocks, and celebrated as the birth-place of Miss Seward, as also by the residence of Cunningham, her friend, a poet of some distinction, who, like Camoens, doubled the stormy Cape, and tried his fortune in the East, in the capacity of chaplain. He experienced as many misfortunes as his predecessor, and returned by land to his native country.

At Stony-Middleton, we rode under a long range of limestone cliffs, impending over the path in the narrow defile, which was filled to suffocation with the smoke of the limekilns by the way side. One of the highest rocks was pointed out to us, as "the Lover's Leap." Places bearing this name are as plenty as blackberries in the Peak, which has produced many Sapphos, if all the Leucadian rocks are real. It is said the one under consideration derived its ce-

lebrity from a romantic incident ; but the unfortunate lady, borne on the pinions of love, cowered to the earth without essential injury.

Curiosity prompted us to visit a smelting furnace, by the side of the road, where the lead ore of the Peak, chiefly in the galena form, is run into metal. The workmen explained the whole process, and informed us of the extent of the manufactory, which belongs to a Mr. Barker of Scotland. Ore is sometimes found in the Peak, containing ninety per cent. of metal. The work is said to be productive and profitable. There is nothing worthy of detail in the operation of smelting. The flues of the furnaces are carried far up the hill, to carry off the poisonous fumes of the lead.

We arrived at Castleton, near the extremity of the Peak, at about 7 o'clock in the evening. The peep into the vale, in which it stands, from the brow of the high hill, down which the road descends, is novel and beautiful. A perfectly smooth, green, and deep ravine, six or eight miles long, and two wide, divided into small fields by hedge-rows, stretches a thousand feet beneath you. Several small villages, with thatched roofs, and as many antique spires, contribute to the picturesque scene.

After tea, fatigued as we were with the visit to Haddon Hall and Chatsworth, we walked to "Peveril's Place in the Peake," over which the genius of Sir Walter Scott has thrown a new charm. It is a most interesting ruin, and its location contributes much to its effect, standing on an eminence several hundred feet above the village, on which it looks down, like an eagle from the crag. It is inaccessible on all sides, except the north, occupying a peak where the cliffs are perpendicular, and a tremendous gulf yawns below. The Castle was built by William Peveril, supposed to be the natural son of William the Conqueror. A tournament once took place within the walls, at which princes and knights of lofty bearing contended for the prize of beauty, who was a heroine and would wed none but an accomplished warrior.

Our ascent was extremely wearisome, being up a steep and green acclivity, without a path or foot hold. Fortunately the distance was not great. All the materials for the Castle and the enclosure must have been carried up this hill ; a work which seems impracticable without artificial means, no traces of which remain. William of Derby must also have led his troops up the steep, when he took the Castle by

storm. If it was as toilsome to them as to us, feeble indeed must have been the garrison to yield to an assault. The visit, however, richly rewarded the labour of ascending. We reached the summit just at sunset. The rampart, now in ruins, encloses an area of an acre or more. A flock of sheep were grazing within the wall, or lying upon the green sod. In a copse of thick wood, hanging upon the verge of the cliffs, jack-daws in great numbers nestled among the leaves, as they sought their homes for the night. The mungled notes of the villagers—the low of cattle and the noisy mirth of children “came softened from below,” strongly reminding us of the beautiful picture in Goldsmith’s *Deserted Village*.

The Castle is about twenty feet square and thirty or forty in height. It is fast going to decay. The steps have already fallen, so that there is no means of ascending to the battlement. Green shrubs, springing from the crevices in the interior, peep above the parapet; and a kind of dry mountain grass, growing upon the projections, covers a considerable part of the outside. A view of the grey ruin by twilight, associated as it is with military events, feudal seats, and marvellous traditions, was extremely interesting. Having completed the survey, we seated ourselves upon a fragment of the wall, and waited nearly an hour for the moon to rise. A pyramid of light was at length seen upon the opposite hill, and the full orb, in all its glory, soon met our view, although not till it had been two hours above the horizon. For some time, the silver chariot of Dian, almost exemplifying the personification of the ancient poets, appeared to roll along the mountain, its height increasing nearly in proportion to her ascent towards the zenith. Our visit was prolonged, till her beams threw our shadows upon the Castle, when breaking a fragment from the rock, and culling wild flowers blooming upon the ruin, as also sprigs of the ivy with which it is mantled, we descended the hill much more expeditiously than it was climbed. To add to the romance of the evening, a call was made at the village church, on our way to the hotel, where we lingered for half an hour in looking through the Gothic windows, and in reading inscriptions upon the tomb-stones by moonlight. Thus ended the toils and the pleasures of an eventful day.

Before breakfast the next morning we were again upon the alert. A guide conducted us to the Peak Cavern, the

entrance of which is at the base of the precipice, upon which the Castle stands, several hundred feet above. The mouth of this cave is a stupendous arch, the span of which is 120 feet, and its height about 70. It is a little depressed in the centre, as if by the weight of the incumbent strata, forming a perpendicular cliff of limestone 250 feet high. The length of the first cavern is 180 feet. Its roof is fantastically hung with stalactites, formed by the dripping of the water. A crystal stream, sufficient to turn a mill, issues from its mouth. To add to the novel and striking scenery, its entrance has been converted into a work-shop, for the manufacture of twine, and the voices of the workmen, in calling to one another in the operation, send back unearthly sounds.

At the termination of the first cavern, our guide committed us to the charge of his son, a lad of fourteen and his little daughter, at the age of eleven. This arrangement was not perfectly satisfactory, but was agreed to, rather than to retreat. Each of us took a lighted candle, and entering through a rude wooden gate, commenced our subterranean tour of observation. The first pause is at a point called the *bell-house*, where there is an enlargement of the cave, and the roof assumes the shape of a bell. On leaving this place, the rock is so depressed, that the visitant is obliged to stoop to pass through. But this is nothing to what follows. Proceeding another stage, we came to a Stygian Lake, boat and all, except Charon, who was to be personated by our elder guide, having every requisite qualification, saving age and a grey beard. In his squalid garments, and his crazy, iron-coloured boat, he was not a whit behind the ferryman of Tartarus. The vessel was oval, just long enough for a person to recline at full length, and of sufficient breadth for two to lie abreast. It was filled with straw, to make an easy and *clean* bed. Onward was the word; and following the direction of our guide, we both embarked, lying upon our backs, to enable us to pass beneath the roof, which descends close to the water. The boy planted himself in the prow, and the little girl in the stern; and thus fitted out, we commenced our voyage over the Styx, each holding his candle in his hand. Young Charon navigated without oars or setting-poles, pushing the boat along by thrusting his hands against the roof. The scene would have been ludicrous enough to a spectator. Our lights "burned blue," and gave a ghastly complexion to the countenance.

Debarking for the first time beyond the waters of the nether world, we soon arrived at a spacious cavern 250 feet long, 200 wide, and 120 high. The rocks around are rugged, and the floor is covered with loose fragments, broken from the walls and roof by some great convulsion of nature. On the right hand of the subterranean passage is a lofty gallery, called the *Throne of Pluto*. His inexorable godship was not seated on it; though a more stately one, and surrounded with more horrors, cannot well be imagined. Our junior guide, who resembled Hecate rather than Proserpine, with the candle in her hand, and with the fleetness of the antelope, ascended the precipitous rocks to the summit, and lighted up the gallery with a dozen tapers, previously placed in the cliffs. Her ascent and descent; the lights so far above us; the echoes of her footsteps; and the sound of our own voices, seemed more like enchantment than reality.

Passing "Roger Rain's house," so called from the constant percolation of the water through the roof, we descended by a flight of grotesque steps for the distance of 150 feet, into the "Devil's Cellar," beyond which is the half-way house—an abode as inhospitable as the leaky mansion that had just been left. Here the stream, which issues from the mouth of the cavern, becomes visible, babbling along the rocks, and its murmur breaking the dreary silence of the chasm. Proceeding beneath three bold and well turned arches, we came to a station called "Tom of Lincoln," and soon after reached the extremity of the cave, at the distance of 2250 feet from its mouth.

It now remained to retrace our footsteps, pausing at every turn, to examine the structure of the rocks, and the stalactites pendent from the roof. The formation is of limestone, with intermixtures of exuviae, several specimens of which were brought away with us. It is a damp, gloomy, and unhealthy region. Our breaths were visible, as in a cold, frosty morning; and my friend complained of a slight affection in his respiration, which was not experienced by myself. A safe voyage across the lake, and the return to a region of light, afforded us not less pleasure than the novelties of this Cimmerian realm. On emerging from the cave, the first glance at the green valley and sloping hills, illuminated by a bright morning sun, was brilliant beyond description. The excursion occupied something more than an hour, and gave us a fine appetite for breakfast.

Our next pedestrian tour of observation was of a very different description, leading us as high above the earth, as we had just descended into its depths. It was a walk to Mam Tor, or the Shivering Mountain, so named from the masses of rock, which are decomposed by the frost and the influence of the atmosphere, and slide into the vale below. The noise is said to be sometimes tremendous. It is a hill of shale, and readily crumbles on being touched. The report, that the size of the mountain is not diminished, nor the quantity of the fragments increased, by the masses constantly sliding down, is a mere superstition, arising probably from an optical deception, as it respects the dimensions of the hill.

Its height is about 1500 feet, with a naked face or cliff, nearly perpendicular. We climbed to its top, and had a fine view of the quiet Vale of Hope, on the other side; of the whole region about Castleton; and of the distant mountains of Wales. The ascent was extremely arduous, being in some places so steep as to compel us to crawl on our hands and knees, holding on by the long grass. In this excursion, the Odin Lead Mine, which has been wrought for many centuries, and takes its name from the principal divinity of Scandinavia, was examined; its shaft penetrated to some distance; and specimens of the ore obtained. Our return to the hotel was through the deep pass of castellated cliffs, called the Winnats, Windgates, or in the poetical language of the Peak, "the Portals of the Wind," so denominated from the strong current of air constantly setting through the defile.

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## LETTER IX.

RIDE TO SHEFFIELD—SKETCH OF THE TOWN—ROUTE TO LONDON—ENTRANCE INTO THE METROPOLIS.

*July—August, 1825.*—On the afternoon of the 29th we continued our ride to Sheffield, a distance of fourteen miles. The day was intensely warm, the thermometer standing at about 90 degrees; and the coach was constantly enveloped in a cloud of dust. Humid as the climate generally is, there has been but one rainy day since our landing at the Old Head of Kinsale, and that was not so severe as to incommode us or impede our progress.

After passing through the villages of Hope and Brough, we climbed a ridge of hills at an elevation of twelve or fourteen hundred feet above the Vale of the Derwent, and crossed Hathersage Moor, an extensive barren, rendered more dreary in its aspect by the numerous coal-shafts lining the road. The suburbs of Sheffield are highly cultivated, neat and beautiful. Several miles before reaching the town, a volume of dense, black smoke indicated our approach. We arrived at 7 in the evening, and driving through some of the principal streets, found but indifferent accommodations at the King's Head.

Sheffield is a plain manufacturing town, with nothing very attractive to a stranger, except its proverbial skill in cutlery. Its houses are of brick, neatly built, and the bustle of its streets shows it to be a place of much business. It has a population of about 80,000, and is said to be rapidly increasing. The river Dunn passes through it, and one or two canals connect it with other parts of the kingdom. Its churches and public buildings are commodious, but present nothing peculiar or striking.

A gentleman who came passenger with us from the United States, and who is a native of Sheffield, extensively engaged in business, and acquainted with most of the manufacturers, afforded us great facilities in accomplishing the principal object of our visit to this place—an examination of the workshops and of that mechanical skill, which has given to it so much celebrity. He politely devoted nearly two whole days to us, and conducted us to manufactories of all descriptions. The proprietors were perfectly courteous and obliging, taking us to every part of their establishments, and pointing out the various operations, without the slightest reserve. Such liberality and kindness gave us a very favourable opinion of the inhabitants.

Our first visit was to the extensive establishment of Messrs. Shepherd & Marsh, who are largely concerned in the manufacture of table knives, pen knives, and other species of cutlery. Every process, however minute, from the forging of the blade to the last polish of the handle, was pointed out. The labour is greatly abridged and expedited by the use of moulds, frequently giving shape at a single stroke of the hammer. One of the most curious operations is the preparation of the horn for handles. It is softened by the combined influence of fire and water, and then pressed

into form by hot iron plates, the material coming out of the mould highly polished.

We next went to the razor manufactory of Mr. Barber, whose wares are known the world over, and have become so celebrated, as to induce others to counterfeit his stamp. He informed me, that he had just sent £10 to the United States, to be expended in advertisements and in cautioning the public against these frauds, as the sale of goods under his name not only curtails his business, but injures his reputation, by imputing to him the manufacture of razors, which like Peter Pindar's "were made to sell." Mr. Barber took us to every part of his manufactory, and initiated us into the mystery of his art. His razors all pass through his own hands, before they receive his mark. About two hundred dozen are manufactured in a week, and despatched to every part of the globe. We saw a parcel finished in elegant style, with the names of some of our most distinguished citizens stamped upon the handles, made to the order of a firm of hardware merchants at Albany.

Our next call was at the splendid establishment of Rogers & Sons, whose wares are as well known in the United States, as in this country. One of the firm resided for several years in New-York. The show-room of their manufactory is brilliant. All their articles are highly burnished, kept perfectly clean, and arranged so as to produce the finest effect. Here is to be seen a knife with 1821 blades, the number corresponding with the year in which it was manufactured. These gentlemen are "cutlers to his Majesty," the appointment to the office being framed and suspended from the wall.

One of the company conducted us through the workshops, in which about three hundred men are employed in the manufacture of knives of all kinds, razors, scissors, and indeed every description of cutlery. A foreman superintends the whole. He gives out all the work, and every article is inspected by him before it goes to the market. The departments of the workmen are all distinct. One man makes blades, another springs, a third rivets, and so on to the end of the chapter. Females and boys are chiefly employed in burnishing and putting up the articles. In one of the shops, we saw a mechanic handling a great quantity of small coins, as pence and half-pence. On leaving the room, Mr. Rogers informed us, that this was one of his workmen, who acts as treasurer of the mechanics. They contribute a few pence a



week from their earnings, to a general fund, designed for their support, in case they choose to enter into combinations and turn out for higher wages. There is of course no means of prohibiting these preparatory steps.

The day was wholly employed in hurrying from shop to shop; and as the weather continued oppressively warm, our perambulations were fatiguing in the extreme. Toil, however, was amply remunerated in an increased knowledge of various arts. The conversion of iron into steel, and the process of refining the latter to its utmost state of purity, were among the most interesting. It is effected by raising the metal to a high temperature and imparting to it a portion of carbon. A month is required in the metamorphosis.

The manufacture of saws is curious. A plate is first rolled, and then trimmed into shape with shears. The teeth are cut with a die, moved by a screw. A boy will perform the operation in a few minutes. Files and rasps are raised with a chisel, while the metal is yet soft. It is afterwards tempered. This is done in the manufacture of all cutlery. We were not a little surprised to find females employed in making screws, although the mechanical labour is severe. Grinding and polishing upon so large a scale as is here carried on, is a novelty. The stones are all turned by steam, and the intermitting screams, issuing from a circle of fire, constituted a species of music not the most grateful to the ear.

The manufacture of tea-pots and other plated ware afforded us much amusement. It was traced through every stage, from the rough ingots, as they come from the mines of Cornwall, till the vessel is fit for use. The plate, after being rolled into sheets, is beaten into form by a large drop die, similar to the instrument used in driving piles. Next comes the process of soldering the parts together; then that of putting on the japanned beechen handles; and lastly the burnishing. In plated ware, a stratum of silver is laid upon a still thicker one of copper, and heated till they adhere; then rolled into plate.

But I am afraid of making too long a story out of our visit to Sheffield, although these workshops are not unimportant in a national point of view, being another of the great sources, whence England derives her wealth. I will therefore turn for a moment to a subject, which may be more interesting to a portion of my readers, as it certainly was to

us. It is however one of some delicacy ; and a doubt has been entertained, whether under existing circumstances, it ought to be publicly mentioned.

Finding ourselves rather unexpectedly at Sheffield, without letters of introduction, and having a strong desire to see the author of "the Wanderer of Switzerland," "the West-Indies," and many other admired poems, I addressed a note to him, enclosing my card, making known our wishes, and requesting the favour of an interview. It was a novel experiment, partaking more of the spirit of adventure, than of either etiquette or politeness. Some slight apology might be found in a kindred profession, and in the expectation that the interview might take place at the office of the *Iris*, of which he is editor.\*

In a few minutes a note was returned, saying that the gentleman alluded to would be happy to see us at any time between 5 and 7 o'clock on that evening. At 6 o'clock, thinking a medium the safest, we called at the number designated in the note, and were shown into a small, neat sitting-room, in which a table was set for tea. In a few minutes, the poet made his appearance, and we went through the awkward ceremony of a self-introduction, which his politeness, however, rendered as little embarrassing as possible.

We soon took seats at the tea-table, and his affability, as well as that of the lady with whom he lives, and who has relations in the circle of my friends in the United States, made us forget that we were strangers, and in some degree removed the restraint of unintentionally throwing ourselves upon his hospitality. The conversation turned upon a great variety of topics, literary, local, and general ; and one of the happiest hours of my life passed in the society of a poet, with whose works I had long been familiar, and from which I could have repeated to him a hundred favourite passages.

In his manners, the author manifests all that mildness, amiable simplicity, and kindness of heart, so conspicuous in his writings. His flow of conversation is copious, easy, and perfectly free from affectation. His sentiments and opinions on all subjects of remark were expressed with decision and frankness, but at the same time with a becoming modesty. His language is polished and select, betraying occasionally the elevation of poetry, but exempt from any appearance of

\* He has since retired from the establishment of the *Iris*.

pedantry. While the merits of all his cotemporaries were freely discussed, and the meed of discriminating praise liberally awarded to each, not the slightest allusion was made to his own productions, although they are quite as much read in our country as those of any other living poet. It would have been a breach of politeness in me, to have told him how many generous sentiments he has instilled, and how many hearts he has made better, beyond the Atlantic.

I was much amused with a little incident, that occurred while we were at tea. A kitten kept purring and mewing about him, and would often leap up into his lap, as if it claimed a familiar acquaintance, and had been accustomed to receive its daily portion at his hands. He seemed slightly annoyed, and endeavoured secretly to silence the importunities of the little animal for its tea. This scene, trifling as it was, at once suggested to my mind the gentle virtues and domestic habits of the amiable Cowper.

The poet is now at the age of forty-seven. In his person, he is slender and delicate, rather below the common size. His complexion is light, with a Roman nose, high forehead, slightly bald, and a clear eye, not unfrequently downcast, betraying a moderate degree of diffidence. The contour of his face is not unlike that of Mr. Lloyd, Senator in Congress, from Massachusetts, and there is also a resemblance in their persons. The events in his life are too well known in our country, to need repetition. Both his parents died as missionaries in the West Indies, and to that misfortune we are probably indebted for one of his finest poems. He appears to be universally respected and beloved in the place of his residence. But I have perhaps already said more than the delicacy of such a subject can justify, and will therefore only add, that at 8 o'clock he very cordially took our hands and wished us a pleasant tour.

We left Sheffield at an early hour, on the 2d of August, and reached London on the following morning at 8 o'clock. The distance is 165 miles, and the road excellent, being the great route from Yorkshire to the metropolis. It stretches through the counties of Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Northampton, Bedford, and Middlesex, affording us a general view of some of the principal agricultural districts in England. Circumstances rendered it necessary to perform this journey with all convenient despatch; and as we subsequently visited most of the places on the route in a more leisurely

manner, my remarks at present, to save repetition, will be circumscribed and as concise as possible.

It was a day of alternate storm and sunshine; and we dashed successively through showers of rain and clouds of dust, till the garments of some of the passengers exhibited as many layers, as the geological strata of our Derbyshire antiquary. The top of a coach during a squall, would form an admirable subject for the pencil of a Wilkie or a Teniers; and Mathews might here find as much matter of amusement, as in a French Diligence. One person after another rises, as he begins to feel the water trickle about him, till they are at length all standing up, holding on as they may. Perhaps an umbrella is raised, when the drippings from its eaves pour into the next man's neck. Finding all expedients fail, they at last resign themselves to "the peltings of the pitiless storm."

It was believed that my previous sketches had exhausted "the seven wonders of Derbyshire;" but the famous steeple at Chesterfield, though last, is not least among the number. It is 230 feet in height, and produces the most perfect optical deception I have ever witnessed. The coach in entering and leaving the town, nearly encircled the church; and from whatever point the spire was surveyed, it appeared to lean and form the segment of a circle to such a degree, that one would scarcely believe it could stand upon its base. It is constructed of blocks of stone, laid in such a manner as to render it both deeply fluted and spiral, which in some way not very easily explained, causes the deception. This curiosity is more of a philosophical puzzle, than the Leaning Tower at Pisa, in as much as the latter inclines in only one direction, whereas the former seems nodding to its fall towards all points of the compass.

Soon after passing Mansfield, a considerable town neatly built of stone, we entered Nottingham Forest, an extensive and desolate moor resembling those already described. A part of it has been reclaimed, and planted with firs, which have now attained to a heavy growth. In the depth of the wilderness, one of the passengers pointed out the spot, where lately stood a gibbet, on which some descendant perhaps of Robin Hood or Little John, was crucified for a robbery and murder committed in the Forest some years since. A curious pebble, denominated blue stone, so compact as to resemble a metal, and much used in burnishing the wares of

Sheffield, is found upon this barren tract. It is extremely valuable, being almost as highly prized by the manufacturer as is the diamond. A female whom we saw employed in polishing snuffer-trays, said the one she was using could not be purchased for less than 5*l.* sterling.

The entrance into Nottingham, a large and comparatively new town in its aspect, is singularly novel and grotesque. Every height is covered with wind-mills, and the knight of *La Mancha* would here have found a formidable host of antagonists. Scores of them are drawn up in battle array, swinging their giant arms in the air, and furnishing the *Don* some grounds of apology for his hallucinations. At Nottingham we paused only long enough to dine, and at Leicester, to take tea. Notices of both of these places will be found in some of my future letters. In passing out of the former, we crossed the Trent, one of the largest and finest rivers in England, over which is a handsome bridge, supported on numerous stone arches. From the summit of a hill in the vicinity, there is a wide and charming view of the town, with its ancient castle, and beautiful environs. The scenery is more variegated and picturesque, than any that was observed on this route. A whole horizon, many miles in diameter, is commanded from the eminence.

The ordinary constituents of an English landscape, may be given in few words. An undulating and smooth surface is divided into small fields by hedge-rows, which at this season are clothed in verdure, and blooming with flowers. Woodlands in their wild and natural state are seldom to be found. Forest trees of moderate size are sometimes disposed in copses, but more frequently scattered over extensive tracts, studding with emerald the yellow harvests, or shading luxuriant pastures. To these general features are to be added the appendages of winding streams, rustic bridges, villages with their tapering spires, farm-houses and cottages proverbial for their neatness, and the whole enlivened by a due proportion of animated nature. The scenery will bear the most rigid analysis; for its elements are intrinsically rich—a fertile soil, pure waters, exuberant vegetation, foliage of the deepest green, exact tillage, and taste blended with rural economy. Even a hasty glance obtained during this long ride through the interior of England satisfied me, that it is indeed a beautiful country, in which the bounties of nature have been improved to the utmost extent by the hand of

art. The season has been propitious, and the agricultural districts were probably seen under very favourable circumstances. Crops of grass and grain of all descriptions, are said to be unusually abundant. The peasantry were just in the midst of their harvest. Females were observed in the field, using the sickle and other rural implements, with as much dexterity as the men.

At evening the rain ceased, and the skies cleared. Twilight and the wasted form of the harvest-moon threw a new charm over the landscape, rendered fresher and greener, and more fragrant by the showers of the day. Such rural wealth and splendour appeared worthy of all the panegyrics, which have been lavished by the muse of Thompson, Goldsmith, and a thousand other poets. Our journey was continued all night. Just at daylight, we passed Wooburn Abbey, the splendid seat of the Duke of Bedford; and by 7 o'clock, we were in the suburbs of London. The fatigues of the ride, and a loss of sleep, did not leave my mind in a fit condition for experiencing any very strong emotions, as the domes and spires of the metropolis were first beheld at a distance, rising amidst clouds of smoke. At all events, my impressions of the scene are not of the strongest and most vivid kind. Our entrance was by Halloway, Islington, and the Goswell road. A magnificent arch spans the way, and the view through it towards the capital is certainly sublime. The ingress and egress through this avenue is astonishing. It is constantly thronged with vehicles of all descriptions. We met not less than half a dozen stage-coaches, starting at nearly the same hour for Birmingham alone, each carrying fifteen or twenty passengers.

On the left of the road near the arch, the Whittington Hospital was pointed out to us. It is a neat Gothic building, with a centre and two wings, crowned with pinnacles. It was built with funds left by the celebrated Lord Mayor of London, whose name it bears. The very stone on which the fortunate adventurer sat, was designated. But I must not begin my description of the metropolis so far back as the story of "Whittington and his cat."

Our *debut* was not in the most imposing and courtly style. The coach, threading one dark and dirty street after another, drove to the Angel Inn, which has nothing angelic about it but its name. Here we were set down, amidst a multitude of a million, and a half, like drops of water falling

into the ocean and lost in the common mass. Finding ourselves not in a condition to make calls, or seek for a better hotel, we made a temporary pause at the Angel. The chamber-maid conducted us to apartments, which she pronounced to be excellent, but which appeared to have been finished and furnished before the time of the Gunpowder Plot. Our only consolation was, that Goldsmith, Johnson, or Garrick, driven by the necessities of an exhausted purse, had shaved perhaps before the same antique glass, (which by dint of its ridges was a fine multiplier,) or had taken a chop from the same table, at which we were seated. There was nothing in the appearance of the furniture to render such a supposition at all improbable. Having taken a hot roll in almost as humble style, as did Dr. Franklin at his entrance into his adopted city, we hastened to Mr. Miller's, the rendezvous of all Americans. He recommended us to a boarding-house, in a central part of the city, where we found good accommodations and an agreeable circle of our countrymen.

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## LETTER X.

LONDON—ST. PAUL'S—THE THAMES—BRIDGES—SHIPPING  
—DOCKS—DEPTFORD—GREENWICH HOSPITAL—TUNNEL  
OF THE THAMES—THE TOWER.

*August, 1825.*—It was our wish as soon as practicable, to obtain a bird's-eye view of London, and an early visit was therefore paid to St. Paul's Church, occupying an elevated position in the heart of the city, and rising to the height of about four hundred feet from its basement. This gigantic and noble structure stands upon Ludgate-Hill, on the northern bank of the Thames, at a little distance from the water, upon the site of an ancient church, which was burned in the general conflagration of 1666. Nine years afterwards, the present edifice was begun by the celebrated architect Sir Christopher Wren, who lived to complete it, with the aid of one master-mason, in thirty-five years after its foundation was laid. A curious, though perhaps fabulous anecdote is related, respecting its commencement. Sir Christopher directed a labourer to bring a stone, to be planted as a landmark under the centre of the dome, and on the ruin of the

old church. The workman accidentally brought a small fragment of a tomb-stone, upon which was the word "*resurgam*"—I shall rise again—being a part of an ancient inscription. It was applied to the resurrection of the building as well as of the body, and was accounted a good omen, cheering the zealous architect in his labours.

The modern edifice is of Portland stone, which has been discoloured by the influence of the weather, according as its several parts are more or less exposed. Portions of it retain the original hue of the material, while others are rendered grey and black, by the storms which have beaten against it for more than a century. At a little distance, the exterior assumes the aspect of well defined lights and shades in a picture. Unlike most other churches in the kingdom, St. Paul's is built in the Grecian style of architecture, embracing several orders, and fashioned after the purest models. Its situation, however, conveys an impression that its dome is much too large for the body. It is entirely surrounded by high brick buildings, rising nearly to the elevation of its walls, and obstructing the view at all points, except the opening of streets, converging and meeting at the yard. The dome is a prominent object, seen from nearly every part of the city and its suburbs, while the structure upon which it stands is entirely concealed. The best *coup d' œil* is from Ludgate-street, presenting a view of the two towers, upon the western end, a part of the cupola, and the majestic porch forming the principal entrance, together with the colossal figures of apostles, saints, and kings, which crown the summit of the edifice. It is built in the form of a cross, five hundred feet from east to west, and two hundred and eighty-five feet in the widest part, technically denominated the transept. The whole covers an area of more than two acres.

Having paid our fee of admission at the north door, we commenced an examination of the interior, which occupied several hours. A description in detail would swell to a volume, and be too heavy a draught upon the patience of my readers. Some half a dozen guides in succession conducted us to every part of the building. In the south-western turret is a spiral flight of steps, mounting to the height of about seventy feet, denominated "the *geometrical* stair-case," for what reason our guide could not explain. It was pronounced to be the greatest work of the kind in Europe. In the opposite turret is the belfry. The machinery of the clock and bell



is on a scale commensurate with the gigantic proportions of the edifice. There is in the hall a model of the minute hand of the clock, which measures eight or nine feet in length, and moves round a circumference of fifty seven-feet. The ponderous wheels and hammers resemble the engine of a steam-boat, and the tower trembles with the jarring sound of the bell, which weighs upwards of half a ton, and may be heard twenty miles.

In the south side of the second story, there is a spacious apartment appropriated to the library for the use of the clergy officiating in the Cathedral. It contains a large collection of books, with some valuable manuscripts, the rarest of which were shewn to us. The floor is a curiosity. It is of British oak, laid in small pannels, like a mosaic pavement, and composed of almost innumerable pieces. On the opposite side is another spacious room, containing a model of a church resembling St. Paul's, except that it has but one turret at the end. It was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and is said to have been his favourite plan, which was overruled by the opinions of others, or modified by circumstances. There are some other architectural designs of his in the apartment ; as also the funeral decorations, used in the interment of Lord Nelson.

At the base of the dome is "the whispering gallery," with a massive iron-railing, and walk leading quite round it. The view both above and below is extremely grand. Stationing himself on the side opposite to us, at the distance of something more than a hundred feet, the guide gave, in whispers distinctly heard, an explanation of the lofty painted ceiling, which resembles that at Chatsworth, and is liable to the same objections. It is covered with splendid allegories, which none but the artist himself would probably be able to understand. It was executed by Sir James Thornhill, who lay the greater part of his life upon his back, in touching off these gorgeous ornaments. A story is told of his miraculous escape, while employed upon this work. On completing the image of one of his saints, he heedlessly retreated to the very verge of the scaffolding, to observe the effect of the picture. A friend, who was with him, perceiving his imminent danger, seized the brush and daubed the image, whereupon the artist rushed forward in a fit of passion, to demand the reason of such conduct, and was thereby rescued from danger. These circumstances are too complex to be credible.

Around the dome, at the base of the cupola, on the outside, there is a walk guarded by an iron-railing, the bars of which are nearly corroded asunder by rust. The immense panorama of London and its environs, stretching on all sides below, as far as the eye can reach, was grand and interesting beyond description. Objects so far beneath our feet were reduced to a diminutive size; and the belles and beaux looked like puppets, hurrying along the side-walks. The city including its suburbs, is about thirty miles in circumference, over the whole of which, together with much of the circumjacent country, our horizon extended. A more favourable day could not have been selected. The morning had been showery; but at noon the sky cleared, and the atmosphere was purified of smoke, except at intervals, when clouds of it were rapidly driven by the wind across the town, for a moment intercepting the prospect.

Nearly all the roofs of the buildings of London are covered with red tiles, with earthen pipes to the chimneys, of the same colour. The whole area of the city, from such a height, seemed composed of this novel ground-word, except where the streets in the direction of the eye, extended like ravines, or green parks occasionally broke the uniformity and gave relief to the view. Through the heart of the town, for the whole distance, winds "the silver Thames," covered with boats and vessels of all descriptions, and its six bridges between Vauxhall and Deptford full in sight. Uninteresting as its banks are rendered by unbroken ranges of brick walls, the river adds much to the picture. In the distance, a green border, rich in rural scenery, stretches round the whole horizon. This little circle, visible from the top of St. Paul's, and not exceeding ten or fifteen miles in diameter, embraces a population of about two millions—one-fourth greater than that of the state of New-York.

Beyond this stage in the ascent our guide did not accompany us; but pointed out the way, and gave us leave to climb to the top for another shilling. The visitant should rather be paid, than pay, for climbing up the remaining seventy feet on perpendicular ladders, since there is nothing to reward his toil, save an occasional peep from the dizzy eminence. We however had the curiosity to ascend, and seated ourselves in the brass ball, at the foot of the cross, which is sufficiently capacious to hold half a dozen persons. Only three of the niches were occupied on this occasion. Al-

though the day below was comparatively tranquil, the wind roared round the turret, with a dull, hollow sound, like that of a furnace. In a violent storm, the peals of thunder and the beating of the tempest against the dome must be grand and terrific.

On descending from the aerial height, another guide conducted us into the vaults of the church, where in darkness and in silence sleep the ashes of the honourable dead. Though the sun was bright above, a more than twilight dimness reigned below; and the portress lighted her lamp at the iron gate, to direct our footsteps among the tombs, and to enable us to read the inscriptions upon the monuments. The sickly rays of the taper, occasionally throwing spectra upon the wall and ceiling, as we groped our way beneath subterranean arches, and the sepulchral echoes of our voices, added to the gloom of the cemetery. Under the centre of the dome of St. Paul's is the tomb of Nelson. The pavement of the church was taken up to make room for the coffin to descend. A circular iron grate, two or three feet in diameter, admits a feeble light from above, and affords a glimpse of the stupendous dome. The hero reposes beneath a noble canopy, and the simplicity of the monument over his body is in perfect contrast to the allegorical and complex decorations in other places. On one side of the sable pedestal of his vault, is inscribed "Horatio Viscount Nelson." The black marble sarcophagus, surmounted with a cushion and coronet, was designed by Cardinal Woolsey for his own interment at Windsor; but a sudden change of fortune and his fall from greatness deprived him of anticipated honours.

In the southern aisle of the *Crypt*, under a half window in the basement, sleeps the dust of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the building; and near him were interred, beneath the pavement, the remains of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Barry, Opie, and our countryman West—all eminent artists. Plain slabs and equally plain inscriptions designate their tombs. The epitaph of the last mentioned is as follows:—"Here lie the remains of Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. He was born at Springfield, in Chester county, in the state of Pennsylvania, in America, the 10th of October, 1738, and died at London the 11th of March, 1820." I find no other monument to his memory in the metropolis;

but perhaps this is sufficient for an artist who will live in the splendid memorials of his own genius. To others, less distinguished, the breathing marble and pompous epitaph may be more necessary, to tell who they are and what they have done.

On our return from the Vaults, an hour was passed in examining the monuments on the walls, in the body of the church. They are numerous, and some of them splendid, displaying generally more taste than those in Westminster Abbey. Most of them were executed by Westmacott, Bacon, Flaxman, and Chantrey. The general fault is a want of simplicity in the design, and a profusion of ornament, with a long story for an epitaph, which no one would have the patience to read. Of the number most interesting to us, were those in memory of Dr. Johnson, Sir William Jones, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Howard the philanthropist, Lord Nelson, and Sir John Moore. These are men whom the world knows—an advantage which some of those, whose names are here enrolled, do not enjoy. Pakenham died gallantly, and perhaps deserved his marble, though unfortunate in a bad cause; but what did either Cornwallis or Ross ever do to merit a public monument? There are others, whose claims upon posterity are still more equivocal; while hundreds, whom genius distinguished and the muses loved, sleep neglected.

Having obtained some knowledge of the outlines of London and the bearing of the most prominent objects, we next commenced a tour of observation more in detail. For this purpose the Thames was navigated in an open row-boat, from Vauxhall to Greenwich, a distance of seven or eight miles, and whatever was most worthy of attention upon the river and its banks examined. The river itself, in point of magnitude and beauty, little deserves the splendid epithets which Pope bestowed upon it, or the apotheosis with which Sir James Thornhill has honoured it, in his fresco ceilings. In its best estate at flood tide, "without o'erflowing, full," it is a narrow, turbid stream in comparison with the Hudson and other American rivers. When the tide, which rises about ten feet, is down, the immediate shores at this season are intolerably dirty, furnishing at every step an arena of mud, where the heroes of Grub-street and the Dunciad might apparently *dive*, without ever returning to the upper air for the awards of Dulness. But notwithstanding all these deduc-

tions, the Thames possesses the beauty of utility, and is every thing to London. It is the great channel, which conveys life and aliment to the heart of the metropolis, keeping up an active circulation in the body politic, and preserving it from utter stagnation. On the bosom of this little river, contemptible as its waters may at first sight appear, rides no inconsiderable proportion of the wealth and commerce of the world—certainly enough to give support to a million and a half of people; and in this point of view, it is worthy of all the encomiums which it has received.

Our descent from Vauxhall to Greenwich led us under the six bridges across the Thames, within the limits of the city, viz: Vauxhall, Westminster, Waterloo, Blackfriars, Southwark, and London. These are all stately structures, with bold stone arches, and present a pretty view from the water, crowded as they constantly are with carriages, horses, and foot passengers. The finest of them is the Waterloo, leading from Wellington-place to the Surry side. Its arches are majestic, but the curve appeared to me a little too flat to form a perfect line of beauty. The Southwark is of cast iron. On one of its piers the word "Trinity" is inscribed, probably significant of its triple arches, which are bold and grand, though inferior in all respects to the one over the Dee at Eaton Hall. London Bridge, the last on the Thames, has nineteen stone arches. The numerous piers so much obstruct the river, as to produce a rapid current, and cause the water to break at flood and ebb tides. Our little skiff hurried on and danced merrily through the foam; and on her return she was compelled to wait an hour for the tide.

Near this point, upon the left bank of the river, is the noted rendezvous of fishermen and fishwomen, called Billingsgate, a visit to which is reserved till cooler weather. Here also commences the place denominated Wapping, to which ships of any burden ascend. The river was covered with vessels of every description, most of which were ill-shapen and clumsy craft engaged in the coal trade; fishing smacks; Dutch galliots, lighters, and mud-boats. The shipping which we saw both on the river and in the docks, will bear no comparison with that of Liverpool or New-York. Hundreds of colliers were employed in unlading their cargoes; and as the heavy masses of coal were shot from the deck of the vessel into the lighter, the sound resembled distant peals of thunder.

On our way to Greenwich, we visited the Docks, which are on the left bank of the Thames. They are constructed and entered in the same manner as those at Liverpool, but are less grand, as well as less expensive, since the tide does not rise to more than one third of the height. The India Docks, belong exclusively to the East India Company, and form but a small item of the immense property owned by that association, both at home and abroad. It is the most extensive and most formidable monopoly in the world, controlling not only the civil and military movements in the East, but the state of the markets, and many of the operations of the British government. The result is an important problem yet to be solved.

Deptford, on the right bank of the river, is well known as a great rendezvous for ships of war. A large number of small vessels were lying in port, under cover. On the shore, between high and low water mark, stood a most curious, black, clumsy looking hull, square at the bow and stern, with a high, straight deck, which was pointed out by the waterman, as the vessel in which Captain Cook circumnavigated the globe. It is without masts, and its form more nearly resembles a chapel than a ship. Our curiosity was somewhat allayed by the fact, that every part of it has been changed some half a dozen times since the days of the bold adventurer, and the question of its identity might form a subject for the metaphysical acuteness of a Locke or a Stewart.

At the Navy-Yard, the boatman rowed round the King's Yacht, which was built for George III, and now belongs to the Duke of Clarence. The present King's Yacht lies at Plymouth. His majesty was however towed a part of the way in this vessel on his visit to Scotland. It is a pretty ship of two hundred and fifty tons, elegantly finished and furnished. Its waist is girt with a series of images in bold relief, and highly gilt. Wisdom, Temperance, Prudence, and the whole family of moral virtues stand in long array, with the commendable precaution of writing the name over each of their heads, peradventure they should not be recognized. A canopied head rides upon the bow. The interior is splendid. We went through every room. The cabins are finished with mahogany highly polished, with crimson damask curtains, sofas, cushions, chairs, and every species of costly furniture. There is a succession of these apartments from stem to stern.

Just before reaching Greenwich, we passed a "sheer hulk," on board of which there is a school of 400 boys, who are both theoretically and practically instructed in navigation. They are poor children, trained up from the cradle, under a system of rigid discipline, for actual service, which they are compelled to enter at a certain age. It is an excellent institution, forming a nursery of expert seamen, and superseding the necessity of the press-gang, which is now out of use.

Greenwich occupies the right bank of the Thames, at a point where it makes a bold curve towards the north. The Hospital, with its quadruple ranges of wards, two stories high, surmounted by turrets, rises with much grandeur and beauty from the water. Between the buildings are spacious open courts, neatly paved and swept, with deep colonnades along the wards, where the inmates can take air and exercise, without exposure to the inclemency of the weather. The whole is enclosed with a handsome railing. This fine structure is of Portland stone, resembling in its complexion St. Paul's Cathedral. Its Corinthian columns, and other architectural ornaments are extremely chaste, uniting taste with simplicity in design. It was founded by William and Mary. There is a handsome statue of Charles II, in the principal court.

On our approach to the wharf, several men were observed with scrapers and brooms, washing the shore as the tide receded—an improvement, which might be introduced to advantage farther up the river. An officer, if not an "admiral of the blue," acted as porter at the gate, and remarked by way of securing his obolus, that "he did not thus freely admit all applicants." His dress was that of all the inmates, being made of blue cloth of a good quality. Stripes of yellow are put upon those, who are doing penance for any misdemeanor, and the tawdry addition shows like ornaments of lace, at a little distance. In their garments and persons, the men look neat and cleanly.

The porter conducted us to the door of the hall of paintings, where we were received by another veteran, who had been upwards of twenty years in the service, and still seemed fit for duty. A shilling each, gained a ready admittance to a spacious apartment, the lofty walls of which are hung with the portraits of admirals and other pictures, with here and there a bust or a statue. The ceiling exhibits another memo-

rial of the skill and industry of Sir James Thornhill, in painting which, he lay eight or ten years upon his back. It was the last of his works, and is accounted his master-piece. The whole area is covered with groups of splendid allegories, in which gods and goddesses, Nymphs and Naiads, zones and zodiacs, Britannia, Thames, Isis, and a whole family of modern divinities, mingle together, and are arrayed in the most gorgeous colours. Sir James did not forget himself, but *modestly* gave the artist a conspicuous place, surveying his handy work, in a rich costume and a full-bottomed wig. The celebrated Steele has given an elaborate description of this ceiling, in which he bestows high panegyrics upon the learning and skill of the painter.

But we had a different expositor, and the circumstances of the exhibition afforded us scarcely less amusement than the gallery of pictures. There were, perhaps, thirty ladies and gentlemen in the room, whom our veteran arranged around him with as much formality and ceremony as he once used to parade the crew of a ship, commanding each one to keep his eye upon the ceiling, in the direction of the long wand which he brandished. The whole group stood like star-gazers, while the old sailor, with a stentorian voice, and in measured cadences, chanted his explanations, taking care to skip such spots in Sir James' frescos, as went by hard names, or involved allegories too deep for his comprehension. Whenever he came to a ship, a boat, or a cannon, he would dwell upon the image with complacency, and descant upon the skill of Sir James, with as much discrimination as did the cobbler upon the shoe of Apelles.

Opposite to this hall, in another range of buildings is the Chapel of the Hospital, the vestibule of which contains four statues of faith, hope, charity, and meekness, designed by Mr. West. On the pedestals are engraven appropriate texts of Scripture, enjoining the practice of these virtues. The door is of mahogany, highly polished, and considered a beautiful specimen of architecture. Over the communion table, upon the wall, there is a splendid picture representing the preservation of St. Paul from shipwreck on the Island of Melita, painted by West many years since, and retouched just before his death. It is twenty-five feet high and fourteen wide, forming a peculiarly appropriate ornament for a chapel, in which the audience is composed entirely of mariners, who have escaped the dangers of the sea.



The grounds belonging to Greenwich Hospital are both spacious and beautiful. An extensive park stretches to the south and east of the buildings for some distance beyond the hill, upon which stands the Royal Observatory. Its sloping and green acclivities are shaded with copses of large forest trees, beneath which hundreds of the inmates of the Hospital—some with one leg or one arm, and some having lost both, with their countenances worn with toil, and their locks whitened with age—were quietly reposing, conversing with their companions in misfortune, or sleeping away the troubles of life; while herds of deer were grazing round them or reclining in the same shade. It was a rural, tranquil, and highly interesting scene, calculated to increase our admiration of this noble institution, which opens an asylum to two or three thousand mariners, who here find in the decline of life a refuge from toil, peril, and penury.

In the park there is also a handsome building for the accommodation of the "Royal Naval Asylum;" an institution established at Paddington Green in 1801, and lately removed to this place. It is designed for the benefit of the orphan children of British officers, who have served in the royal navy. The establishment consists of 800 boys and 200 girls, admitted between the ages of five and twelve. Swarms of them, "just let loose from school," were playing in the grounds about the Hospital, and added interest to this extensive charity.

On our way back from Greenwich to town, we visited the Tunnel of the Thames, on its right bank, half a mile below London Bridge. The work is now in progress; but in my opinion it is among the wildest projects of a speculating age, and will never succeed, although an unshaken confidence in the undertaking is expressed by the company and their agents, who have already expended large sums of money. The first intimation of our approach to the scene of operations was a turbid torrent, sufficient to turn a mill, pouring from the bank into the river. After threading half a dozen dirty alleys, and paying a shilling each for a sight, we were by special favour permitted to mount the scaffolding, where a large steam-engine was at work in raising mud and water, and to descend by a ladder into the abyss below. The circular and perpendicular well is fifty feet in diameter, and seventy feet deep, with its sides walled up with brick. Its shaft has already been sunk to the depth that was contem-

plated, which is thirty-five or forty feet below the bed of the river. The workmen are next to grope their way in a horizontal direction, securing the passage as they proceed, by arches, models of which were pointed out to us. This subterranean road, should it ever be completed, is to be splendidly lighted with gas. It would startle Sir James Thornhill's river-gods and Nereids, should they see lights flashing, and hear the rumbling of carriages over pavements, so far beneath their green abodes.\*

A visit to the Tower of London, on the left bank of the Thames, opposite Wapping, concluded our observations for the day. An hour was passed, and something more than a guinea expended by three of us, in ascending from the river by the King's steps, and in looking at "the lions" here deposited. John Bull carries the division of labour, in showing his curiosities, to as great perfection as in the manufacture of pins. There is a guide and a fee for every department, though it be as circumscribed as White Watson's museum. One person exhibits muskets, another cannon, a third jewels, and a fourth wild beasts. The aggregate of the demand is exorbitant, and the more inexcusable, since this place is subject to the regulation of the government.

The Tower, in an architectural point of view, is not worth examining. It consists of antiquated piles of buildings standing round open courts, and in no way distinguishable from the contiguous wilderness of houses; except by four small turrets, which rise to a moderate height above them. The curiosities, both natural and artificial, are so numerous and so well known to our readers, that an enumeration would become intolerably tedious.

We were first conducted to the apartments appropriated to a modern armoury, in which there are 500,000 muskets, carbines, pistols, and all descriptions of implements of war, many of which were tried and found useless in practice. The collection of armour taken from "the Invincible Arma-

\* On our return to London, in March, 1827, we found the Tunnel "in the full tide of successful experiment," with a fair prospect of its ultimate success, contrary to the anticipations expressed in the foregoing notice. The horizontal excavation is now completed for more than half the distance. During the last winter, the chief engineer, who is a Frenchman, and resided several years in Baltimore, was elected a member of the National Institute. His reply to the letter informing him of the honour that had been conferred, was written under the bed of the Thames!

da" of Spain, in the time of Philip II. is extensive and rare, properly set off by a statue of Elizabeth, in the attitude of making her heroic speech to her troops, with her steed caparisoned for the field, and held by a page. The identical, long-shanked, rusty axe with which the left-handed executioner hewed off the head of poor Anne Boleyn, for no better reason than because she had blamelessly lost the affection of a capricious and licentious monarch, reflects as little credit upon royalty, as it affords pleasure to the visitant.

In the ordnance department of the Tower, there is a variety of curious pieces of artillery, some of them upon a gigantic scale; mortars, Roman scythes, and military ensigns taken as trophies in different ages, and from various nations. It was gratifying to find no spoils from the well-fought fields of our own country, or from the decks of its gallant ships. France has supplied the Tower with the greater part of its munitions and insignia of war. Spain has also contributed a liberal share. The fluted pillars in some of the rooms, are composed of spears and boarding-pikes of his Catholic Majesty.

The group of kings, arrayed in a long line, from William the Conqueror to George II, clad in the armour of their respective ages, and mounted upon their chargers, form an imposing and not uninteresting spectacle. Several of those whom I was most anxious to see, are, however, wanting to complete the succession. The hump-backed Richard, at whose form "the dogs did bark," is not to be found in the royal assemblage; although the very spot was pointed out, where

"Lay the gentle babes, girdling one another  
Within their alabaster, innocent arms;  
Their lips like four red roses on a stalk,  
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other"—

who were suffocated by Tyrrel, in compliance with the order of this regal monster; as also the place where the young princes were entombed. Parts of the Tower have been hallowed by the genius of Shakspeare, who here laid some of his immortal scenes, and hence derived a portion of his imagery. These associations are worth more than all the cannon and perforated armour, taken from the French at the battle of Waterloo.

The plate and regalia, used at the coronation of George

the IV—swords and chalices, sceptres and saltcellars, of massive gold, studded with the costliest gems—excited in us some curiosity, as works of art; though as emblems of power, they failed to inspire much reverence or awe. After all, they are merely what Cromwell denominated them—“baubles,” fit only for kings and children to play with, the age having gone by when they were regarded as the symbols of divine rights.

In the royal menagerie, there are many rare and curious animals, collected from every part of the globe. America has a numerous representation in this assemblage of beasts, birds and reptiles. The collection of serpents, embracing the Boa Constrictor and other snakes of monstrous size, particularly arrested our attention. They lie coiled up in boxes, with blankets thrown over them, and the temperature of the room artificially raised, to form a suitable climate. They are so far domesticated, that the keeper plays with their spotted necks, and permits their forked tongues to come in contact with his hands.

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## LETTER XI.

LONDON, IN CONTINUATION—BANK OF ENGLAND—ROYAL EXCHANGE—PRINCIPAL STREETS—PARKS—WESTMINSTER ABBEY—PARLIAMENT HOUSE—PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

*August, 1825.*—The Bank of England, and the Royal Exchange, extensive piles of buildings, which in architecture are emphatically *composite*, embracing all the orders, curiously blended, excited little interest, except from the amount of business here transacted. They show to the worst possible advantage, being situated in a low part of the city, upon narrow, dirty streets, and surrounded by warehouses, which in some instances overtop them. The bank is at present rendered still more unsightly, by a scaffolding covering one façade, for the purpose of making some repairs. It is in all respects an awkward edifice, with nothing beyond convenience to recommend it. Over the doors are labels, indicating the kind of business transacted in the several departments, and also an ordinance prohibiting clerks from speculating in the stocks. In each room, there is a

*branch clock*, the hands of which are moved by a power communicated from a common centre, and therefore exactly agree in time. Not less than fifteen hundred persons are employed in this institution, and the amount of business is immense. The Rotunda is a large public room, in which speculators and persons interested in the stocks assemble. It is less frequented, than it used to be before the new Stock-Exchange on the opposite side of the street, was erected. The latter is a complete Babel in the hours of business. Officers are stationed in boxes round the room, who on application call out in a loud voice for individuals. Brokers, in the midst of a ring formed about them, proclaim that they wish to buy or sell such and such stocks, at so much per cent. A person wishing to speculate advances and replies, "I will purchase or sell so much at that rate." An average of these transfers regulates the prices of stocks for the day. It is sometimes reduced to a mere system of gambling, the funds never changing hands, and the difference in value, on the next day or next week, being paid and received by the parties to the bargain.

The Royal Exchange, or 'Change, as it is here universally denominated, cannot be compared with that at Liverpool, in point of extent, convenience, or beauty. Its exterior is so little conspicuous, that I was obliged to inquire where it was, while standing at its very entrance. It is situate round an open court or square of moderate dimensions, with deep colonnades and arches, inscribed with the class of merchants who there assemble. One arch is appropriated to the French, another to the Dutch, and a third to the West Indies. Statues of kings are ranged in a long line round the gallery above. The rooms in the basement story are occupied as private shops of all descriptions, opening on the outside, with show goods suspended at the doors. Lloyd's Room, which has acquired so much celebrity throughout the world, is crowded into an obscure place, where no one would think of looking for it. The entrance to 'Change is beneath two arches, on opposite sides, which might be passed fifty times a day, without attracting attention.

In the buildings of London, public and private, with the exception of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and a few others, I have been disappointed. There is nothing impressive or prepossessing in the general aspect of the city. Most of the houses and shops are of dark brick ; two and

three stories high, and much crowded, situate upon irregular and dirty streets. Drury-lane and Covent-garden, which sound so well on paper, are after all but confined and mean districts. Even the west end of the town has by no means answered my expectations. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has a neat house; but Lord Wellington's, near the entrance of Hyde Park, is a large, square, plain building, of smoky brick, destitute of every species of ornament and elegance. Lord Liverpool's, the Duke of Northumberland's, and the residences generally of the nobility exhibit little taste. As for the Duke of Devonshire, his dwelling is so encased by high brick walls, that no one has an opportunity of viewing it. St. James' Palace, and in fact all the royal edifices about London, are most *unprincely* looking structures, displaying neither grandeur nor splendour.

The handsomest part of the town is about Regent's Park and Portland Place. Regent-street is also fine. The houses are of brick, uniform in their construction, and covered with a thick stucco, giving them an appearance of being built of white marble. In this part of the city, the streets are spacious and airy; and in the more confined portions, substantial side-walks, generally composed of large flags, contribute greatly to the comfort of the pedestrian.

The great avenues through London run parallel to the Thames, from Westminster to the eastern end. There are two of them. Different sections of the one nearest the river, and generally within fifty rods of its left bank, go by the several names of Piccadilly, the Strand, Fleet-street, Ludgate, and some others, leading to the Tower. The other great thoroughfare runs parallel to this, at the distance of half a mile to the north, and leads through Holborn, Cheapside and Cornhill. These streets are generally wide, but are constantly thronged, from morning till midnight, with carriages, carts, and vehicles of every description, as well as with foot passengers. So great is the promiscuous multitude, and the difficulty of passing, that it occupies a much longer time to ride than to walk the same distance. No person can witness these ceaseless tides of population, ebbing and flowing like the restless ocean, and reflect that in a short time the whole will sink into oblivion, giving place to a new generation, without having his mind forcibly impressed with the vanity of life. Few of the busy, gay, and fashionable throng are known beyond their narrow spheres, or will be

remembered after the curtain drops. But this is not the place for moralizing.

One of the leading features in the topography of London is the great number of public squares and parks. These are every thing to a city thus crowded and confined, adding equally to its health and beauty. Several of the largest are open to every one, and afford delightful promenades. We have rambled through most of them. The principal ones are St. James', Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, at the west end of the town. All of them are spacious, beautifully adorned with trees, gravel walks, and artificial waters, which cool the air and vary the prospect. I could almost forgive the mock battle upon the Serpentine, in which the flag of our country was struck by order of his majesty, to gratify the potentates of Europe, for the grateful breeze it afforded me, while walking on a warm afternoon, upon its green and shady bank.

Our visit to Hyde Park was at the most fashionable hour, for the purpose of witnessing the style of "the nobility and gentry." This Park contains about four hundred acres. At the entrance is a colossal statue of Achilles, standing upon a lofty pedestal, and armed with his sword and shield. It was cast from cannon taken at the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse and Waterloo, and is inscribed by the ladies to "Wellington and his brave companions in arms." Around the Park there is a carriage path, resembling a race-course, where all who are able to ride, and some who probably are not, parade in full dress and equipage. Lords and ladies roll on in their coaches, which by the bye are generally heavy and inelegant; while a troop of dandies, with sugar-loaf hats, whiskers meeting at the chin, and mustaches, gallop after.

Our walk was extended quite round the Park, and to Kensington Gardens. The whole of these spacious and splendid grounds were filled with crowds of people, high and low, old and young, male and female. Such a general rendezvous afforded us a pretty fair opportunity of seeing the population of London in their best attire, and with smiling countenances.

Nearly two out of our ten days in London have been passed in Westminster Abbey, and as many more might be devoted to its numerous monuments with equal pleasure. It is indeed a most fascinating place to one who has read and

admired the poets, orators, philosophers, jurists, and divines of England; who is familiar with the civil, military, and naval history of the country; or who is fond of witnessing an exhibition of the arts, exerted for the noble purpose of perpetuating the remembrance of genius, learning, and taste. The building itself is admirably fitted for a repository of the distinguished dead. No one could approach the venerable pile, with its grey turrets and pinnacles, without feelings of reverence and solemnity, even if it were divested of those associations, which the recollection of departed greatness awakens.

The only entrance at present is through the southern transept, denominated "the Poets' Corner;" and who could wish for a more interesting passage? In this section of the Church, the visitant finds himself at once surrounded by monuments to the memory of Ben Johnson, Butler, Milton, Gray, Mason, Prior, Grenville Sharp, Shakspeare, Thompson, Rowe, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Gay, Goldsmith, Addison, Handel, Hales, Dr. Barrow, Camden, Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Cowley, Phillips, Drayton, and many others less known to the world. Introduced into the midst of such a group, with so many attractions on all sides, one scarcely knows to whom first to turn and pay the tribute of his respect.

There are obvious defects in grouping the monuments. Had the idea of "the Poets' Corner" been strictly adopted, it would have been a great improvement. It is gratifying to see those sleeping side by side, who in life were united by the ties of friendship, or assimilated by kindred pursuits. There are several beautiful illustrations of this principle in the Abbey. The monument of Gray is immediately under that of Milton, and connected with it. On the former, the lyric Muse, in alto-relievo, is in the attitude of holding a medallion of Gray, and at the same time pointing her finger to the bust of Milton above, with the following inscription:

"No more the Grecian Muse unrivalled reigns,  
To Britain let the nations homage pay;  
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,  
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

Another instance of this kind was observed, still more striking and beautiful. The remains of Johnson and Garrick repose side by side beneath the pavement, at the feet of Shakspeare. Here is a triple association of the most inte-



resting character. The moralist and tragedian were intimate friends in life, sustaining the relation of preceptor and pupil, and the still nearer one of having encountered penury and neglect together: they sleep at the feet of the great dramatic master, whose genius they both revered, and both illustrated, the one in the closet and the other upon the stage. Shakspeare's monument is beautiful in design and execution, worthy of the poet whom it commemorates, and of the taste of Pope, who was a member of the committee that superintended its erection.

In another part of the church, the relics of the two great orators, William Pitt and Charles James Fox, rest by the side of each other. But the violation of this principle of grouping the monuments is so frequent, that the foregoing instances seem rather accidental than premeditated. Dr. Watts' slab is interposed between military and naval heroes, knights and noblemen, whose pursuits were entirely foreign to his own. The superb monument in memory of Sir Isaac Newton, although grand in design and elegant in execution, is liable to the same objection. He is surrounded by women, and has not a scientific or literary associate in the neighbourhood. Addison has fallen into a more appropriate circle. His monument consists of a full length statue, which is said to be a good likeness, standing upon an elevated pedestal, and looking towards the Poet's Corner, where he loved to linger while living. Goldsmith's head, in relief, is over one of the doors, and is remarkable for little else, than the classical and complimentary epitaph by Dr. Johnson.

While in some of these monuments great taste is displayed, in others, the designs and ornaments are fantastic and almost ludicrous. On a little slab in the pavement, not more than eighteen inches square, is the inscription—"O rare Sir William Davennant"—and nothing more. No one can read it without a smile. As a discriminating mark of merit, a monument in the Abbey is a most fallacious test, and its principal object is in a great measure defeated. Wealth, power, friendship, or favouritism has foisted into the cemetery, and commemorated by lofty pyramids of marble, hundreds of persons who might as well have slept elsewhere. On the other hand, many illustrious names are not here to be found. I looked in vain for Locke, Bacon, Cowper, and other scholars equally eminent. There does not therefore

appear to have been much point in Nelson's celebrated motto—"Victory or Westminster Abbey."

It is, nevertheless, reckoned a high honour to obtain a niche in this ancient and venerable repository; and the prominence upon the walls, which some of its inmates have acquired by the unaided efforts of their own genius and talents is a creditable commentary on the character and institutions of England. Shakspeare, Johnson, Garrick, and hundreds of others, whose memories are cherished and revered, rose to eminence from the humblest origin.

Around the choir of the church, hung with banners of those who have been knighted during the present reign, amounting to a hundred or more, there is a succession of small, ancient chapels, filled with curious monuments, and royal families lying in state. The principal of these is denominated the Chapel of Henry the VIIIth, by whom it was built for himself and his family. He ordained, that none but those of royal blood should be admitted into the sacred cemetery. Even the living are not permitted to visit this and the neighbouring parts of the Abbey, unaccompanied by a guide, who hurries the visitant from one group to another, in such rapid succession as to afford no time for examination, and to produce a chaos of ideas. This rigid prohibition has been adopted, in consequence of the mutilations which have been committed by visitants. Mary Queen of Scots, who sleeps in white marble beneath a splendid canopy, has lost nearly all her fingers. Some of the monuments have been treated still worse. In that to the memory of Major Andre, the relief statues of Washington and Putnam have been beheaded. Many of the kings are in bronze, and sometimes an eye or the nose is scraped bright, shamefully disfiguring the countenance. I endeavoured to obtain of the keeper a dispensation of the rule in my favour, with assurances that no depredations would be committed; but he was inexorable, and after paying two shillings for walking twice round the circuit, I was compelled to leave the royal groups to their repose, with but a slight knowledge of the monumental honours, which adorn their tombs. This circumstance was the more regretted, since the interdicted apartments contain a bust of Lord Mansfield, seated upon an elevated tribunal, holding a volume of law in one hand and the *steelyards* of justice in the other; as also a pretty allegorical group, in memory of Charles James Fox. The

loss of a nearer inspection of full length likenesses of Nelson, Chatham, Queen Elizabeth, and other distinguished personages, in war, was not so severely felt; for it appeared to me that such figures were much more suitable for a six-penny museum, than for the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

At the close of our second visit to this place, we went to Westminster Hall, the House of Commons, and the House of Lords, all in the same pile of buildings, on the other side of the street, opposite the Poet's Corner. The hall is spacious, with an arched ceiling, said to be the largest in Europe, unsupported by beams. Its effect on the eye is entirely destroyed by the temporary stalls or offices of unpainted boards, erected at one end, and along the walls.

The House of Commons is a small, plain, insignificant apartment, in which one of our state legislatures would hardly deign to convene. Its floor and side galleries are both appropriated to the members, and will not then accommodate the whole number. In front of the speaker's chair, which resembles a watchman's box, there is a dark, contracted gallery for spectators. The ranges of benches are covered with green, and the table for the clerks blocks up the area in front of the speaker. Some of the seats of the great men of the day were designated by the guide. When a question is taken, one side or the other, (the opposition always occupying the left of the speaker) is ordered into the lobby. Its entrance is stained with the blood of Percival, who was shot by an assassin several years since.

The House of Lords is but little superior in its dimensions to the House of Commons. It is, however, finished and furnished in better style. The woolsacks, resembling bales of cotton, covered with red cloth, and tied at the corners with cords of yellow silk, give the room a novel appearance. They form an easy seat; and to render his position less tiresome, the Lord Chancellor has caused a temporary rest for his back to be erected. It must be a curious spectacle to see high dignitaries, in their wigs, mounted upon these bags. In front is the throne, secured from any seat but his majesty's by a brass railing. The coronation chair in Westminster Abbey is less guarded, and a republican may sit down and rest in it, if he chooses. A sight of the throne inspired us with as little awe as the sceptre. It is a pretty canopy, some ten or twelve feet high, supported by pillars in front, highly gilded, and hung with crimson tapestry, heavy with or-

naments of gold. The good lady requested us to feel the weight of its folds, and uncovered the chair for our inspection. His majesty has never occupied it but on one occasion. The seat of his unfortunate queen, when she was a criminal at the bar of the house, was pointed out to us, as also the obscure door by which she approached, day after day, during her trial.

The exterior of these buildings is even less striking than the inside. They are surrounded by others of equal height, and although they stand upon the immediate bank of the Thames, no part of them is visible from the water, except a small turret upon the House of Lords, and the Gothic gable-end of the House of Commons. An English audience would be surprised at the magnificence of the legislative halls at Washington.

On Sunday we went to church at White-Hall Chapel, where the Duke of York and his royal guards attend. It is in the vicinity of the military and naval offices. A splendid canopy is erected in the gallery for his Grace, who was at Brighton, and we therefore did not see him. It cost us a shilling each for a seat, and more than a shilling's worth of patience to listen to a dull discourse, delivered in a monotonous sing-song tone. Among the flags which adorn the walls of this church, as trophies, it was a little amusing to find two in a conspicuous place, directly in front of the duke of York's canopy, under the label of "New-Orleans," printed in capitals. One of them bore the image of the eagle, and the device of the other could not be distinctly seen. They are said to have been taken in a skirmish on the right bank of the Mississippi; but one would suppose the name would not revive very pleasant associations in the breast of his Grace, or of the British nation. There is also an American flag, taken at Fort Niagara; another at Queens-ton; and several at Detroit—all well assorted, and pompously displayed under their respective labels.

Since our arrival we have been the rounds of the theatres and other public amusements now open, embracing the Italian Opera, Hay-market, Astley's amphitheatre, and Vauxhall-garden. At the first of these, the house, the scenery, the dresses, and audience are splendid; but much cannot be said in favour of the performances. We heard the celebrated Velluti sing, in a most unmanly voice, and saw scores of dancing grisettes, exhibiting gesticulations, which can afford

little amusement to persons not fond of the ballet. They however received rounds of applause. The five tiers of boxes, elegantly hung with crimson tapestry, were filled with fashionable people, and the pit was crowded with ladies and gentlemen. No person is allowed to go in other than a full dress. The whole play was performed in the Italian language, and nine-tenths of the audience were probably just as ignorant of the plot and sentiment, if it possessed either, when they left as when they entered. I could not but think how keenly Addison, and Johnson, and Garrick would have lashed the prevailing taste of the age, and the degradation of the stage, could they have been present, to listen to the emasculated tones of opera heroes, or to witness the pirouettes of Neapolitan bellerine.

The English opera is little more than a version of the Italian, all the absurdities and frivolities of the latter being translated into the former. Nonsease in plain English is, if possible, more ridiculous, than when veiled in a language not understood. We saw Braham and Miss Paton. The musical talents of the former have, in my humble opinion, been overrated, or he was not in voice. Miss Paton is a fine looking woman, but is wanting in animation. She is, however, accounted "a star," has great compass of voice, and her performances are received with much eclat.

Haymarket is a small, neat theatre, opposite the Italian Opera House. The company possess more talent than any one we have seen since landing. Liston's comic humour is inimitable. In the character of the landlord, in the new piece of "Quite Correct," which possesses great merits, save that it is a little too broad, he keeps the house in a roar. Madame Vestris is pretty, and has an air of sprightliness. She is a great favourite; but her reputation perhaps is not unlike that of Miss Foote.

Our observations thus far have not given us a very exalted opinion of the English stage. Due allowance should be made, however, for the unfavourable season of the year. Every body is said to be out of town, although enough seemed yet to be left. Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, the two principal theatres, are closed. Their companies are said to be good, and our first impressions may hereafter be corrected.

Astley's Amphitheatre is partly dramatic and partly equestrian. It is a handsome, convenient building, near West-

minster Bridge. "The burning of Moscow"—the show for the night—is a grand spectacle. Napoleon is not so much of a caricature, as it might be supposed John Bull would make him. Parts of his character are just, and go off with applause. The feats in horsemanship are nothing extraordinary. A modern Hercules, passing under the name of "Alcides," gave exhibitions of his strength, and performed some of the twelve labours of his Theban prototype.

We were at Vauxhall Garden on his majesty's birth-night, when a great gala was given. "The King, our patron's natal day," blazed in capitals, composed of coloured lamps, over one of the principal walks. I forget how many hundred thousand lights were fancifully displayed among the trees, and how many alcoves and grots, they disclosed to the admiring gaze of the spectator. Eagles spouted water, and dragon's fire, in a shower of which "a young American," who was said to be *old* Mr. Blackmore, ascended by dint of a tight-rope to the skies. All London was present on this occasion. Much more order was observed than could have been expected in such a promiscuous throng. The grounds of Vauxhall, upon the right bank of the Thames, above Westminster Hall, are spacious and beautiful, being laid out with taste, adorned with trees, and forming an agreeable promenade.

Thus have I attempted to sketch some of the more prominent features of London, examined with as much attention, as a stay of only two weeks would permit. Other localities and topics, connected with an overgrown and unwieldy metropolis, are reserved for future visits.

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## LETTER XII.

### RIDE TO CAMBRIDGE—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY AND UNIVERSITY.

*August, 1825.*—ON the 18th we left London for Cambridge, fifty miles in a north-easterly direction from the metropolis. An intelligent and agreeable friend from Philadelphia, who had just completed his travels on the continent, joined us in a tour through the north of England and Scotland. Our exit from the capital was by the Newington road,

which for a long distance presented a full view of the dome of St. Paul's and the hundred spires and turrets of London, upon which we turned and gazed, as the city receded, until it was lost in a dense atmosphere. The suburbs in this direction are not interesting. There are extensive brick-yards in the environs, where immense quantities of tile and other materials for building are manufactured. The air was filled with coal-smoke, proceeding from the kilns, rendered more disagreeable by a rainy morning. An hour's ride, however, carried us beyond the choked atmosphere of the town, and brought us into a region of bright skies, pure breezes, and scenes of rural quiet—a change, which at this season was peculiarly grateful to the senses, dissipating languor, and giving tone to the mind as well as to the body.

Passing Tottenham Cross, we entered a rich agricultural country, possessing the usual charms of English landscape. Our route was on the northern road, along the new river, whence London is supplied with water, and by Waltham Cross, a curious monument erected by Edward I. in commemoration of his queen.

Our departure from London, as well as our entrance, led through places consecrated by the feats of Cowper's hero, the immortal Gilpin, whose race-ground has furnished us more amusement than any course which has been observed since landing, not excepting those where golden cups may have been won by the studs of noblemen. The village of "Ware" derives its principal interest from this facetious ballad, and from an account given by the coachman of a mammoth bed, at the Saracen's Head, which is sufficiently capacious to accommodate twenty persons of a night. Near this village, we met lady Salisbury in her coach, with two postillions, and a brace of outriders, all in livery. She is said to be a second Dian Vernon in horsemanship, riding full speed and leaping the most formidable barriers at the stag-hunts, in which she is peculiarly fond of participating. The English ladies generally ride on horseback with boldness, dexterity, and gracefulness. Their beaver hats, exactly resembling those of the other sex; their high collars and black cravats, tied before in the style of a fashionable gentleman; with the appendage of a long whip, give them somewhat of a masculine appearance. One of the causes, however, of rosy cheeks and healthy complexions may be found in these equestrian exercises, and

in the habit of walking much more than is common in the United States.

Midway between London and Cambridge, the aspect of the country suddenly changes to naked swells of land, resembling the Irish scenery, except that the surface is less verdant. There are no fences of any kind for miles. Hundreds of poor women and children were seen gleaning the fields, picking up an ear at a time, and filling their aprons. The scene brought to mind a beautiful passage in the Seasons; and we could not but unite in the humane wish of the poet, that the reaper might be merciful in gathering the harvest, leaving a liberal portion to compensate the toils of these industrious females. A gentleman in the coach informed me, that they sometimes collect enough to make five or six bushels of wheat; and that whole families are supplied with bread for the year by the fruits of such patient labour. It is accounted disreputable and odious, on the part of the wealthy proprietor of the field, to be rigid and niggardly in his directions to the reapers; and public sentiment in some measure compels him to scatter his bounty.

At 4 o'clock we reached Cambridge. With all its air of venerable antiquity, and with all its modern improvements, the town is not calculated at the first glance to produce a very favourable impression; and little did we suppose on entering, that it would be left with so much regret. The streets are irregular, and the general aspect of the buildings is mean. Some of the public edifices, however, are magnificent, and others present a still stronger claim to attention, from being associated with one of the most celebrated seats of learning in the world. By a curious coincidence, our arrival was on the anniversary of my visit to Dartmouth the summer previous; and the recollection of pleasures there enjoyed in the society of its scholars, and the circle of my friends, heightened the gratification derived from rambling through the classic retreats of a kindred institution—the fountain whence the former drew much of its science, literature, and taste. Upon the banks of Cam, I found many interesting memorials of those authors, whose works had afforded me so much delight upon the wilder and more romantic banks of the Connecticut. Newton, Bacon, Milton, Dryden, Gray, and a host of others! Who would not venerate the Alma Mater of such sons?—who would not love the haunts of their early meditations, and the academic shades which their footsteps have hallowed?



But my feelings are in advance of my story :—An obliging friend in New-York, among his many favours gave me an introduction to a Fellow of one of the Colleges, requesting him to make me acquainted with the Professor of Chemistry. The letter was enclosed with my card, and despatched by a servant, who in a few minutes returned with a report, that “the gentleman had *left off tutoring*, and had been out of town two months.” As we had no other letter to this place, such intelligence created not a little disappointment and regret, and for a time it was feared, that our visit would, in great measure, be lost. Thanks to that generous hospitality and that spirit of liberality and kindness, which can overlook the forms of etiquette, and enter warmly into the feelings of strangers, our desponding anticipations were far from being realized ; and I rejoice at an incident, which only served to increase my respect and esteem for gentlemen, with whom we afterwards became acquainted.

As a last resort, and in violation of the rigid rules of politeness, the letter was enclosed to the gentleman indirectly named in it, with an apology for such a procedure. A friendly note, containing an invitation to breakfast next morning, was soon received in reply. Although favours of this description were neither sought nor expected, the courtesy was too frank and cordial to be declined. Such an introduction, brief and indirect as it was, led to a series of attentions, and to personal acquaintances, which will be long remembered with gratitude and pleasure. An instance so strongly marked and unequivocal in its character, in an institution too whose officers might be supposed to feel all the pride of opinion, satisfied me that the more liberal portion of the people of England entertain no other than the kindest feelings towards the United States, and earnestly desire that no political occurrences may hereafter interrupt the friendly relations between the two countries.

Not restricting his civilities to the formality of a breakfast and an introduction to his family, the Professor of Chemistry devoted the whole day and evening to us, doing every thing which unostentatious kindness could suggest, to render our visit profitable and pleasant. Our first call was at the Philosophical and Literary Rooms, which are spacious and commodious, finished in handsome style, and furnished with newspapers, periodical journals, and a handsome library for the use of the Society, whose members here hold their stated

meetings and assemble daily to read and converse. The North American Review was observed among the books upon the table.

We were next conducted to Trinity College, the most extensive and celebrated of the seventeen sister institutions, which constitute the University. It is a magnificent pile of buildings, standing round several open courts, covered with green sod. Deep arcades extend quite round the basement of the four façades, opening into the square, and affording commodious walks in inclement weather. There the student finds a porch for exercise and meditation, with something of nature to refresh the mind and gratify the eye. The apartments of the officers, fellows, scholars, and other residents are handsome and convenient, with their names upon the doors, like private dwellings.

Trinity College has produced a great number of eminent men, among whom are Newton, Bacon, Coke, Barrow, Dryden, Cowley, Bentley and Porson, with hundreds of lesser stars. Monuments of these illustrious men adorn its ancient and venerable halls. The college at present consists of about sixty fellows, seventy scholars, and three or four hundred under-graduates.

At the door of Trinity College we were introduced to the University Professor of Geology, who was not less polite and assiduous in his attentions than his associate in office, devoting to us the greater part of his time during our visit. He conducted us to his cabinet, rich with the fruits of research and industry, where something more than an hour was passed in explaining his extensive collection of fossils and minerals. The specimens of organic remains are more numerous, complete and perfect than I had before seen. Most of them were collected *in situ* by himself. For this purpose, he makes one or two excursions every summer to various parts of the kingdom, returning richly laden with spoils. He has just returned from a visit to the Isle of Wight, the mineralogical treasures of which were explored by him. The specimens are neatly arranged in drawers, corresponding with the strata in which they were found, and ready for use in the illustrations of his lectures. In this way, a perfect knowledge may be obtained of the several geological sections of England. He pursues in his instructions the path marked out by Bacon, in natural philosophy, and by Cuvier in geology—to collect facts and data, laying little stress upon

theories. From his talents and unwearied efforts, many advances in a science, yet in its infancy, may be anticipated.

In his manners, this gentleman has nothing of that precision, stiffness, and pompous formality, which learned dunces sometimes assume to increase their importance. We were charmed with his unaffected politeness, ease, and frankness. While earnestly engaged in exhibiting and explaining the skeleton of a monstrous animal, of the lizard kind, found upon the coast of Yorkshire, and the species of which is now extinct, he for a moment stopped short, and said, "by the bye, gentlemen, I hope you will do us the favour to dine with us to-day, in the Hall of Trinity College, to be there about five minutes before 4 o'clock"—and then he proceeded in his lecture upon the lizard. This parenthetical invitation to dinner was more gratifying than a hundred formal notes would have been.

From his geological cabinet, he and the professor of Chemistry accompanied us to the Library, where we were introduced to the Fellow, who has charge of that department, and who adds to his literary attainments great urbanity and courtesy. He pointed out the objects most worthy of notice; and these were both numerous and in the highest degree interesting. The apartment appropriated to the library is a splendid hall, 200 feet long, 40 wide, and 38 high, enriched with fine specimens of architecture and with a variety of busts, among which are those of Newton and Bacon by Roubiliac. At one end of the hall, there is a large painted window, representing the presentation of Sir Isaac Newton to George III. It is a striking device, and the colours are brilliant, being as vivid as when the work was executed. But there is a curious anachronism in making Sir Isaac a cotemporary with the third Brunswick. The painting is not treated with much respect, and the scholars laugh at the blunder of the artist.

In the entrance to the hall stands a reflecting telescope, used by Newton in his astronomical studies, and in one of the recesses, a globe, a quadrant, and compass, which once belonged to the same immortal man. In another recess, the librarian showed us a manuscript in the hand-writing of Milton, containing his *Mask of Comus*, *Lycidas*, and the plan of *Paradise Lost*, with all the erasures and interlineations—the correspondence of Newton with one of his friends, while he was publishing his *Principia*, with many of his diagrams.

algebraical and geometrical calculations—the notes and indexes to Greek authors, in the hand-writing of Dr. Bentley—and other literary curiosities of the same kind, which were examined with intense interest.

There are about ninety thousand volumes in this library. The several departments are very complete, and the collection is extremely rare and invaluable. No pains have been spared in the selection and arrangement. The books are disposed in thirty alcoves, finished with carved oak, and ranged along the sides of the hall with a bust in front of each. This invaluable collection, embracing the science and literature of every country and every age, is accessible to all the students and graduates as well as under graduates.

Our next visit was to the University Library, common to all the colleges. In the entrance, at the foot of a flight of steps leading to the hall, are several antique statues obtained by Dr. Clarke during his travels in Greece and the Levant. The extensive apartments appropriated to this Library are in a quadrangular form, fitted up in much the same style as the library of Trinity College. Over the junction of two of the halls rises a lofty and highly ornamented dome, lighting the room below, which contains many rare manuscripts and other curiosities, chiefly oriental. In one of the alcoves, we saw a copy of the “*Novum Organum*,” presented by Bacon himself, with a note in his own hand-writing—also a treatise “on Witchcraft,” by James I, presented about the same time, with a specimen of his chirography. One of our party remarked the difference in the spirit of these two works, by “the wooden-headed monarch and his prime minister.” We here examined a beautiful manuscript of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, on vellum, in Greek and Latin, presented to the University by Theodore Beza. The transcript is supposed to have been made in the fifth century, and is among the oldest manuscripts extant. It is executed with great neatness and apparent accuracy.

The University Library contains about two hundred thousand volumes, being one of the largest collections of books in the world. It is constantly receiving accessions, consisting of new works of merit, and most of the periodical publications of the day. A folio catalogue of each department enables the student to turn in a moment to any work that he may wish to consult. Without these needful guides, he would soon be lost in a wilderness of books, to read the

title pages of which would consume no inconsiderable portion of one's life.

From the Library we proceeded to the Senate House, which is a stately, handsome building, in the Grecian style of architecture, with ranges of Corinthian pillars in front. The hall is about 100 feet long, 40 wide, and 38 high, with a gallery finished in oak, extending round the whole, and sufficiently spacious to accommodate a thousand persons. On the right of the entrance, elevated upon a pedestal, is a beautiful full length statue of William Pitt, in the attitude of speaking. It is an admirable piece of workmanship, executed by Nollekins. The spectator is so deeply interested in the countenance and majestic port of the orator, as scarcely to observe the regal group of statues, by which he is surrounded. At the west end of the hall is the chair of the Chancellor, and around it the seats of the heads of the colleges, regents, and other dignitaries. It was in this house that Gray's Ode, at the installation of the Chancellor, in 1769, was performed; and it is impossible to visit the ancient hall, without realizing in some degree the associations which disclosed to the eye of fancy "the sainted sage, the bard divine:"

" Wrapt in celestial transport they;  
Yet hither oft a glance from high  
They send of tender sympathy,  
To bless the place, where on their opening soul  
First the genuine ardour stole."

An interesting anecdote of the late Lord Byron was related to us, in connexion with the Senate House. His lordship was as distinguished for his eccentricities, while a student at Cambridge, as in after life. Among other odd things, he kept a bear and devoted to *bruin* much more attention than to his mathematics, intending to present him, as he said, for a degree. By such singularities, and others of perhaps a less venial description, he was conscious, as appears from his private correspondence, of having lost the respect of the University. At an election of an important officer, he was anxious to give a vote to a friend: but on approaching the door of the Senate House, he expressed to the gentleman on whose arm he was leaning, great reluctance at entering a place, where he fancied his presence would not be very welcome to those, who were acquainted with his juvenile indiscretions. But no sooner did he appear within

the hall, than the galleries rang with loud and repeated shouts of applause. A reception so wholly unexpected quite overpowered his feelings, and he hastened out of the house, weeping like a child.

In the Senate House, public examinations take place, degrees are conferred, edicts passed, and all business relating to the government of the University, as distinct from the colleges, is transacted. The laws and regulations of the institution are numerous and complex, abounding with technicalities, which it would take a volume to explain, and which could not be made acceptable to the reader. There is no material difference between the requisitions for a degree at Cambridge, and at the colleges of our own country. Dunces will sometimes crowd through, and a diploma is not in all cases a test of learning or merit. The examinations, however, appear to be conducted with rigid impartiality, and scholarship seldom goes unrewarded. Graduates, who most distinguish themselves, are denominated *wranglers*; the second class *optimes*; and the rest *οἱ πολλοί*, the multitude. The premiums are numerous and liberal, and must operate as powerful incentives.

The Chapel of King's College is by far the most remarkable in the whole group of University buildings, and the most prominent object about Cambridge. It is a grand and beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, said to be the most perfect now in existence. Its exterior is 316 feet in length, 84 in breadth, and 146 in height, to the summit of the towers upon the four corners. The interior nearly corresponds with these dimensions and is all in one room. Its effect upon the eye is much increased in grandeur, by the curiously arched ceiling, at the height of about eighty feet from the floor, so constructed as to be without any visible support. It is reckoned a *chef d'œuvre* in architecture, the ingenuity of which is said to have called forth the admiration of Sir Christopher Wren. The richly painted windows, exhibiting a great variety of devices, admit a feeble and softened light, which greatly adds to the solemnity of the sanctuary. Every part of the building is in exact proportion; and it is difficult to imagine a grander view, than opens to the spectator from the aisle near the entrance.

We climbed to the battlements, by a spiral flight of steps leading up through one of the towers at the corners, and walked from end to end along the roof, whence a wide and

variegated prospect is obtained of Cambridge and its environs. Within a few rods of the foundations of this, and other collegiate buildings, the Cam, crossed by numerous bridges, and bordered with beautiful walks, winds sluggishly through consecrated shades; and in the distance, a quiet landscape, with many a grey spire rising from tufts of trees, terminates the view. It was a bright day, the skies wearing the serenity of early autumn. The pleasure of leaning against Gothic pinnacles, to catch a first and last look at the varied charms of such a scene, detained us much longer from our company, waiting below, than politeness could sanction.

Having finished a too hasty survey of this fine Chapel, we went next the rounds of all the colleges, which had not previously been examined. Interesting as they were to us, from having been once the residence of poets and distinguished men, whose names and writings were familiar, the limits of this sketch forbid me from entering into detail. Curiosity led us to the room which Gray occupied, and in which he wrote many of his poems. It is in the corner of one of the colleges, with its windows darkened by the branches of aged trees. Its situation appeared to be congenial with his retired habits and scholastic pursuits.

In the course of the forenoon, we passed the Botanic Garden, which to save time had been visited in the morning before breakfast. It contains four acres of ground, and is handsomely laid out, with a small lake in the centre, for the cultivation of aquatic plants. The collection of trees, shrubbery, and flowers from every part of the globe, is rich and extensive. Our walk terminated at the Laboratory, where the Professor of Chemistry conducted us through his department, and pointed out such parts of his apparatus, as he deemed most interesting. His galvanic battery is extensive and powerful. He exhibited several experiments, to show the operation of the newly invented press upon the principle of the hydrostatic paradox. Its operation is simple, and its force, from the mere pressure of the water, is sufficient to crush a piece of wood an inch square, placed longitudinally.

At the appointed hour we went to dine at the Hall of Trinity College, under the guidance of the two gentlemen from whom we received so many civilities. The apartment appropriated to this purpose, is sufficiently spacious to accommo-

date five hundred persons, and it is not unusual for that number to sit down to table in term time. As it is now what is called the *long vacation*, most of the members of the college were absent; but enough remained, including the officers, to fill several tables, which were crowned with substantial dishes, served up in good style, but without extravagance. Two kinds of wine, circulated with moderation at the attic feast. But the decorations of the hall, consisting of the likenesses of great men, executed by the first artists; the easy flow of conversation; the affability and politeness of the party, render the stranger careless of his fare, and attract his attention to other objects. There is a full length portrait of Newton directly over the table where we sat. A French scholar of some eminence was once dining in the hall, and was seated so as to face the picture. After gazing steadfastly for some time, and catching the glow of inspiration, he rose suddenly, and pronounced an eloquent panegyric upon the talents of the mathematician and philosopher.

After the cloth was removed, and grace was read in Latin by two of the Fellows, we were invited into the *Combination Room*, so called from the associates who there assemble. It is a handsome side apartment, richly ornamented with paintings, and elegantly furnished. The festive board was covered with the fruits of the season, and crowned with generous wine. It was emphatically "a feast of reason, and a flow of soul." Some of the party had been personally acquainted with Professor Porson, and related a number of interesting anecdotes of that distinguished but eccentric scholar, who was at once an ornament and a disgrace to the University. The depth and accuracy of his erudition, particularly in the Greek language, astonished every one; but, like his favourite Anacreon, he may be said to have been choked to death by the grape. His habits of intoxication had become gross and notorious, and it would have been better for his reputation had he died sooner.

The Professor of Geology presided at the literary board, and gave as a sentiment, "prosperity to the United States, and uninterrupted friendship between kindred nations," which the company drank with much apparent pleasure. Many inquiries were made respecting the institutions, the state of learning, and the eminent men of our country; and none but the kindest and most liberal feelings were expressed towards its rising greatness. It was extremely gratifying



to us, to witness such liberality among the scholars of England, who exercise an important influence over the community, and can do much towards correcting erroneous impressions respecting the United States, imbibed from the misrepresentations of tourists and their reviewers.

After dinner we visited the Chapel of Trinity College, chiefly for the purpose of examining the admirable full length statue of Sir Isaac Newton, which is justly accounted a master-piece, both in design and execution. It is of white marble, elevated upon a pedestal, standing in a conspicuous place on the floor of the Chapel; and the whole figure is bold, commanding, and impressive. The sage is taken in the attitude of analyzing the rays of light, by means of the prism. He has just made an experiment with his glass, and his eyes are lifted from it to ponder upon the result. The expression of the face, marked with intense thought and deep meditation, is inimitably fine.

At 8 o'clock, we took tea with the professor of Chemistry, and passed a delightful evening with his family and a few friends. His lady and her sister favoured us with a variety of music upon the harp and piano, upon both of which they play with much taste, forming a charming concert. Supper, with a dessert of fruits, was served up at 10 o'clock; and an hour after, we took leave of a family, whose hospitality and polished society had contributed so largely to the pleasures of our visit to Cambridge.

Next morning we went to the garden of Christ College, consecrated by some memorials of the poet Milton. It is a sequestered, quiet, and lovely spot, which I could not but think was the original, whence he drew the picture of his own Eden, in *Paradise Lost*. There is a crystal lake in the centre, overhung with deep foliage, near which his bust stands upon a pedestal, half concealed and shaded by shrubbery. Around the garden are classic walks and cool retreats, where he loved to saunter. Upon a little open and verdant area stands an aged mulberry tree, which was planted and watered by his own hand, while he was a member of the college. It is now tottering with infirmity; but its decrepitude is cherished with a respect due to its venerable age and its interesting origin. Its trunk, in a state of decay, is carefully wrapped in a sheet of lead, and several props support its branches. It is now in full bearing, and we were just in season to partake of its fruit.

On our return from this pleasant walk, we called at the Church of All Saints, to visit the tomb of Henry Kirk White. He was buried in the chancel, under an obscure and humble stone, bearing no other inscription than his name. A year or two since, one of our countrymen, whose name could not be ascertained, visited the church on the same errand as ourselves, and finding no monument to the memory of a young man so highly esteemed for his talents and virtues, directed a white marble slab to be placed upon the wall, ornamented with a portrait, in relief, of the unfortunate poet, and inscribed with an appropriate epitaph.

At 9 o'clock we took breakfast with the Professor of Geology, at his room in College, as he still lives "in a state of single blessedness." The members of the University have inducements to remain unmarried; since they forfeit their fellowships, on entering into matrimony. Their apartments are taken care of, and their breakfasts provided, by females who are called *gyps*. On inquiring the etymology of the term, I received for answer, that with the classical scholars of Cambridge it is supposed to be derived from  $\gamma\upsilon\psi$ , the Greek word signifying a *culture*. This mode of living, however, is neither expensive nor unpleasant. We found the rooms handsomely furnished, and ornamented with a great variety of paintings and drawings. They contained also a valuable private library, with all the appendages and conveniences of a study. Breakfast was served up in good style, and an hour passed very agreeably.

In the course of the forenoon, we had a long and delightful ramble upon the banks of the Cam, threading every grove and thicket, and frequently pausing to admire the Gothic turrets of the colleges peering from amidst the foliage. It was our intention to visit the new observatory now in building upon an eminence half a mile from town; but our friend accidentally mentioning a favourite walk of the poet Gray, with the original of his "country church-yard," it was at once determined to change the direction of our excursion. We accordingly pursued a by-path, sometimes leading between hedge-rows of hawthorn, and at others, across meadows and fields, until it conducted us to Grantchester, a small village of great antiquity, at the distance of a mile and a half from Cambridge. The houses have thatched roofs, and appear to be going to decay.

The "ivy-mantled tower" guided us to the little church-yard, whither Gray used to take a solitary walk at morning or evening, and whence he is said to have derived the imagery of his exquisite Elegy. Whether his muse gleaned her materials from this place or not, its features exactly correspond with his description. Although it does not differ essentially from other country church-yards, its interesting associations induced us to examine it with minute attention. It is a very old burying-ground, "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap." One part of the cemetery in a particular manner arrested our attention. It was a little enclosure, planted with the yew, the ever-green branches of which overhung and partly concealed the marble monuments. A rose grew by its side, and was in full bloom, its leaves and flowers intermingling with the cypress. Many of the tomb-stones in the church-yard are old and rude, the dates extending back far beyond the period, when the poet was wont to make this retreat the scene of his evening rambles and solitary meditations. There was a pleasure in the reflection, that he had trodden the same turf we were now treading, and had paused to read the same inscriptions, the same "holy texts and uncouth rhymes," which have become scarcely legible, overgrown as they are with moss and half obliterated by the hand of time.

But the banks of the Cam furnish still less equivocal prototypes of his poetical images, and more vivid traces of the footsteps of his Muse :—

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,  
That contemplation loves,  
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!  
Oft at the blush of dawn,  
I trod your level lawn,  
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia, silver bright,  
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of folly,  
With freedom by my side, and soft-eyed melancholy."

The foregoing passage is entirely graphic, and accurately descriptive of the scenery upon the banks of this classic stream, along the immediate margin of which we sauntered on our return, following its meanders through the wide meadow which it passes before reaching Cambridge. Its waters are clear, but sluggish; and for the greater part of the way,

the channel is over-arched by willows, growing upon its borders. Its current is in many places choked with rushes and other aquatic plants, among which Matthews, the intimate friend of Lord Byron, was entangled and drowned, while in the act of bathing.

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## LETTER XIII.

DEPARTURE FROM CAMBRIDGE—HUNTINGDON—BIRTH-PLACE  
OF CROMWELL—STAMFORD—BURLEIGH HOUSE—LEICESTER  
—DERBY.

*August, 1825.*—On the afternoon of the 20th, our ride was continued to Stamford, twenty-six miles from Cambridge. In leaving the seat of the University, we crossed a handsome bridge over the Cam, on each side of which the stream was covered with large boats, employed in navigation between this place and Lynn, in the county of Norfolk. In one of the public squares was observed the Conduit, erected by the celebrated Hobson,\* as a watering-place for his horses.

A few miles from Cambridge, the road leads through the little village of St. Ives, celebrated in legendary lore, and still more renowned, as having been for some time the residence of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, where he is said to have occasionally preached and exhorted. Near the village we crossed the river Ouse, which is a comparatively large and navigable stream, rising in Northamptonshire, and winding its way in a north-easterly direction, through extensive fens upon its borders. Although it is not in its appearance a very poetical river, it is not "unknown to song." Cowper's muse found a charm in its winding and sedgy margin.

Huntingdon, sixteen miles from Cambridge, is a large and well built town. It is celebrated as the birth-place of Oliver Cromwell, traces of whose influence have been observed by us at almost every mile since landing in Ireland. He appears to have possessed the power of ubiquity.

\* This old Cantabrian, (blessed be his memory,) was the inventor of Hackney-Coaches and Livery-Stables. For an account of his services, and an explanation of the proverb, which originated with him, see Milton's miscellaneous poems, and the 509th number of the Spectator.

Although we could feel but little respect for the memory of a man, in whose character were united the bigot, hypocrite, and tyrant; whose principles could not withstand the allurements of ambition; and who added to all the vices of a despot, treachery to the cause he had espoused—yet curiosity led us to search for the place of his birth. The house in which he was born is now entirely demolished, and a handsome mansion erected upon the site. A person pointed out to us precisely where the old building stood. One section of it, denominated "Cromwell's Room," containing some of the original furniture, was preserved till within a year or two, when the last vestige was removed to make room for the modern structure.

Huntingdon was for several years the residence of the poet Cowper—a spirit forming a perfect contrast to the Protector. He lived with his friends, the Urwins, who are a respectable family, and will long be remembered with gratitude for their kindness towards an unfortunate bard, whose subsequent fame has given celebrity and interest to the house, which sheltered his penury. The period of his residence in this town was just after his escape from a delirious trance of many years, when he commenced, as it were, a new existence. His insanity for so large a proportion of his life, and the successful exercise of his talents in acquiring reputation after his recovery, may be reckoned among the most remarkable phenomena in the whole history of mind. The charms of nature seem to have opened upon him afresh, as he awoke from the dream of years, and he enjoyed all the novelty and all the enthusiasm of childhood without any of its weaknesses. He is said to have been perfectly happy, while at Huntingdon; grateful to Heaven for the renovation of his intellectual powers, and to his friends for their liberal favours. His resuscitated relish for the enjoyment of natural scenery, as well as of social pleasures, was insatiable. He was in the field morning and evening and noon-day, taking his solitary walk, and catching with his pencil every shifting tint, which the changing seasons presented.

The pleasures of our ride this afternoon were greatly increased, by the politeness of an intelligent gentleman from London, who was familiar with the road, and who directed our attention to whatever was most worthy of notice, not only on this route, but in our way towards the north. He commenced at Cambridge with an act of courtesy, which is

unusual among strangers in a coach. He was in possession of the best seat, which he voluntarily surrendered, remarking that he perceived three of us were travelling in company, and would probably wish to sit together—he would therefore take a seat behind. Such an instance of urbanity prepossessioned us in his favour, and a subsequent acquaintance confirmed the opinion. Among other favours, he gave us a letter to one of the most interesting parts of Yorkshire. This little circumstance is recorded, as one among a thousand proofs of the open hospitality of the people of England, which is a prominent trait in their characters, at least so far as our observation has extended.

We arrived at Stamford, at 8 o'clock in the evening. This is an old town, and appears to be rather on the decline. It formerly contained fifteen churches, only half a dozen of which still remain. It is situated on both sides of the river Welland, over which there is an antique stone bridge. The stream is connected with a canal, and affords great facilities of inland navigation.

On Monday morning we walked a mile and a half to *Burleigh House*, which was erected by Cecil, Lord Burleigh, the minister of Elizabeth and Lord Treasurer of England. It is at present the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, who is a young man of thirty, with a feeble constitution, and not destined, so far as I could learn, to add much to the fame of his ancestors. The Park and grounds about his seat are beautiful, varied by gentle undulations, and covered with groves and copses of oak intermingled with other large forest trees. Vistas and umbrageous walks open on the eye in all directions. The lodge is near Stamford, and our rambles extended over nearly the whole domain. In the centre, spreading in front of the house, is a pretty sheet of water, winding through the grounds, till it is lost among the trees. A handsome bridge has been thrown across it, which contributes largely to the beauty of the prospect. The water was covered by a flock of swans, which were feeding along the green margin, and playing on the glassy wave.

The exterior of the house is not striking. It is a mixed specimen of architecture, exhibiting no less than three orders. A want of simplicity destroys the effect, both as to grandeur and beauty. The summit is crowned by half a dozen turrets, surrounding an old fashioned pyramidal steeple rising from the Chapel. At a distance, these grey tow-

ers, seen from among the trees, present a fine view, the charms of which gradually vanish, as you approach the naked court-yard, and examine the proportions of the building.

The interior is not calculated to increase the admiration of the visitant. We were ushered into a spacious hall, with a lofty arched ceiling, of Saxon architecture. The walls are hung with ancient tapestry, wrought into a variety of historical pictures. In niches and on pedestals along the basement, are numerous statues and busts, some with broken limbs, and others with smutty faces. The furniture and decorations of the hall, from Cupid riding on a dolphin, to the hobby-horse and other machines for exercise, are contemptible in comparison with those at Eaton Hall and Chatsworth.

A female portress of eighteen conducted us through the Chapel, billiard-room, hall for dancing, and a long suite of other apartments, appropriated to the purposes of sleeping, dressing, eating, drinking, and music, which constitute the business, and make up the vicissitudes of fashionable life. The library and study were not shown to us. One of the rooms contained an extensive exhibition of cattle of different breeds, well-modeled in plaster, and grouped according to their several species. It is a useful ornament, and gave us an impression that his lordship is a patron of agriculture, although our fair guide could not satisfy our inquiries upon this point. The decorations of the Chapel exhibit more taste than any other part of the house. They consist of the ten Virgins standing upon pedestals around the room. The statues are of black composition, full length, and nearly as large as life, each holding a lamp decorated with gold. It is a chaste and appropriate ornament. On the left of the altar, there is a sofa, one end of which goes by the name of Elizabeth's Seat, being the place where she used to sit, in her frequent visits to the residence of the Lord Treasurer, which was a favourite retreat. The cabinet of jewels, which we were permitted to inspect, contains a great variety of ornaments, which belonged to the Virgin Queen, and to other distinguished personages. Among the rest is a beautiful little sword, worn as an ornament by Mary Queen of Scots, which excited more interest than the gins of her jealous and persecuting rival.

Burleigh House is enriched with an extensive collection of paintings, some of them by the great masters of every age; but they are scattered amidst a multitude of others, of

an inferior kind, which hardly repay an examination. The show of statuary is meagre. There are several ancient sideboards or bureaux of a curious construction, surmounted with sets of little images, resembling children's toys, and appearing to be of glazed porcelain. They form a tawdry and puerile ornament for the apartments of a nobleman, hung with the portraits and adorned with the busts of his ancestors.

On our return from Burleigh House, we called at the Church of St. Martin's, in the village of Stamford, where are the vaults of the Cecil family. The Lord Treasurer lies in state, under a canopy in the chancel; and his family are grouped around him, the children kneeling in niches upon the wall. The monument to the memory of John Cecil and his wife, denominated "the travelling lord and lady," is a lofty pyramid of white marble, reaching to the ceiling of the church, and placed against a black ground work, so as to give the appearance of casting a shadow. It was executed by an eminent artist in Italy under the superintendence of Cecil and his wife, while they were in that country.

The ride from Stamford to Leicester, thirty miles, extends through a pleasant and fertile agricultural district, exhibiting many beautiful fields of tillage and pasture. In the latter, numerous flocks of sheep were observed, of a larger size than we had ever seen. The cattle also were remarkably handsome and fat; furnishing the strongest evidence of a rich grazing country. It abounds with extensive dairies, and the treasures of the fleece.

We reached Leicester at 8 o'clock in the evening, and immediately called on a fellow-passenger in the Corinthian, who resides at this place. He devoted his whole time and attention to us, during our stay, and did every thing in his power to render the visit agreeable.

He first conducted us to the top of a five-story warehouse, for the purpose of giving us a bird's-eye view of the town and its vicinity. The prospect from such a height was wide, varied, and delightful. We looked down upon Leicester, as upon a picture, tracing with the eye its streets, its numerous spires and turrets, its public edifices, the great avenues leading to it from all directions, the meanders of the river Soar, and the rural environs, which extend far on every side in gentle and verdant undulations. It is a large, well built place, with a population of about 25,000.



Having obtained a general idea of the topography of the town, we proceeded to the remains of an ancient castle, which was built by the celebrated John a Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the story of whose gigantic height is familiar to the reader. The ruin is entered beneath a lofty and well proportioned arch, forming a gate-way to which there was formerly a portcullis.

Among our first visits, was one to the Roman Mile-stone, which is of undoubted authenticity, and forms a curious relic of the imperial conquerors of Britain. It was dug up many years ago, in an entire state of preservation, and has been incorporated with the shaft of a pillar erected at the junction of two of the principal streets.

In a beautiful situation upon the immediate banks of the Soar, the gentleman at whose hands we received so much hospitality and kindness, has an extensive manufacturing establishment, which in point of convenience and beauty is decidedly the finest we have seen in England. The grounds and gardens around it are laid out with much taste; and in entering the gate to a serpentine gravel walk, bordered by trees and flowers, one would suppose he was approaching an elegant private residence, instead of a manufactory. There is nothing in the appearance of the building to remove the deception. We went over every part of it, and were highly gratified with a variety of ingenious machinery, as well as mechanical operations, which had never before been examined.

Across the Soar at this place, is a low, narrow, and one-arched bridge, over which Richard III. rode on horseback the day before the battle of Bosworth Field, which was fought at the distance of eight miles from Leicester, and in which the regal monster fell, fighting gallantly to the last. Nothing but the assurance, that not the slightest traces of the works of war could be found, prevented us from visiting an arena upon which the fortunes of kings were decided. In riding over Bow Bridge, above referred to, Richard is said to have dashed his foot against the railing, owing to the narrowness of the passage and the prancing of his charger. This circumstance gave rise to a prediction of his fate, in the conflict with Richmond. The next day he was brought back from Bosworth, his bleeding corse stripped of its military and regal habiliments, being rudely slung across his steed, and treated with indignity by his conquerors. He was

buried in the church of Grey Friars; but in the midst of some popular excesses, a few years afterwards, his body was taken up, borne by a mob to Bow Bridge, and thrown over the railing, upon a little island just below, which once divided the Soar, though now united on one side to the mainland. There, beneath an aged weeping-willow, the pendant branches of which overhang and bathe themselves in the stream, repose the ashes of a monarch, at whose name "the world grew pale."

The stone coffin in which he was originally inurned, after being divested of its contents, was taken to one of the inns in Leicester, and used as an oat-trough in the stable. It was at length broken by the frost, water having been accidentally left in it on a cold winter night. As popular indignation at the crimes and cruelties of Richard had by this time in a great measure subsided, and the muse of Shakspeare had imparted an interest even to his enormities, the fragments of the sarcophagus were carefully preserved, and are still in the possession of a virtuoso living in the vicinity. The same gentleman has also the bed in which Gloucester slept at the Blue Boar Inn, near Bow Bridge, in his way to Bosworth field. The tavern is yet standing. It is an old-fashioned English house, with a projection in front, built of wood, and filled in with brick and mortar.

We next went to the ruins of the Abbey of St. Mary de Pratis, celebrated as the place where Cardinal Woolsey died. It is half a mile from the town, situated upon a little eminence in the midst of an extensive meadow, whence its appellation is derived. The wall of the spacious enclosure, containing many acres, remains almost entire. On one side it runs along the immediate bank of the Soar, forming a high and romantic mound, with a curtain of ivy suspended in festoons from the ancient rampart to the water, and mingling its tresses with the reedy margin of the stream. Above, the enclosure is bordered with trees and shrubbery. The courts have been converted into gardens for fruits, of which we partook, seating ourselves in the shade of the ruin and of the yew, growing by the crumbling walls. Time has made but few inroads upon the northern section, near the middle of which was the grand entrance, under a lofty arch. At this gate, Cardinal Woolsey, in a state of penury and decrepitude, bereft of his honours by the sudden reverses of fortune, deprived of his eight hundred attendants, sick and soli-

tary, riding upon a mule, made application for admission, and was received by the charitable Father :

“ At last with easy roads, he came to Leicester,  
Lodged in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,  
With his convent, honourably received him ;  
To whom he gave these words : ‘ O father abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
Give him a little earth for charity.’ ”

This passage from Shakspeare is as true to history, as to nature. Here the Cardinal terminated his misfortunes soon after his arrival. No traces of his tomb can be found, and it is uncertain where he was buried. There is a tradition at Leicester, that his remains were interred in the church of St. Margaret, standing in the town just on the margin of the meadow ; and that the inmates of the abbey walked in procession with lighted flambeaux and all the solemn pomp of war, paying the last honours to the relics of a man, to whose necessities they had charitably ministered.

Near this ruin ran the Old Roman road, the remains of which are yet discoverable and have been traced by antiquaries as far north as Lincolnshire. We crossed it in going to the site of a druidical temple, half a mile from the bank of the Soar. This relic of antiquity consists of a circular and deep excavation in the earth, perhaps fifty yards in diameter, with large stones placed in the centre, for the purpose of offering sacrifices. The circumference was bordered by a thick and dark grove of oaks, sacred in the mystic rites of the Druids. There is nothing peculiar in the construction of this temple, to distinguish it from others, and its history is of course involved in the same obscurity.

During our stay at Leicester we visited several of the most antique and remarkable churches ; the poor-house, which is a handsome and convenient building ; the prison, constructed upon Howard's plan ; the large county gaol, which is now going up ; and in short nearly all the public buildings and institutions in the town. Several hours were also devoted to an examination of the manufacture of hosiery and lace, for which Leicester is distinguished. The process of weaving stockings is so simple, that children eight or ten years old work at it, and complete several pair in a day. Both sexes are employed in the busi-

ness; but the greater part is done by females. In walking the streets, when the windows are up, the noise of the machines may be heard all over town, giving alternately a sharp and prolonged note, like that of a species of the grasshopper. It is a kind of music, which forcibly strikes the ear of a stranger.

The machinery for the manufacture of lace is extremely complicated, and a description of it, were I competent to the task, would be out of place in this letter. It is a fairy web, which requires the utmost attention and exactness. In this, as in every other department of manufactures, great improvements have been introduced within a few years. It was formerly woven by females upon a cushion, who used to sing a merry tune and keep time with their fingers, to hasten and beguile the tedious process.

It is now made altogether in a loom, where yards of it in breadth are manufactured at one operation. To show the difference in the modes, a lady to whom we were introduced was so kind, as to let a little girl, living with her, give us a specimen of the former process. The improved method was examined through all the stages of twisting the thread, winding, warping, weaving, bleaching, and dressing, except *gassing*, as it is called, which is entirely done by one company, at Nottingham. This last process, as it was described to us, is somewhat upon the principle of Sir Humphrey Davy's safety-lamp. The web is passed over a wire roller or grate, filled with ignited gas, the flame of which passes through to a limited extent and perforates the net-work, consuming the small filaments without injuring the texture of the delicate fabric. It is a valuable invention, for which its author has a patent and is realizing an immense fortune. The thread of lace is so fine, that a pound of it will make thirty-two square yards, and costs from twelve to fifteen dollars. Most of it is spun from the finest cotton at Manchester, where alone it can be drawn to such a degree of tenuity, from a peculiar moisture in the climate. This remark however must be confined to England, as it is well known that the finest lace in the world is manufactured upon the continent.

On the 24th we rode to Derby, which is a large, well-built, handsome town, the capital of the county, situate on the river Derwent near its confluence with the Trent. It pos-

sesses great water privileges, and has a population of 20,000, chiefly engaged in manufactures.

Our first visit was to the church of All-Saints, which stands in a conspicuous situation, and has one of the loftiest and best proportioned towers in the county. But unfortunately, it does not harmonize with the rest of the edifice, which is of a different order of architecture. It is however a stately structure, and appears to great advantage from every part of Derby, as well as from the surrounding country. In the chancel is the cemetery of the Duke of Devonshire, some of whose ancestors lie in state, with monumental records containing a history of the family. The walls are hung with escutcheons and tablets. I inquired for the tomb of Dr. Darwin, who resided here many years, during which he wrote a part of his voluminous works; but the guide informed me, that the Doctor died and was buried at his seat, five miles from town where his wife is still living. Two of his sons reside in the vicinity, in affluent circumstances, rendered so by the father, who made a fortune by his practice. His memory is held in great respect by the inhabitants of this place. Whatever were the faults of his writings, and of the elegant frost-work of his Muse, he was highly esteemed for his professional eminence, and beloved for his private virtues.

From the church, we went to the porcelain manufactory, belonging to Mr. Robert Bloor, who gave us a ready admission to every part of his works. It is one of the most extensive establishments of the kind in England, giving employment to several hundreds of persons. The clay is all brought from Cornwall and Devonshire, the expense of the transportation of the materials being much less than would be that of the coal to those counties. Two hours were passed in going through the several departments and in witnessing the various processes of moulding, turning, colouring, and burning. The vessels are made in distinct pieces, as a side, a handle, or spout of a tea-pot, and then soldered together with the same material, in a semi-liquid state. Of all the processes, the painting is the most delicate and tedious, being all done with a brush, and requiring to be retouched a number of times. Three or four heats, of about 24 hours each, are necessary in baking the ware before it acquires a proper hardness and polish. Among the most amusing parts of the manufacture is that of images and toys. We

saw poor "Dr. Syntax" in every possible plight, from his *dejecta membra*—his pliant arms and legs, his unbaked head, and clay-coloured suit, until he at length came out of the kiln, with his black coat, cocked hat, and well burnished breeches and shoes.

Our next visit was to the silk manufactory belonging to Mr. Taylor. It is the oldest establishment of the kind in the kingdom, the proprietor having introduced it from the continent. From the information received, the business is on the decline, and has never been very profitable. The manufacturer who is compelled to import the raw material, cannot hold a competition with Italy and other countries, notwithstanding all the protection he receives from the government. The consequence is, that silks are much higher than they are upon the continent, or even with us. They are comparatively little worn in England, except by the higher classes. There are, however, many spindles and looms in operation at Derby; and we minutely examined every process, from winding the raw material to the finish of the web. It does not differ essentially from the manufacture of cottons. The wales are made in the woof by touching a variety of treadles,

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## LETTER XIV.

MATLOCK—NOTTINGHAM—TOMB OF LORD BYRON—NEW-STEAD ABBEY.

*August, 1825.*—From Derby we rode to Matlock, a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, for the purpose of visiting one of the principal watering places in England, at a season when it is most thronged with company, and with the view of comparing it with the Mineral Springs of New-York. The road leading to it passes along the banks of the Derwent, up a narrow, but green and beautiful vale, hemmed in on either side by ranges of hills, and sprinkled with a number of pretty villages, the largest of which is Belper, with its neat church and gray turret rising on the declivity. Most of the houses and cottages are built of stone from the neighbouring cliffs, harmonizing with the surrounding scenery. The Derwent is crossed in many places by bridges of the same material,

beneath which the little river glides peacefully on, a perfect mirror to its verdant shores.

A few miles below Matlock, the scenery assumes a bolder, and a ruder character. On doubling a high promontory, which projects nearly half way across the valley, and around which the road has been hewn from the cliffs, scene after scene discloses itself to the eye, with a wild, picturesque, and romantic beauty seldom surpassed. Above, to the height of several hundred feet, the hills are hung with native forest, through which patches of the grey rocks are discernible, sometimes retreating among the foliage, and at others, obtruding their naked and precipitous ledges from behind the curtain of verdure. Deep in the vale beneath, the Derwent begins to babble in audible murmurs, hurrying over a rocky bed, or descending in cascades. Its music is sufficient to render vocal the whole amphitheatre of hills and woods.

At the point where the village of Matlock is situated, the Heights of Abraham, a green swell upon the right bank of the river, and High Tor, a perpendicular cliff of castellated limestone, rising three or four hundred feet on the left, so interlock as to form apparently an insuperable barrier, both to the road and the current; while the hills below, by a winding of the vale, seem to have closed upon the traveller, leaving him no retreat. Nor would he much regret to be thus imprisoned, at least till his eye was fatigued with the varied scenery around him, and his ear satiated with the murmur of water-falls. Immediately under the cliffs of High Tor, the Derwent finds a narrow, broken, and obstructed passage, where its waters break and ripple round rocks rising above the surface. Below, it spreads into a broader, deeper, and darker channel, moving on slowly with the quiet of a lake. Its margin is skirted with woods, the branches of which in some places dip into the current at a distance from the shore, forming an arch of foliage, beneath which little pleasure boats glide quietly along, or lie moored under the brink, to enjoy the breezy shade.

On the left side of the river, for the whole extent of the vale, the banks are composed of abrupt precipices, generally perpendicular, and affording at the bases barely room for a promenade, called "The Lovers' Walk," and one or two cottages, peeping from the woods. The village occupies the right bank, which is a steep acclivity, in many places precipitous, and at no point admitting of a direct ascent.

Most of the houses are built on a little basin of alluvial land, washed by the river; but far above the roofs of these, there is another street and range of buildings running along the side of the hills. Still farther up the ascent, are houses and cottages scattered among the trees. The lights at the doors and windows of these dwellings, glimmering through the foliage, present at evening an enchanted and fanciful picture.

We arrived just at twilight, and with much difficulty crowded ourselves into the principal hotel, denominated the Old Bath, which stands high up the acclivity, and affords from its windows some of the finest views of the scenery about Matlock. Beneath a copse of trees, in the handsome enclosure in front of the house, a fine band of music every evening take their station, and the notes of some plaintive air steal over the bosom of the stream, or mingling with the murmur of its waters, die in echoes along the hills. To complete the romance of the scene, on the night of our arrival the full moon rose above the hills, unobscured by clouds, and poured a silver tide of radiance into the valley, throwing a softer light over the landscape. We rambled till a late hour by the side of the Derwent, at one moment pausing to listen to its cascades, and at another to catch the tinkling of the rill, descending over its rocky bed, to mingle with the stream below.

Having said thus much for Matlock, I have said all. Its mineral waters amount to nothing. They are but slightly tepid, requiring artificial heat to prepare them for a warm bath. So far as we could judge, they are perfectly tasteless, and the efficacy ascribed to them might probably with more justice be attributed to exercise, rural quiet, and the salutary influence of the imagination. If Congress Spring enjoyed equal advantages of natural scenery with Matlock, it would become more celebrated than the fount of Helicon. I have yet seen no Spas, that will bear a comparison with its bright, sparkling, and salubrious waters.

The society at the English watering places appears to be much the same as at ours. It is an assemblage of all classes, thrown promiscuously together, and left to assort themselves into coteries, according to their several affinities. They breakfast and dine at a common table, which is very unusual at the hotels in this country. At dinner, those salutary rules as to dress and etiquette, which govern polite society, are observed; and at tea, they assemble in the drawing-room,



as the members of one family. Music, dancing, conversation, cards, or other amusements constitute the pleasures of the evening.

On the route between Matlock and Nottingham, we passed a large number of country seats, and among the rest, that of Lord Middleton. His grounds are seven miles in circumference, and appeared from the road to be laid out with taste. The lodge is one of the handsomest we have seen. If his lordship's amusements are such as they were represented to be, he can derive little pleasure from the elegance of his parks and the beauty of his architecture.

We reached Nottingham at 6 P. M. While dining in a handsome parlour, at the Black's Head Inn, I inquired of the landlord, the best way of reaching the tomb of Lord Byron and Newstead Abbey, incidentally asking also if he had ever seen his lordship. It created not a little surprise to learn, by way of reply, that the remains of the noble poet, enclosed in a splendid coffin, with an urn containing his heart, had lain in state three days in the very room, and near the spot where we were sitting; that multitudes of people thronged the hotel, to look at the pall; and that from hence the funeral procession, consisting of a long array of carriages, moved to Hucknall Church, at the distance of six or seven miles.

An intelligent bookseller at Nottingham related to us an interesting anecdote of his lordship. Every one knows, that he was slightly deformed in one of his feet. At the age of fourteen he was put into the hands of a surgeon in this town, with the hope of removing the blemish. His foot was encased in iron, and rubbed with liniment. While this surgical operation was going on, that his time might not be lost, he was placed under the care of a Mr. Rogers, to read the Latin Classics. One evening his tutor called on him, to go through with his usual routine of instructions; but finding him rubbing his foot, in great distress, he proposed giving up the lesson. "Oh no," said Byron—"let us open Virgil, and I shall soon forget my pain."

This same bookseller, who is somewhat advanced in years, was personally acquainted with the celebrated Gilbert Wakefield and Henry Kirk White, both of whom were natives of Nottingham. The former was a singular man in his habits, as well as in his character. He was remarkably fond of walking, and would frequently make a pedestrian excursion of thirty miles a day. Our informant recollects to have seen

him a thousand times taking his daily rounds through the Park at Nottingham, with his staff in his hand as his only companion.

White was born in a part of the town called High Pavement, but beneath a lowly roof, and of humble parentage. We had the curiosity to go by the house, and would have called, if any apology could have been framed to justify the intrusion. He was represented to have been in person, a tall, slender, and delicate young man, with a handsome, pale, and expressive countenance; retired and studious in his habits, even from boyhood; gentle, modest, and amiable in his manners. He rose from obscurity to eminence at an early age, by his own efforts, soaring aloft like the self-poised eagle. But after all, he was, perhaps, fortunate in his death, being cheered by a steadfast hope of a happier state of existence, while a warm sympathy for his premature fate induced the world to do justice to his talents. His memory is held in the highest respect, by those who were best acquainted with his genius and worth.

A walk to the Park, an elevated, spacious, and beautiful promenade, and to the Castle, carried us through the principal streets of Nottingham. The public buildings are numerous, and some of them stately and elegant. Most of the inhabitants, amounting to 40,000, are engaged in manufactures. The Castle is in a ruinous condition, but stands in a most delightful situation, commanding an extensive view of the vale of the Trent. This ancient fortress which is associated with many historical events, is said to have been built, like the one in the High Peak of Derbyshire, by Peveril. It is founded upon a rock, swelling with much grandeur and boldness several hundred feet above the plain. On all sides save one it was perfectly impregnable. Up the precipice from the meadow to the parapet, is a subterranean or covered way, ascending by regular flights of steps, excavated from the solid rock, with port-holes looking at intervals from the perpendicular cliffs upon the vale below. It was formerly barricaded with seven gates, disposed at different points in the ascent. Through this passage, Mortimer was admitted into the Castle, where he was found plotting with the Bishop of Lincoln and others, made a prisoner, taken to London, and publicly executed for high treason. It still bears his name. We groped our way through the dark and gloomy labyrinth, which is filled with rubbish, and has several turns which it puzzled us to follow.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we set out in a post-chaise for Hucknall, the tombs of the Byrons. It was a dark and gloomy day, cloud after cloud rising in rapid succession from the south-west, and the rain at intervals pouring in torrents. Our ride was by a cross-road, and much the worst we have seen since landing. It is the one over which Byron's remains were carried, and from appearances a carriage has not been that way since. In some places the grass was green in the path; and in others, the sand was washed into deep gullies. The horses walked nearly the whole distance, and revived the image of a funeral procession.

We did not arrive till about 5 o'clock. Hucknall is a humble, lonely little village, upon a sandy plain, in the depth of Sherwood Forest. The sight of a carriage is so unusual, that all the villagers mustered en masse to look at our post-chaise. There was a throng of a hundred around it, in ten minutes after our arrival. In dress and manners they have the appearance of primitive simplicity, with some degree of poverty. The houses are mean; the inn small and incommodious; and even the church is of the humblest kind, being low-roofed, with a little Gothic tower at the end, but without one interesting feature, either externally or internally, except the cemetery of the Byron family.

After much inquiry and search, the clerk was found, who conducted us to the church. It would be difficult to describe precisely my feelings, as he unlocked the only door, and pointing to a grey stone just on the right of the entrance, coolly remarked, "Byron rests there." The vault was sealed, and could not, of course, be entered. Eight or ten persons, comprising most of the family, repose in it. Byron's coffin was placed near his mother's. On a plate upon its lid, is an inscription, stating the places and dates of his birth and death. At its head stands the urn, containing his heart and brains, (a horrible idea,) with a statement of the fact engraven upon it.

A monument to his memory has lately been erected by his sister. Mr. Hobhouse, his friend, superintended the work, and has been several times at the tomb. It is a plain, white marble slab, of small dimensions, placed against the wall of the church, upon a black ground. There is nothing of elegance about it—scarcely of neatness, the upper part of the stone being of a ferruginous colour, which was stained before it was wrought. It was made at Nottingham. The in-

scription is as follows :—" In the vault beneath, where many of his ancestors, and his mother are buried, lie the remains of George Gordon Noel Byron, Lord Byron of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, the author of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. He was born in London on the 22d January, 1788—he died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the 19th of April, 1824, engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that country to her ancient freedom and renown. His sister, the Honourable Augusta Mary Leigh, placed this tablet to his memory."

On the right hand of the monument are the Byron Arms, with the motto, "*Crede Byron*;" and on the wall opposite, there is a tablet to the memory of his mother, who died a few years before him. Near by is a handsome marble, with a long inscription, to the memory of one of his ancestors. The whole corner of the church is appropriated to the family. We lingered half an hour about a spot, which the remains of the noble poet have consecrated, giving ourselves time to call to mind the principal events, which were crowded into the narrow period of his existence. Many an admirer of his genius has already performed a pilgrimage to his tomb, visiting a village which has otherwise not a single attraction.

The inhabitants of Hucknall spoke of him in terms of respect and affectionate remembrance. He was generally known, and although haughty towards his equals, he manifested kindly feelings towards his inferiors and domestics, possessing a popular turn. Several of the peasantry alluded to the festival, which he gave them when he became of age. An ox was roasted whole, and all were invited to participate in the carnival. Some of the villagers have collected all the inscriptions on his coffin, his urn, and the tablet, as also the account of his funeral published at the time. Among the boys forming the village group, was a son of Fletcher, Byron's favourite servant, who figures so largely in his private correspondence. I found on inquiry of the lad, that his father is in London making *macaroni*, instead of holding that important station among the tenantry about Newstead, to which his late master used facetiously to threaten to elevate him.

We had now paid to the village a much longer visit than had been intended. The unusual darkness of the day, deepened by the approach of evening, admonished us, that it was time to depart; and casting many a farewell look be-

hind, till the little church was lost in the mist, we hastened our ride as much as the narrow, wet, and rough road would permit. At the distance of three or four miles from Hucknall, and after passing through several gates and fields, we arrived at Newstead Abbey, the late residence of Lord Byron, but at present belonging to Col. Wildman, who purchased it for the enormous sum of 90,000*l.* and has expended a great deal of money in fitting it up. There is nothing remarkably striking in the grounds, which are a reclaimed portion of Sherwood forest. For any useful purposes, and merely from the intrinsic value, the above price would be extravagant; but the genius of the late proprietor imparted an interest to the place, which has greatly enhanced its value to persons of taste. Byron expended much time and money in planting trees, erecting buildings, constructing lakes, building boats, and adding other embellishments to the grounds. Every reader will recollect, how much he was attached to the seat of his ancestors, and how unwilling he was to part with it.

The entrance to Newstead is under a bold and fine arch, the façade being finished in the style of the ancient Abbeys. Opposite is a lake covering several acres, surrounded with wooded eminences, on which temples and fortresses have been erected. A fleet of boats and a gun-brig were riding at anchor upon the waters. A high wind and a storm of rain gave to the scene quite a sea-like aspect. The ancient halls are finely shaded with trees, on the green foliage of which the lights from the windows began to fling their beams. It was a painful thought, that he who was once the soul of the hospitality and festivity within, had departed, and that amidst scenes of thoughtless gaiety his memory was perhaps forgotten.

A guide was procured at the Abbey to conduct us through Sherwood Forest to the road. It had now become so dark, and the path was so bad as to compel us to walk, groping our way up a deep ravine, planted with a thick growth of firs. A benighted and weary ramble through the wilderness afforded ample time to meditate on the adventures of Robin Hood. Worn down with the fatigues of the day, we were glad to find comfortable lodgings for the night at Mansfield.

## LETTER XV.

RIDE TO YORKSHIRE—WAKEFIELD—LEEDS—MANUFACTURES  
—KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

*August—September, 1825.*—On the 30th we resumed our journey towards Yorkshire, the borders of which are hilly, but finely wooded, rich in tillage, pastures, and flocks, indicating a high degree of rural wealth. One picturesque view after another, opens upon the eye of the traveller, as he climbs a succession of green swells, over which the road passes between Sheffield and Leeds. A tower crowning a distant eminence, or the park of some nobleman, not unfrequently forms a conspicuous object in the landscape. The towns possess little interest.

We made a short pause at Wakefield, situate upon a declivity gently sloping to the banks of the Calder. Its streets are wide, and its buildings spacious. The church has the highest spire in the county. I inquired if its vicar gave name to Goldsmith's exquisite novel; but the persons to whom the interrogatories were put, did not seem to know that there is such a work, and of course were unable to give a satisfactory answer. The town has at least one interesting literary association, being the birth-place of Dr. Bentley, the celebrated scholar and critic; as also of Dr. Potter, author of a work on the antiquities of Greece.

After passing the village of Huntley and crossing the river Aire, we entered Leeds just at sunset, and were again enveloped in smoke, denser if possible than that of Manchester or Sheffield. So thick is the volume, that in the most favourable state of the weather, a person can see but a few rods before him.

Leeds is one of the largest towns in England, containing a population of about 100,000, and rapidly increasing. It is situate on an acclivity, rising by a gentle ascent from the northern bank of the river Aire, which is navigable to the bridge. Its length from east to west is nearly two miles, and its breadth half a mile. Some of the principal streets are very spacious, being ninety or a hundred feet wide. The buildings are almost entirely of brick, two, three, and

four stories high, discoloured like all great manufacturing towns by coal smoke. There are several handsome churches, and the public edifices generally combine neatness with convenience. Some of them are magnificent. This town, like London, has its west end, which differs as widely from the narrow, ditty streets in the vicinity of the manufactures, as Regent-street and Portland-place do from Billingsgate. The canal connecting Leeds with Liverpool, a distance of 109 miles, has been of immense service to the former, while at the same time, it has greatly augmented the commerce of the latter. Before its construction, most of the trade of Leeds went down the Aire, and thence to London.

Our great object in visiting this place, was to examine its woollen manufactures which have acquired so much celebrity, and been one of the great sources of wealth to the country, finding their way to every quarter of the globe. Thompson, in his Seasons, has drawn a beautiful picture of the power, which Great-Britain has derived from the products of the fleece; and the princely fortunes which many of the manufacturers of Leeds have acquired, besides the revenues which have gone for the support of the government, prove that the splendid representation of the poet is no fiction. England in her woollen fabrics has realized in a great degree the fable of the golden fleece, which her Argos and her Jasons have wafted to the remotest shores, returning laden with the treasures of other climes. Hence in part, and in no inconsiderable part, the sinews of war: hence her ability to support an expensive navy, and to carry her arms to every land and sea.

On the morning of our arrival at Leeds, we were introduced to one of the first manufacturing houses, from whom every mark of attention and courtesy was received during our visit. The senior partner in the firm is an Irishman by birth, a Quaker in religion, and a liberal man in every thing. He has passed two years in the United States, and many of his partialities appear to lean towards our country. He is the proprietor of thirty acres of ground, upon the banks of the Aire, the greater part of which is occupied by his extensive manufacturing establishment, leaving, however, sufficient space for a charming cottage, embowered by trees, and enjoying all the rural quiet of the country. His manufactories too, being a little removed from the central part of the town, are in a great measure free from coal smoke, and the usual nuisances of large cities.

Through every department of this establishment we were politely conducted by one of the partners, and the numerous processes, from the picking of the wool to the finish of the cloth, were patiently shown to us. The examination occupied two or three hours; and I am sure that none of our readers would listen to me, if the same length of time were taken up in the description, which would be necessary, in giving a detailed account of the several operations. Besides, the art of making good cloth is now so well understood in our own country, that it is doubtful whether my letter would disclose any thing new, should it attempt to reveal all the secrets of a work-shop at Leeds. The day has gone by, when an American, like the Czar of Muscovy, can bear away the arts to improve and enrich his nation. As an evidence of this, it may be stated, that in this very manufactory, we witnessed an American invention for shearing cloth, in full operation. In short, I saw very few instances of skill, which are not equally possessed by our countrymen. So far as my observation has extended, most of the useful arts have arrived to as great perfection in the United States as in Great-Britain, while in manipulation and activity, our workmen may claim a decided superiority. There is an energy in the American character, which is not to be found in the work-shops of Europe.

The kindness of our hospitable friend, extended beyond an exhibition of his own manufactory. As we were anxious to witness the operation of steam-carriages upon rail-roads, he walked with us a mile from town, exposed to the oppressive heat of a mid-day sun, where our curiosity was fully gratified. After waiting an hour, we had the satisfaction to see twenty-five wagons, containing three tons of coals each, impelled or rather drawn along a horizontal rail-road, by a steam-engine possessing a six-horse power. It was a most novel and interesting spectacle. The steam-carriage is placed in front, and the whole apparatus is not much larger than an ordinary Jersey wagon. To this the twenty-five four-wheeled cars are appended by chains, and follow in obedience to the self-moving power. One man, whose services are required to regulate the machinery, is the sole navigator, and even he has little to do. When the boiler is exhausted, he has only to throw the engine out of gear, stop by the side of the road, and pump in a supply. Impelled by curiosity, we mounted one of the carts and rode a considerable



distance. The ordinary progress is four miles the hour, but of course may be greatly accelerated if necessary.

There are several engines upon this rail-way, which ply regularly between extensive collieries and the town, a distance of three or four miles. It is odd enough to see the smoke arising, like that of a steam-boat, and the carts moving about at a distance, with no visible agent to move or govern them. The experiment has here been fairly and successfully tried, and I see no reason why transportation by steam is not as practicable upon land as upon water. The great desideratum seems to have been a guiding power, and that is effectually provided by the construction of the rail-way, which confines the carriage to a given track. I should feel the same degree of security in one of these vehicles, as in a steam-boat, since the carriage is at a distance from the boiler.

On our return from this novel and interesting exhibition, which evinces in a striking manner, to what extent the control of mind over matter may be carried, producing new combinations of the elements, and giving motion to the inert mass by an invisible power, we accompanied our friend to his delightful residence, and dined very pleasantly in the little circle of his family, in a style of attic simplicity, and free from that cold formality, which etiquette imposes. The walls of his apartments were hung with the likenesses of some of our distinguished men, and much of the conversation at table turned upon the institutions of our own country. Such was the hospitality of this warm-hearted Irishman, that he gave three of us, who were strangers to him in the morning, a general invitation to dine with him every day, as long as we remained in town. It will readily be supposed, that we took leave of him and his family with a regret, that an acquaintance, which had in all respects been so agreeable, could not be protracted.

After dinner we rode three miles from Leeds, up the banks of the Aire, for the purpose of visiting the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, which have justly acquired celebrity for their picturesque beauty. It was a bright, placid evening, sufficiently cool to be refreshing after the fervours of the day. The smoke of the town was soon left behind, and we arrived in season to see the setting sun throw his radiance upon the grey and broken arches of the Abbey. It was indeed a quiet and lovely scene, producing the finest tones of feeling.

The situation of the ruin is highly romantic, being in a deep, verdant vale, upon the immediate banks of the Aire, which steals by with a smooth and silent current, as if unwilling to break the repose of the valley. On the other side, is a lofty eminence, with its brow covered with hanging woods. The prospect in all directions is rich in rural objects. Seen with such accompaniments, the ruin, in itself extremely beautiful, possesses a double charm. It is deeply mantled with ivy, which sometimes climbs to the very top of the shattered battlements, and at others, descends in graceful festoons, concealing the silent dilapidations of time. Some parts of the Abbey are yet in a tolerable state of preservation, while others have already crumbled into dust. Notwithstanding the efforts of the proprietor to stay the progress of dissolution, stone after stone is dropping from the walls, yielding to the pressure of years, and some of the turrets are so crazy, that the owl or rook could scarcely perch upon the ruin without starting a fragment from its bed. One of the towers is peculiarly picturesque. Half of it has crumbled away longitudinally, while the remainder, serrated and ragged, is tottering to its fall. Some years since, the principal arch, too heavily laden by the incumbent masses, and weakened by silent decay, suddenly gave way, drawing after it two sides of the above mentioned tower, and forming an immense heap of rubbish.

We walked round and over every part of the Abbey, climbing as high as the dilapidated flights of steps would permit, groping our way under mouldering arcades, or reposing beneath the aged elms and among the tangled shrubbery, which shade the ancient courts. The best view is from the west end, looking through a lofty arch forming the principal entrance, surmounted by three knotted pinnacles, round which the ivy has wreathed its folds. A vista here opens upon the spectator, composed at first of ranges of pillars, the remnant of the tower already mentioned, the large window in the eastern end crowned with turrets and curtained with ivy, and terminating in the green valley below, where the eye rests upon a rich landscape. The hour occupied by our visit afforded a great variety of light and shade, which constantly varied the aspect of the ruin. At the moment of our arrival, the beams of a golden sunset were glancing through the clefts and windows, throwing tremulous gleams upon the foliage and the grey walls. Then

came the reflected tinge of the crimson west, and afterwards, the glimmering, dim, and sober shades of twilight, better suited to such a scene than the garish splendours of day, and leading the mind back, by an easy train of thought, to the period when the vesper bell summoned the inmates of these cloisters to their evening devotions. There is something fascinating in the seclusion and tranquillity of a monastic life; and I am not surprised, that in an age when a mistaken piety was superadded to secular considerations, these refuges from the cares, disappointments, and disquietudes of the world were thronged with tenants.

Kirkstall Abbey is a favourite resort with the inhabitants of Leeds, who frequently walk thither on a pleasant evening, to emerge from the smoke of the town, and breathe the invigorating air of the country. Two well-dressed ladies were seen tripping it arm-in-arm on the banks of the Aire, to whom the charms of this romantic vale and ruin seemed to present as strong an attraction as to ourselves. They would often stand like spectres in their white robes, or sit motionless on a fallen fragment, to gaze on the picturesque objects around them. A sketch or a sonnet was perhaps the result of their evening rambles. Having lingered till twilight had faded, and after refreshing ourselves with a basket of fruit growing in the ancient court, and served up to us in one of the cells of the refectory, which is furnished with a rustic table and seats, we bade a reluctant good night to the ruins of Kirkstall, walking on till the outline had vanished from sight, and then hastening our ride back to town.

The streets presented a scene in perfect contrast with the retirement and rural quiet of the valley, which had just been left. A company of strolling players and showmen were on a visit to Leeds, to amuse its inhabitants with the double attractions of fireworks and dramatic representations. The glare of rockets, and the anticipated ascent of a balloon had assembled a throng of both sexes, pouring forth from the manufactories in multitudes which no man could number, and participating from the street in pleasures, which poverty would not permit them to share in the garden. At the explosion of every rocket, the shout of the crowd was like the sound of many waters; and we were obliged to close the windows of our chambers, to shut out the confusion and riot, which continued till midnight.

## LETTER XVI.

RIDE TO YORK—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY—MINSTER—HARROWGATE.

*September, 1825.*—On the 2d our ride was continued to York. The environs of Leeds are rich and beautiful. A deep verdure clothes the hills which surround it, and a number of handsome country seats enliven the landscape. Every acre of the ground is neatly tilled to supply the market of a great manufacturing town.

The coachman and guard were unusually intelligent, and attentive, taking pains to designate whatever was worthy of observation, in language too, so free from the broad provincialisms of Yorkshire, as to be intelligible, which is far from being uniformly the case with the common people of this county. English tourists have ridiculed the peculiarities of the Yankee dialect, which is nevertheless pure and classical, in comparison with the local and drawling jargon of a portion of their own countrymen. The whole volume of Americanisms would not comprise so many corruptions of the English language, as a single county in great Britain, even if that in which the metropolis is situated were selected. The reasons are obvious. In our country, all classes of the community enjoy the advantages of early education. Our school-books and standards of pronunciation are nearly the same in every state, producing of course a uniformity in language. Another cause may be found in the enterprising and emigrating spirit of our people, by which the whole mass is kept in agitation, and local peculiarities prevented. An inhabitant of Massachusetts this year, may the next year be a resident upon the banks of the Ohio or Missouri; while the succession of the Yorkshire farmer is much more regular and uninterrupted, than the line of his kings, never quitting his paternal acres from the cradle to the grave, and transmitting his dialect from generation to generation, becoming broader and more strongly marked as it descends.

Not far from Tadcaster, a large town upon the river Wharfe, is an extensive quarry, called Peter's Post, whence

the stone was obtained for the York Minster or Cathedral. The huge edifice itself soon rises to view, like a mountain, and continues in sight nearly the whole way, till you reach the city. The prominence of this object and the distant hills beyond, with a beautiful champaign country for a foreground to the picture, render the approach by no means uninteresting. On the right of the road we passed the race-course, which is celebrated in the annals of the turf, Yorkshire being distinguished by the excellence of its horses. Another object struck us much more forcibly and agreeably—a long procession of young ladies, nearly of the same age and in a neat uniform dress, who are attending school at the Nunnery in the suburbs of York.

Our entrance into this ancient city, which at times has been the seat of political power, as it still is of ecclesiastical, was by Micklegate, one of the principal avenues. Passing under a lofty arch, which forms a part of the old wall, and crossing a stately bridge over the Ouse, a broad, dark, and sluggish stream, we arrived at 7 o'clock.

Although the evening was now fast closing in, and its shades were deepened by cloudy skies; yet so eager was our curiosity to catch a glance at the principal object of our visit to York, that we hastened to the Minster immediately after our arrival. It is indeed a stupendous pile, lifting its gigantic and massive proportions with the utmost grandeur, and making a deeper impression upon the mind, than any structure we had seen, not excepting Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's. In character it differs somewhat from both of these, having a less venerable and solemn air than the aged turrets of the former, and less magnificence than the finished proportions and classic ornaments of the latter. It is by no means deficient in symmetry and architectural beauty; yet these things are not thought of at the first view. The spectator gazes with admiration and reverential awe at the immensity of the fabric, which seems too mighty for the work of human hands, and to resemble one of those masses of matter reared by the agency of the Creator. Its apparent magnitude and the sublimity of its image were probably heightened by the obscurity of twilight. Taking a position a few rods from the wall of one of its sides, we threw its dim outlines, like the shades of a picture, upon the sky, and were able to trace its form and the shadowy grandeur of its towers. This, with a walk round its walls, and an indistinct

view of the great Gothic window in the eastern end, was all that could be accomplished for the night. A solitary lamp was seen glimmering in the church, which was probably lighting some one to the tomb.

After breakfast the next morning, we returned to the Minster, or the Cathedral of St. Peter, and commenced an examination of it in detail. The grandeur of its exterior, the loftiness of its towers, and the beauty of its architecture detracted nothing from the admiration which the first view excited. Its length from east to west is 524 feet, its greatest breadth 222, and its height 235. The dimensions of the largest window are 75 feet by 32, which is said to exceed any in the world. Six centuries have elapsed since the oldest part of St. Peter's was erected. The different sections were a hundred and fifty years in building, and the style of architecture varies according to the taste of the age in which the respective portions were finished. There is not, however, so much discrepancy, as materially to break the harmony of the several parts, or destroy the grandeur of the general effect. The whole edifice is of the Gothic order, with such modifications as a century and half introduced. Whatever might be the original colour of the stone, exposure to the storms and sunshine of so many ages has mellowed its tints and imparted to it a sombre complexion, which best comports with the sober character of a temple, and deepens the feeling of religious awe.

The interior cannot be compared with Westminster Abbey or even with St. Paul's in point of interest: not that it is deficient in colossal pillars, noble arches, and magnificent windows, nor in the lesser embellishments of the pencil and chisel; for in these respects it is scarcely inferior to either of the above. Its stupendous dome, its clustered columns, its vaulted ceiling, and "long-drawn aisles," are all admirable. It has its shrines and its monuments too in sufficient number; but they are not of the right kind—they are such as one approaches without emotion and leaves without regret—such as are necessary to perpetuate the names of archbishops who fretted out a little day of "brief authority," and left no memorials for the world to admire, except their rings, caps, chalices, and crosiers. These sacerdotal relics, some of which lay in the tomb for five hundred years and were disinterred from motives of interest, may all be seen in the vestry for eighteen pence. We went the usual rounds,

and saw every thing; but I recollect few of the personages whom shrines, slabs, and tablets commemorate, except archbishop Scrope, who had the genius to be a demagogue, and was beheaded for high treason; and Sterne, an ancestor of the eccentric and immortal Yorick.

Within the pale of the altar stands an antique chair, which is really a curiosity. It is said to be as old as the Heptarchy, and several of the Saxon monarchs were crowned in it. Its form and decrepid frame, actually wasted away and enfeebled by old age, leave little doubt of its antiquity. Its shape is that of the curule-chair of the Romans. Among the relics of the church is the ivory horn of Ulphus, made of an elephant's tusk, and originally finished with golden ornaments. Ulphus, a Prince of the ancient Deira, presented it to St. Peter's, with all his estates, that his two sons might not quarrel about a partition of them. The large wooden goblet is also shown, which Scrope gave to the cordwainers.

We climbed to the topmost stone of the Cathedral by a flight of 273 steps—so said the guide, and we did not put his accuracy to the test by counting. It is certain there were enough of them to render us both giddy and weary before reaching the last. In the year 1663, the first Charles ascended by the same dark and tedious passage, and this too, under less favourable circumstances than ourselves. "*After dinner*, the King went to the Minster, and so up to the top of the Lanterne, to view the city and country." He must have been amply remunerated for his toil, if his prospect was as wide, as rich, and as beautiful as ours, from a height of 235 feet. York and its environs lay stretched before us, over which we could travel without an effort, commanding a horizon of fifty or sixty miles in diameter, and so level that the most prominent objects could be traced as upon a map. Through the town and its rural suburbs, the Ouse extends in bold and bright meanders, till its peaceful waters are concealed from the eye, by the verdure of its banks. In other directions there is a sufficiency of woods and streams, hamlets and spires, to give variety to the picture.

After you have seen the Minster you have seen all that is worthy of notice about York. The antiquary may find some fragments of Roman alters, with half obliterated inscriptions—some curious remains of the old wall, and its arches—some castles, fortresses, and abbeys in ruins—and the traveller who feels disposed to linger, may find em-

ployment for a day or two in examining the literary and charitable institutions of York, which sustain a high reputation, and are unusually numerous for a population not much exceeding 20,000. The remainder of our visit was occupied in a walk to St. Mary's Abbey, situate upon the immediate bank of the Ouse; a picturesque pile of prostrate walls, broken columns, and mouldering arches—to Clifford's Tower, the keep to the ancient castle, perched upon a woody and romantic eminence near the city—to the spacious prison in the vicinity—to the new and beautiful promenade, extending for a mile along the bank of the river, crossing the Fosse on a rustic bridge, and bordered by lofty forest trees—and lastly through the market, which was crowded with throngs of people from the surrounding country, who in a concert of a thousand voices were jabbering the Yorkshire dialect in its broadest and most unsophisticated perfection.

On the 3d we left in a post-chase for Harrogate, another watering-place, distant twenty-three miles from York. In this ride, we crossed Marston Moor which, in the year 1664, was the scene of a great battle between the Parliament forces, under the command of Sir Thomas Fairfax, the Earl of Leven, and the Earl of Manchester; and the Royalists, headed by Prince Rupert. The two armies were nearly equal in point of numbers, consisting of about 25,000 each; and the conflict which took place on the second of July, was long and bloody. It terminated, as is well known in the defeat of the royal party, the triumph of Cromwell's influence, and the surrender of the king, who was sold to the revolutionary parliament by the Scots for 200,000*l*; a sum which exceeds the value of most monarchs. In the course of our tour, I forget where, we saw a pretty painting of Prince Rupert, bearing the royal standard upon this field, mounted on his charger, without his hat and with his bosom bare. It struck me as a bold, forcible and expressive picture.

No traces of the battle can now be discovered. The moor has been reclaimed, and divided into small fields of tillage. In surveying at evening the peaceful landscape, waving with harvests, and reposing in rural quiet, it was difficult to realize, that it had ever exhibited the tumults of contending armies, and been the arena, on which ambition fought its way to a throne, and the fate of kings was decided.

Just at dusk we reached Knaresborough, a large town



upon the river Nid, by which it is nearly encircled. It has long been a place of some importance, and at present contains a population of four or five thousand. Knaresborough furnishes a striking instance of what is termed a "rotten borough." It sends two members to Parliament, who are elected by one hundred persons, not freemen, but tenants and vassals, entirely under the control of one or two of the nobility. It is surely mere mockery to talk of a representative body, composed in such a way, chosen by a handful of the veriest machines, while hundreds of thousands of men of property have no voice in the election!

At 8 o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Harrogate. On reaching the hotel, in the upper town, it was ascertained before leaving the chaise, that others were apparently happy, if we were not. The windows of the hall were open, and several cotillion parties were seen threading the mazes of the dance, to the sound of merry music. It was with some difficulty, that we obtained lodgings for the night, the house being filled from top to bottom. An invitation was at once extended to us, to join the dance; but the trouble of making a toilet at a late hour, induced us to forego the pleasures of a gala, and to prefer the quiet of our chambers after the fatigues of the day.

In the morning we were ushered into a large drawing-room, where something like fifteen or twenty parties were taking breakfast at separate tables, in the manner of a commercial coffee-house. Little or no intercourse takes place between the different clans, and each attends to his own tea and toast. Such a custom is far less social, than the long table at Matlock, where chance often throws strangers together and sometimes leads to agreeable acquaintances. Besides, it is very awkward for one table to stare at another, and unavoidably to hear conversation directed to a particular circle, and not intended to be public.

Breakfast being over, we walked a mile and a half, to Low Harrogate, to visit the principal spring and take a view of the town. Neither of them afforded us a high degree of pleasure. The waters are very strongly impregnated with sulphur. They are no doubt efficacious in certain complaints; but it was a subject of congratulation with us, that we were afflicted with no maladies, which could be removed by such a remedy. There are several fountains, the prettiest of which, named Cheltenham, is situate near the bank

of a rivulet, over which a rustic bridge is thrown, and a neat little cottage erected for the repose of the visitant.

In point of situation and scenery, Harrowgate is even inferior to our own Saratoga. It has nothing to recommend it but retirement, its waters, and a tolerably pure air. The town, consisting chiefly of hotels, for the accommodation of visitants, the annual number of whom is 2000, is built upon a sandy pine plain, thrown into a common. It was rendered the more unpleasant on the day of our visit, by a high, bleak wind, which raised a tempest of dust. In one direction, there is a tolerable distant prospect, opening towards the north-east, and terminated by a range of mountains. York Minster was distinctly seen from the window of the hotel, rearing its dark pile and lofty turrets above the intervening moorland, like a ship at sea.

At 5 o'clock dinner was served up in pretty good style, at a common table, in a large public hall. The company consisted of about a hundred persons of both sexes, with whom a proper degree of etiquette in dress and deportment was observed. There was some formality in taking seats. The waiter conducted us to the end of one of the tables, where we found our names written upon the bottom of the plates. They were taken from the Album, in which all entries are made as visitants arrive. This systematic arrangement is a happy mode of preventing the jostling and confusion, which usually occur in taking places at a public table.

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## LETTER XVII.

RIPON—STUDLEY PARK—FOUNTAINS ABBEY—KENDAL.

*September, 1825*—From Harrowgate we continued our ride to Ripon, situated between the Ure and the Skell, two branches of the Ouse. It is a place of great antiquity, and its historical associations are interesting. There was an ancient custom in this town of blowing a horn at 9 o'clock in the evening, and remuneration was made for any robberies between that hour and sunrise the next morning. A tax was levied upon the citizens to meet the expenses. The usage of sounding the horn is still kept up, and this odd curfew was heard by us soon after our arrival.

On the morning of the 5th we made an excursion to Studley Park, at present the seat of Mrs. Lawrence, and to Fountains Abbey, the great objects of attraction in the vicinity of Ripon. At the distance of a mile and a half, the path which all the way is perfectly straight and forms a beautiful vista, terminated at one end by the Gothic towers of St. Peter's, and at the other by an obelisk near the mansion, conducts the visitant into the Park, ornamented by stately trees, and watered by the little river Skell, which sparkles and bubbles down in the most romantic manner imaginable. Herds of deer were reclining upon its banks, as if lulled into repose by its murmurs.

At the end of another mile and a half, leading for the whole distance through groves and along winding paths, which the taste of Shenstone might have envied, we arrived at the lodge, procured a guide, and commenced a ramble of five hours. The pleasure grounds of Studley, embracing the ruins of Fountains, and composing about 200 acres, exclusive of the Park, far surpass in beauty, any thing of the kind that has met our observation in England. Were I the proprietor of Eaton Hall and Chatsworth, I would exchange them both, as a residence, for the charms of this lone and sweet little vale, which, with a few alterations, would approach as near to a terrestrial paradise as my imagination can reach. Mr. Aislabie, for sixty years a member of Parliament, deserves to be immortalized for the taste he has manifested in laying out and embellishing these grounds. Both in design and execution, his ornaments are of the chastest and most delicate kind. Instead of counteracting and doing violence to nature, he has humour'd all her little playful freaks, catching her suggestions, and so studiously fulfilling her intentions, that it is difficult to discern at what point her works terminated and his commenced. Where there was an enlargement of the stream, he has widened it to a little lake, extending the green islets in the same proportion: where there was a cascade, he has merely increased its foam and its murmur, by adding another fragment of rock: where a fountain bubbled from the side of the glen, his hand fashioned a deeper and broader bed, hanging its margin with the same foliage, and storing its pellucid waters with the same finny tribes. Here are no aquatic flights of stone steps, down which the descent of water is as regular as that

of a nobleman's estates—no spouting monsters, nor metallic trees.

These remarks are intended to apply to nothing beyond the natural scenery of Studley and its improvements—to its waters, woods, and rocks ; for some of its adventitious and artificial ornaments, if ornaments they may be called, are in the worst possible taste, creating not a little surprise in the spectator. that a man so sensible to the charms of nature, could betray such a want of judgment in the embellishments of art. Besides a troop of Roman gladiators, gods, and demi-gods, whose naked statues are posted like sentinels along the margin of the stream, there is a small edifice denominated the Temple of Piety, the decorations of which are a representation of the Grecian Daughter nursing her father, and bronze busts of *Titus Vespasian* and *Nero* ! The first of these is well enough ; but what entitled the last to a seat in the sanctuary, I am at a loss to conjecture. These, however, are not the worst of the ornaments: a Priapus guards the walk leading to the mansion, as if to frighten away visitants, instead of birds. What a pity it is, that these grotesque and repulsive images were not all drowned in the beautiful waters of the Skell, and their pedestals occupied by statues of some of the great men of England. But the age has not yet gone by in this country, when the wantonness of wealth neglects its own resources, and looks to foreign lands for the ornaments of its palaces.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, no tourist can fail to be delighted with Studley. Clouds and sunshine, winds and waters, animals and trees, all conspired to render our visit agreeable. The sighing of the woods mingling with the murmur of floods stole upon the ear in plaintive melody. I will not attempt to retrace our rambles. Charming as they were to us, they would be tedious to the reader. Sometimes we climbed eminences covered with the mountain laurel, or cliffs shaded with yew ; and at others, crossed rustic bridges over-arched with evergreens, or reposed upon embowered seats, to admire the charms of this romantic glen. The most has been made of the little river Skell. Not a drop of its scanty waters is permitted to escape from the vale through which it glides, till it has performed every office, which taste or fancy could devise. The fountain named Quebec is exquisitely cool and limpid. So luxuriant is the foliage upon its margin, as to dip into its pellucid waters, and afford a shade to the pike and trout with which it is stocked.

Our first peep at the ruins of the Abbey was from one of the stations crowning the high banks of the vale, denominated the Gothic Seat, at the distance of a mile from all that now remains of this once rich and celebrated monastery. The view is peculiarly picturesque and striking, inviting the nearer approach of the visitant. In passing up the valley by the side of the noisy rivulet, we slaked our thirst at a clear and cold spring near the path, called Robin Hood's Fountain. It is shaded with brambles, and the rocks beneath which it gushes, are overgrown with moss. Tradition saith, that Robin Hood and Little John used frequently to make excursions from Sherwood Forest to this sequestered retreat.

Crossing the Skell on a bridge of ruins, which once formed a part of the Abbey, and through which the stream now gurgles in hollow echoes, we entered under the principal arch yet standing, and stretched ourselves upon the prostrate altar-piece, to listen to the story of our guide, and mark the mouldering monuments of other ages. These ruins have justly excited the admiration of visitors, and are reckoned among the finest in England. Nothing can be more romantic than the situation, embosomed by hills and woods, and remote from the bustle of the world. The peaceful solitude of such a spot, surrounded with all the attractions of natural scenery, would furnish strong temptations to a monastic life. So deep is the Abbey cradled in the glen, that its tower which is 166 feet in height, but just looks over the crags, near which it stands, and from which it was taken. It was founded in the twelfth century by a society of Benedictine monks from York, who seceded from St. Mary's and retired to this secluded spot for the sake of a more rigid discipline ; but an institution, which was at first distinguished for its peculiar austerities, yielded to the allurements of wealth, acquired by splendid endowments, till at last it became the seat of luxury and dissipation. At the time of the dissolution, the abbot is said to have had a harem of half a dozen mistresses, and the halls of the monastery resounded with midnight revels. But the hymn to the Virgin and the song of the bacchanal have alike ceased ; and all is silence and desolation, save the murmurs of the Skell, gliding beneath the gloomy arches of the cloisters, or the twittering of the swallow that hangs her nest amidst the ivy of the walls. We devoted an hour to the examination of the ruins, which cover about two acres—

looking through windows broken into the most fantastic shapes, gazing at shrubbery which has climbed to the very summit of the tower, reposing beneath copses of yew said to be coeval with the foundation of the Abbey, treading upon the fragments of nameless urns, and musing upon the heaps of bones filling one of the cells.

On our return to Ripon we visited the Minster and looked at its monuments, which are numerous, but not remarkably interesting, with the exception of one to the memory of Mr. Aislabie, the memorials of whose taste had afforded us so much pleasure. The Dean of the church conducted us into the charnel-house, in the basement story. Its subterranean walks are formed of walls of human bones, rising to the ceiling and dividing the dreary mansion of the dead into separate apartments. The remains are piled up with much regularity, and have settled into a compact mass. Such a scene, so forcibly and eloquently described in Blair's little poem entitled "The Grave," is calculated to sober the mind and impress it with a lesson upon the vanities of life.

Not far from the church, in the suburbs of the town, is a very singular conical tumulus, or mound, elevated fifty or sixty feet above the plain, overgrown with green sod, and surmounted by a solitary ash tree growing upon the apex. It is said to be composed entirely of human bones, of which we found no reason to doubt, as numerous fragments were seen in an excavation near its base, whence materials have been dug to repair the roads. Antiquaries conjecture, that this great repository of the dead, apparently formed by alternate layers of human bodies and earth, is of Danish origin, and that here were interred many thousands swept off by some great battle or pestilence.

On the 6th, we left Ripon in a post-chaise, there being no stage-coach across the country in this direction. The uniform price of an English post-chaise is fifteen pence sterling per mile, exclusive of three pence a mile to the postillion, and the tolls.

As there were few interesting objects to retard our progress, we rode to Sedburgh, in Westmoreland, a distance of sixty miles, in one day. The greater part of this route lay in the North Riding of Yorkshire, which, as far as our observation extended, is much inferior to the West Riding, in point of soil, agriculture, wealth, and population. It is a mountainous region, with extensive moorlands, on which,

sometimes, for many miles a house is not to be seen. The towns and villages are comparatively small, poor, and mean in their appearance.

Soon after leaving Ripon, we came upon the banks of the Ure, the meanders of which, with its bridge, supported on seventeen arches, and the town with its Minster all glittering in a bright morning sun, presented a pretty landscape. The road pursues the vale watered by this river to its very source, a distance of forty or fifty miles.

On the left bank stands Bolton Castle, celebrated for having been for a long time the residence of Mary Queen of Scots, during her imprisonment. It is now in a dilapidated condition, and appropriated to some agricultural purposes, as a barn or out-house. Its situation is commanding, but retired and lonely, looking into the deep vale of the Ure, far beneath. To the north stretches a dark and barren moor, on which not a house, nor a trace of cultivation is to be seen, to break the monotony of its purple surface. The mind of the spectator naturally reverts to the period, when the eye of a voluptuous and ill-fated princess, accustomed to the splendid luxuries of life, was doomed by a reverse of fortune, to gaze day after day, for a wearisome round of years, upon the cheerless scenery visible from the windows of her prison, and presenting a striking image of her own desolation.

Just at evening, deserting the head-waters of the Ure, we entered Garsdale, one of those deep, quiet, and romantic vales, so frequent in the north of England. A few scattered cottages, of the same complexion as the ground out of which they sprung, with the smoke curling above the thatched roof, occupy the bottom of the glen, and give shelter to a race of shepherds, whose flocks whiten the green and steep sides of the mountains. A turbulent stream rushes down the ravine, and is several times crossed on rude bridges, in harmony with the aspect of the country.

Night overtook us at Sedbergh, a little village on the borders of Westmoreland, and compelled us to take lodgings, instead of reaching Kendal, as was intended. Fortunately the inn furnished excellent accommodations, which were the more welcome from being the less expected. During the evening, a serenade of some half a dozen boys, paraded near the hotel, and singing for their own amusement, saluted our ears. Their voices were musical, and so far attuned to

harmony, as to form an agreeable concert. Several of their local ballads were chanted in wild, sweet, and plaintive tones.

The next morning we resumed our journey to Kendal. As the road is hilly, and presents many views of mountain scenery, we deserted the vehicle and walked the greater part of the way. The highest of the fells is between two and three thousand feet, commanding an extensive prospect into the Garsdale on one side, and the vale of the Kennet in which Kendal is situated, on the other. Great numbers of sheep, of a peculiar kind, were seen feeding upon the moor, which is irreclaimable and fit only for wild pasture land. Not a tree of any kind, nor even a bush is visible for miles. The hills, or fells, as they are here called, are uniformly covered with brown heath, which has a purple blossom, and gives a peculiar complexion to the scenery.

In descending from the height of land towards Kendal, we made a diversion from the road, for the purpose of visiting the ruins of the castle, perched upon the brow of the hill which overlooks the town. This was once a fortress of great strength, surrounded by a moat, and entered on a draw bridge. It had four towers, fragments of which are yet standing, as is also the greater part of the wall. The castle is girt with a belt of woods, growing upon the ancient moat, and giving to the grey battlements peeping through the foliage, a picturesque effect. From the parapet, a charming view was obtained of Kendal stretched at our feet, of the river Kent or Kennet, and the Canal by its side, of the beautiful vale above and below the town, and of the high hills by which it is on all sides encompassed.

Clambering through a breach in the wall, and descending from the lofty eminence, we crossed the canal and river on handsome bridges, passed the new gas-works which are of lime-stone, as is indeed the whole town, and visited St. Mary's Church. This is an antique, oddly shaped, but venerable structure, the chief interest of which is derived from having been once visited and minutely described by the poet Gray. He however descended much more into detail, than would be either instructive or amusing to my readers, who care little about heraldry and the genealogies of noblemen, whether buried here or elsewhere. The Sexton conducted us to a tomb in one corner of the church, constructed of plain lime-stone slabs, with an oaken canopy above it, in which he said the remains of Catherine Parr, one of the wives



of Henry VIII. were deposited. There is an illegible inscription on one end of the sarcophagus.

On our way to the hotel, we perambulated most of the town. The uniform complexion of its buildings gives it a remarkably neat appearance. It is a place of considerable trade and importance, being the capital of the barony of Kendal, one of the great divisions of Westmoreland. Its population, amounting to six or eight thousand, is chiefly employed in manufactures of different kinds.

While we were at dinner, repeated rounds of applause were heard from the town-house, nearly opposite the hotel; and on inquiring into the cause, the waiter informed us, that Mr. Canning was dining with the Corporation, augmented by the "nobility and gentry," in the vicinity, who were holding their annual meeting, as the custom is, to consult on affairs relating to the district. The next morning it was ascertained, that the Secretary had not been in town, but was expected. He arrived yesterday, stopping to change horses at the King's Arms, and affording us an opportunity to look at him and his son. They were on their return from the Lakes. Half of the inhabitants in town collected round the carriage, to take a peep at a man, who is the most prominent in the government, and who has raised himself by his own efforts to an enviable distinction.

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## LETTER XVIII.

LAKES OF CUMBERLAND—WINDERMERE—CONISTON—RYDAL WATER—VISIT TO THE COTTAGE OF A DISTINGUISHED POET—EXCURSION TO LANGDALE—GRASMERE.

*September, 1825.*—On the 10th we left Kendal for Bowness, on Lake Windermere, distant nine miles. A constant succession of hills, over which the road leads, compelled us to walk most of the way. But fatigue was alleviated and rewarded by the richness of the mountain scenery, which opened upon us at every step. On the left, towards the south-east was obtained a distant view of the great bay of Morcamb, setting up from the Irish sea, and forming one of the boundaries of the lake country.

From a lofty eminence, seven or eight miles from Kendal, we caught the first glimpse of Windermere, or Winander-

mere, as it is generally written, stretching far beneath us, and embosomed in a deep vale, surrounded on all sides by ranges of mountains rising peak above peak. It was a glorious view, affording a presage of the grandeur and beauty of that region of which this was the entrance. Each of us stood motionless and silent for some minutes, while contemplating the features of a scene, about which so much has been said, and of which our expectations were raised to so high a pitch. Extravagant as are the pictures which a luxuriant fancy has drawn of these hills, woods, and waters, seldom has indiscriminate praise been lavished with so little disappointment to the visitant.

The road which winds down a steep declivity towards Bowness, discloses at every turn a new combination of objects in the landscape; and after all the fatigue which was subsequently endured in climbing eminences, to find the most eligible positions for observation, our earliest views, obtained without effort, were among the finest. Some allowance should, however, be made for the novelty of first impressions, which are generally the most vivid and interesting.

A loitering walk of a mile brought us to the White Lion Hotel, situate in the midst of a neat little village, which rises beautifully from the eastern shore of the lake, about midway between its northern and southern extremities. The grounds about the house are tastefully laid out, and the green court-yard in front, looking directly upon the water, is richly ornamented with shrubbery. The windows of our sitting-room, round which the last roses of summer were still clustering, opened upon a wide and diversified prospect, which would sometimes steal in and interrupt the more sensual enjoyments of the table.

Immediately after our arrival, we procured a guide, and followed his footsteps to the summit of a hill called Biscot How, half a mile from the hotel, taking care to ascend behind the peak of the eminence, so that the amphitheatre of mountains, with the lake washing their bases, might burst suddenly upon us, and add to the beauty of the prospect. Seating himself in the midst of our little circle, reclining upon the cliffs, in the lee of a ridge of rocks which sheltered us from the inclemency of a high and bleak wind, the guide proceeded to designate the prominent objects embraced within our horizon. The recapitulation of a long catalogue of names, some of which are sufficiently barbarous, as Hard-

knot and Wrynose for instance, could afford no amusement to my readers. Suffice it to say, that about the northern extremity or head of the Lake, there is a cluster of mountains, rising to the height of about three thousand feet, and lifting their naked summits above smooth and green declivities, which slope in graceful curves to the edge of the water. The loftiest and by far the grandest of these are two castellated rocks, called Langdale Pikes, towering above the rest in gloomy majesty, and hiding their storm-beaten heads in the clouds. This is almost the only point about Windermere, which possesses the character of sublimity; but there are a thousand views which are eminently soft and beautiful. The western shore is bounded by a high and uniform hill, called Furness Fell, which is clothed to the top with an artificial forest, chiefly of Scotch fir, and adds nothing to the interest of the scenery. Towards the south, the mountains sink into hills of moderate height, and become tame.

The Lake itself is ten or twelve miles in length, and about one mile in breadth, giving it the appearance of a river as wide as the Hudson. Nearly its whole extent was visible from this point of observation. It occupies the bed of a long and deep valley denominated Langdale, opening from the centre of the mountainous region to the bay of Morcamb. Its shores are indented by bold promontories, which sometimes push themselves far towards the middle. It is studded with numerous islands, the principal group of which, opposite Bowness, is so thickly sown, as nearly to intersect the lake into two equal portions, when viewed from its level.

On the first day of our visit, the aspect of the water was dark and wild, catching the complexion of the skies, enveloped in flying clouds, which alternately thickening and breaking, changed in rapid succession the scenes of the magnificent theatre around us. The waves were crested with foam, seeming the whiter by a contrast with the gloomy surges upon which it broke, and with the deep verdure of the shores. Our guide stated, that he had seen the lake lashed into a perfect fury by the storms, which pour over the mountains and sweep along the vale in tornadoes. In one instance, within his recollection, an immense water-spout rose from the surface, and dashed against the hills, descending in torrents. In another, a boat was capsized, and a wedding party consisting of forty-seven persons, including the bride and bridegroom, all went to the bottom.

The legendary tales of this old resident of the village, and the quiet of our own contemplations, were suddenly interrupted by the "hark-away" of a group of mounted huntsmen, and the music of a pack of hounds, to the number of about thirty, scouring the neighbouring hills in pursuit of a hare, which had been started from the fern. It was the first regular chase we had ever seen; and the noisy concert of the dogs, sometimes approaching within a few yards of us, and then receding through tangled copses or deep glens, necessarily drew our attention to a scene which possessed no other attraction than novelty. Of all the sports in which "children of a larger growth" indulge, that of hunting the hare, seemed to us the most puerile, inhuman, and unmanly. Here were half a dozen men, tricked out with as much formality and equipage, as a militia colonel on muster day, pressing forward with ardour in the *noble* pursuit of a poor, harmless tenant of the forest, happy in his brief existence, and in the enjoyment of the little domain which nature had assigned him. What a spectacle!—The wanton cruelty of the sport is aggravated by the circumstance of the animal's being devoured by the hounds, as soon as he is overtaken, to give them a keener thirst for blood; as also by the absence of all those manly feats of horsemanship and personal prowess, evinced in leaping fences or ditches.

Descending from the eminence, which, with one in the vicinity, still more eligible as an observatory, was climbed again the next morning, for the purpose of viewing the scenery under the modification of a very different light and shade, we chartered a boat and crossed to the opposite side of the lake, although the state of the weather was rather unfavourable to an excursion upon the water. Our little bark, on reaching a point where the winds and waves came up from the south reach, unbroken by interposing islands, was tossed by heavy swells like the billows of the ocean. Landing at the ferry-house, and pursuing our way to a charming little cottage closely embowered in woods and half hidden by flowers still in bloom, we were conducted by a female along a winding path over-arched by trees, and beaten on one side by the surges of the lake, to a building which goes by the local name of the "First Station." It is a kind of Lodge, erected at the expense of Mr. Curwen, Member of Parliament, and the proprietor of Belle Isle, the largest island in Windermere, on which is his summer residence.

The edifice is of stone, standing far up the side of Furness Fell, at the base of impending cliffs, partly concealed by hanging woods. Its location is such, as to command a view from the windows of the second story, of nearly the whole lake, with its islands and the surrounding hills. Nothing can be finer than a peep from this retreat at such an expanse of water, spreading beyond a foreground of woods covering the declivity, and bounded on all sides by the most picturesque mountain scenery. The principal apartment in the building is of an odd shape, being adapted to the uses of an observatory. It has three large windows in projecting alcoves, looking in different directions. A part of the glass is stained with different colours, for the purpose of imparting fanciful hues to the landscape: and the panes possess the magical powers of the kaleidoscope. The blue changes the aspect of the scene into a wintry prospect, while the green at the bleakest season can restore the verdure of summer. Mr. Curwen frequently gives dinner and tea-parties at the Lodge, which nature and art both conspire to render a charming retreat.

A squall overtook us on our return to the ferry, and compelled us to seek shelter in a large and commodious hotel near the water. After the rain had intermitted, we re-embarked, and landed upon Curwen's Island, with the intention of walking round it, a distance of two miles, and of examining the house. Before half the circuit had been accomplished, a black cloud lowered upon the brow of Furness Fell, and it commenced pouring in torrents, accompanied by a high wind, on the wings of which the storm seemed to ride, descending obliquely through the atmosphere. The grandeur of the tempest, and the pattering of the heavy drops upon the leaves of the forest trees, under which we sought shelter, reconciled us to the slight inconvenience of getting wet.

Mr. Curwen has manifested a good deal of taste in laying out and adorning this island, as well as in the style of his house. Every foot of ground is under cultivation. A neat gravel walk, bordered with pine, beach, and other forest trees planted in such a way, as to give the appearance of having been scattered by the careless hand of Nature, extends close by the shore quite round the island. The mansion itself, elevating its dome amidst the copse which surrounds it, is of Grecian architecture, said to be an imitation of the Parthenon.

On the following morning, the sky was clear, with the exception of a few fleecy clouds, the shadows of which, as they occasionally sailed along the placid bosom of the lake, and crept up the sides of the mountains, gilded by a bright sun, imparted a new charm to the scenery. Each of us sat for an hour, like a statue upon the rocks, gazing at the never-ending variety in this great panorama of nature.

It was Sunday, and the repose which reigned through the village was calculated to awaken in every heart a spirit of devotion. The grandeur of the heavens led the poet to exclaim, "An undevout astronomer is mad!" Might not the remark be extended with equal truth to other parts of the great system of nature? What but an omnipotent hand could lift these mountains from the vale, hang them with the garniture of clouds, illumine them with sunshine, and clothe them in verdure and beauty?

At 11 o'clock the little bell, echoing through peaceful vales and over tranquil waters, summoned us to the small Episcopal church, standing close to the shore of the lake. The inside as well as the exterior is humble in its appearance. Here are no long-drawn aisles, no lofty arches, no ranges of Corinthian pillars; but every thing is in a style of rustic simplicity. It is low-roofed and without a ceiling; yet the tones of the organ and the song of praise are returned as sweetly from such a canopy, as from gilded domes. The congregation is small, and of a mixed character, being composed partly of shepherds from the neighbouring hills, partly of the villagers, and partly of the gentry who have country seats upon the borders of the lake. But here they are all upon a level, and belong to the same little flock. The service was read, and a good sermon delivered by the curate, who has a charming residence upon one of the woody promontories of the lake.

After church we lingered for a short time to look at a white marble slab upon the wall, in memory of Richard Watson, Bishop of Landaff, distinguished for his learning and piety, and author of the reply to Paine's *Age of Reason*. He was a native of an obscure village near Kendal, in Westmoreland, where he received the rudiments of his education, and rose to eminence from the humblest origin. A strong attachment to scenery, with which he was familiar from boyhood, led him to fix his residence upon the shores of lake Windermere, where he built a handsome seat, a few miles north

of Bowness. Here he died and was buried. A black marble tomb covers his grave.

While we were at dinner, between churches, a black and heavy cloud came rolling over the summit of Furness Fell, and appeared to tumble into the vale below. A violent storm of thunder and lightning soon commenced, and continued with great severity for half an hour, during which time the flashes were vivid, and the frequent peals, bellowing among the hills tremendous. The grandeur of such a scene could not have been expected so late in the season; but it was our good fortune, perhaps, rather than our bad, to experience all kinds of weather, while at the lakes, exhibiting the scenery under almost every possible aspect.

The march of the cloud up the vale, till it dashed against the opposing mountains, was slow and majestic. In its rear, a brilliant rainbow spanned the lake; but it was not a token that the storm was over. Another and another squall succeeded; and the rain continued to descend in torrents for the greater part of the afternoon. At one time the pattering upon the low roof of the church was so loud, that the prayers of the clergyman could scarcely be heard. Its music however, was tranquillizing to the feelings, and mingling with that of the choir, seemed to rise in a general anthem of praise to the Creator.

At evening the sky cleared, and we proceeded in a row-boat to Ambleside, a village at the head of the lake, six miles from Bowness. Two sturdy oarsmen took us up in about an hour. The passage was delightful, the lake smooth, and presenting from its bosom a still more striking view of the vast amphitheatre of hills already mentioned. Wreaths of white clouds hung upon the Pikes of Langdale, and at a distance of twelve miles a torrent was distinctly seen dashing down their dark sides. Farther towards the east, the mountains descend to the water by a gentle declivity, are green to their very summits, and the setting sun played sweetly upon their soft and gentle slopes.

The next morning we mounted ponies, some of which might have vied with Rosinante in figure and gait, and set out for the head of the lake Coniston, distant eight miles from Ambleside in a westerly direction. It was a glorious day, and the anticipations of pleasure, with which the excursion was commenced, were more than realized. For the first three or four miles, the road winds quite round the head of

lake Windermere, at the base of one of the loftiest mountains called Loughrigg Fell, through the little village of Clappersgate, and across the rivers Rothay and Brathay. These two streams, which descend through different glens with rapid and noisy currents, unite before joining the lake, into which they peacefully glide after the junction, constituting its principal feeder. The banks of both of them, as well as the alluvial tract through which flow their intermingled waters, are finely wooded and extremely rural. From the single-arched bridges across them, the speckled trout and char may be seen sporting in the crystal wave. It is a curious fact, that the former always selects the Rothay, and the latter the Brathay, in journeying up from the lake, and are never found interfering with each other's dominions.

The tract between Windermere and Coniston, and indeed the whole region around the English lakes, comprehending parts of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, which here corner upon one another, is strictly a pastoral country, where the shepherd's pipe is still heard, and Arcadian simplicity still resides. In the emphatic language of Mr. Wordsworth, whose accurate and beautiful analysis of the lake scenery has afforded us so much delight, "the cottages look as if they grew from the soil," like natural excrescences. All the villages are small, consisting of little more than assemblages of shepherds. The face of the country exhibits few marks of agricultural improvement, of which indeed it is not susceptible to any considerable extent, being uniformly broken, and composed of continuous ranges of mountains. Flocks of sheep cover the sides of these, as far up as verdure has crept, and all beyond is naked rock, or crags slightly shaded with brown heath and grey moss. So bright is sometimes the colour of the former plant, added to the orange complexion of decayed fern, as to appear among the clouds like gleams of sunshine.

Such a region must necessarily have a sparse population. The inhabitants are plain, simple, unsophisticated, kind and gentle in their manners. In the course of our ride we fell in with several shepherds, who were driving their numerous flocks to market. They were intelligent and communicative, entering freely into conversation, and cheerfully imparting information respecting their employment. In every instance they were accompanied by their faithful dogs, a beautiful speckled animal, with erect black ears, and so well



trained, as to relieve the master of all trouble in keeping his sheep in the path. If one of the flock happens to loiter or stray, the watchful dog instantly observes it and attends to his duty without bidding.

Every step of our travels about these lakes reminded me of the interior and mountainous districts of New-England. Although there is not so much general intelligence and hardy industry in the inhabitants, there is in many respects a striking similarity of manners. Along the road are to be seen groups of children, neatly clad, with school-books in their hands, who seldom fail to salute the passenger by a bow or courtesy; and the men whom we chanced to meet on the way, generally made a slight inclination of the head, with sometimes a friendly good morrow. How different is this decency of manners from the wild and vacant stare of the Irish peasantry, or the clamorous rudeness of the lower classes in the more southern parts of England!

Notwithstanding our frequent pauses upon the road, to note the striking features of the scenery, or to indulge in the more sensual enjoyment of picking blackberries, which hung in profusion from the hedges, we arrived at the head of Lake Coniston before noon. The descent into the peaceful bosom of this vale, is one of the most romantic that can be imagined; the path winding down for many hundred feet, through a fine piece of woodland, and by the side of a brook, which, bounding from rock to rock, outstrips the tardy pace of the traveller. From the depth of the foliage, glimpses are occasionally obtained of the lake upon the left, and of the high, rugged crags, destitute of every species of vegetation, abruptly terminating the vale on the right. These broken and fantastic rocks form a striking peculiarity in the scenery about the head of Coniston. The transition from their precipitous, naked sides to the green lawn extending to the lake, is sudden and pre-eminently beautiful. Beyond this slope of cultivated land and its few scattered houses, Coniston Old Man swells from the vale to the height of nearly three thousand feet. It is the loftiest mountain in the vicinity, and the head of it is distinctly seen from the shores of Windermere. A glance at the bold features, which characterize the head of Coniston water, satisfied us, that tourists had not done justice to its comparatively sequestered and unnoticed charms. The tame descriptions which fell into our hands had nigh deprived us of the pleasures of an

excursion, which was among the most agreeable of our rambles.

On arriving at the hotel, which stands so near to the margin of the lake, that the waves break close to the door, and the gleams of their undulations are thrown upon the wall of the sitting-room, we chartered a boat and launched upon the water. The wind blew so hard from the south-west and the surf ran so high, that the solitary oarsman could make little headway, and each of us in turn was obliged to lend a hand at rowing. Something more than an hour was occupied in reaching a bold promontory, two miles down the lake, whence the best view of the hills and water is obtained. Here we landed, and passed another half hour in noting the variety of interesting objects around us. Coniston Hall, an ancient stone edifice upon the shore, with its walls mantled with ivy to the very tops of the chimneys; the little village beyond, seated near the base of the Old Man, and the high and desolate Fell stretching along the whole length of the lake, and forming its eastern boundary, add new features to those already described at the head. The lake itself is about six miles in length, and one in breadth, opening like Windermere to the south-west into the bay of Morcamb. Its depth is about one hundred feet, and its pure waters are plentifully stored with trout and char, the usual tenants of all these lakes.

Returning by the way of Esthwaite water and Windermere, making a circuit of 23 miles, we reached Ambleside in season to walk half a mile farther up a deep ravine, and look at a cascade called Stock-Ghyll-Force. The rocks and the woods overhanging them are pretty; but there is scarcely water enough in the stream to whiten the cliffs, and produce an echo. With a plentiful supply of the first ingredient of a water-fall, it would no doubt be entitled to the fame it has acquired. Another walk of a mile after tea, and an excursion upon lake Windermere, for the purpose of hearing the music of a fine band steal across its bosom, and echo among the hills, added to the fatigues and pleasures of the day. The serenity of the evening, the stars resting upon the tops of the mountains, the inspiring airs of the band, with distant responses from the shore at Lowwood, possessed sufficient interest to detain us abroad till 10 o'clock.

The next morning, I despatched a letter of introduction, from a friend in New-York, to one of the principal living

poets in England, who resides at Rydal Water, a mile and a half from Ambleside. The messenger soon returned with a note, containing a polite and cordial invitation to the cottage at as early an hour as might be convenient. Our ponies had already been saddled, preparatory to an excursion to the head of Langdale, which would occupy the whole day, and as no time was to be lost, we rode immediately to Rydal Water. I was ushered into a small but neat apartment, where the poet was sitting at his round table covered with books and newspapers, in conversation with two gentlemen, who appeared to have business with him, which, however, could not have been very urgent, as he left them alone an hour during his attentions to us.

Having gone through with the formality of an introduction, which his easy and unostentatious politeness rendered as little embarrassing as possible, he conducted us over his grounds, walks and gardens, directing our attention to whatever he deemed most interesting in the place itself, or in the surrounding scenery. It is one of the sweetest little retreats I ever beheld, in which apparently any resident of ordinary taste and fancy might write poetry; for all that in nature can prompt and inspire is around it—mountains, vales, rocks, woods and waters, with rural quiet and seclusion from the world. Its situation is far up the green slope of one of the loftiest hills, commanding a distant view of Lake Windermere, and looking down upon Rydal Water, whose bright wave stretches along and washes the base of the mountain. In front, an elegant little church lifts its Gothic tower from the vale, which opens to the south, and through which the Rothay hurries on towards the lake. The grounds are beautifully ornamented with forest trees and shrubbery of various kinds, and the cottage itself is so completely enshrouded in ivy, evergreens and flowers, that scarcely a particle of the walls is visible.

But I am forgetting the poet in my admiration of his residence, the embellishments of which are characteristic of his taste and simplicity. It is awkward enough, to be introduced to a gentleman, and then set to work deliberately, not only to take an inventory of his house and furniture, but to describe his person, and report his conversation. This, however, is one of the taxes which eminence must pay to curiosity, even should it sometimes be at the sacrifice of delicacy. I shall avoid calling names, that there may be no

imputation, if the likeness is not recognized. A memorandum made soon after parting with him, says that in person he is above the common height, with a stout frame and large limbs, slow and stately in his motions—he has a good head and prominent features, nose inclined to the Roman, full mouth, eye intelligent, but rather heavy, with the lid slightly hanging:—on the whole, his face and air, though strongly marked, indicate rather the gravity of the philosopher, than the sprightliness and animation of the poet. He is apparently at the age of from forty-five to fifty. In his dress, he is remarkably plain, not exceeding the limits of even the most rigid republican simplicity.

His manners are open, frank and easy; expressive of great kindness and gentleness of spirit. In conversation, he is fluent and animated; but seemed inclined to talk on subjects connected with government and political economy, rather than with literature; perhaps from an act of politeness, supposing that an American would be likely to be better acquainted with the former than the latter. He made many inquiries about persons and institutions in our country, and seemed to be particularly anxious on the subject of poor-laws, remarking that the system adopted in England, has been a curse to the nation, and expressing a hope that the United States would never fall into the same error. He appeared to consider any established system for the maintenance of the poor an evil, having a direct tendency to increase pauperism. Among other questions, he asked whether aristocracy was making any head-way in our country, and what was the prospect, as to the permanency of the union. A great variety of topics were started, on all which he talked like a man of sense, which is not always the case in the conversations of a poet.

The table was spread, and a pressing invitation given to eat and drink. On taking leave, he proposed a walk to a cascade not far from his house; but when we arrived at the cottage gate, it was found that there was other business to be first attended to. The ponies impatient of delay, and feeling more inclination for a lunch than ourselves, had in our absence carried away a section of an old fence to which they were hitched, and were deliberately cropping the green grass by the side of the road. One of the bridles was broken to pieces in the fray, and we all set to work to mend it. The poet manifested not less invention, ingenuity, and adroitness

in repairing the harness, than in the composition of an ode or an elegy. He returned to the cottage, and drawing a rusty nail from the wall, converted it into a substitute for the tongue of a buckle, driving it home with the first stone which met his eye.

This slight misfortune, while it called forth a great deal of kindness and condolence, did not deprive us of the pleasure of a walk to the cascade, which is one of the most picturesque and beautiful we have found about the lakes. The quantity of water is small; but its purity, its foam, its echo, the conformation of rocks, the little rustic bridge above, and the deep shade of the woods, are all admirable. I could not but think that some of the most polished, delicate, and pathetic tales in our language, breathing the soul of poetry mingled with a refined simplicity and purity of feeling, had been inspired by the sweet seclusion of this scene.

Having a second time taken leave of the cottage and its distinguished proprietor, who was so kind as to make in my friend's pocket book a particular memorandum of the route to be pursued in our ride, and of the objects most worthy of attention, we set out for the head of Langdale, after a much longer and a much more agreeable delay than was anticipated.

After reaching the main road, and passing the village of Clappersgate, the river Brathay was pursued nearly to its source. It is about the size of the Croton. The wild romantic beauty of its banks, the constant music of its waters, its numerous rustic bridges, and a succession of cascades rendered us insensible to the toil of climbing hills.

At the distance of some eight or ten miles from Ambleside, we found ourselves by the margin of a little dark, solitary, and desolate sheet of water, called Blea Tarn, (the word *tarn* being a local term nearly synonymous with *pond*.) It is one of the wildest, most lonely, and dreary spots I have ever seen. A few reeds springing from its borders, and a small patch of stunted fir, creeping up the acclivity, which rises steeply to the northwest, are the only marks of vegetation in the vicinity. All else is an amphitheatre of crags, towering one above another to the height of nearly 3000 feet. Before us, the only pass through the barrier of mountains is but a few yards wide at the bottom, and partially discloses the congregation of horrors at the head of Langdale.

On arriving at the gap, the eye surveys a scene of inde-

scribable grandeur. No one, however stout may be his nerves, can look upon it without an emotion of terror, if it always be that gloomy abyss it was on the afternoon of our visit. With me, it produced a temporary alienation of mind, and a giddiness of the brain, as we descended slowly for some thousands of feet down a steep and rugged declivity into the depth of the vale. To form some idea of this gulf, let the reader imagine a rampart of mountains, of about the height of the Catskill, with dark and nearly perpendicular sides, extending three-fourths round a circle, and terminated at one end by the two Pikes, mentioned in another part of this letter. Let him imagine, that on the battlements of this eternal fortress, the clouds are constantly dashing, breaking and rolling down the sides, sometimes entirely concealing, and at others disclosing masses of the rock. Let him add to this simple, but sublime combination of elements, here and there a torrent, in its descent becoming a belt of foam, and its source lost to the eye in the obscurity above. The foliage, grass and moss-grown thatches of the few huts which are scattered over the vale, imbibing the hue of the surrounding scenery, assume a yellowish tinge, resembling that produced by an eclipse of the sun.

The wildness and loneliness of the dale as night approached induced us to hasten our retreat; but in this there was more difficulty than in entering, arduous as was the descent. In many places the path, or rather track, leading through the gates and enclosures of shepherds entirely disappears. Taking a wrong direction in one instance, we found ourselves after riding a mile, in the midst of a morass, and came to a full stop at a small brook which runs through it. A kind old lady observing us in difficulty, came half a mile from her cottage to our relief, and sent us back to the right road.

To add to our troubles, it now commenced raining; and having yet twelve miles to ride over an intricate and unknown road, we began to think it would be necessary to look out for a shelter for the night. But a happier issue awaited us. The rain soon ceased, and a pleasant evening followed. Passing Elter Water, a small lake, with green, cultivated shores, about which there is nothing very remarkable, except a curious conical mount rising from its bosom, and composed of rock slightly veiled with verdure; as also Loughrigg Tarn, one of the largest and prettiest of its class, slumbering quietly among the hills, we arrived at Lake Grasmere, so

much and so justly admired by the poet Gray, who visited it in the year 1769, and gave a description of it in a letter to a friend.

We saw it under very favourable circumstances, approaching from the west just before sunset, to the brow of the mountain called Loughrigg, whence its beauties burst suddenly upon the eye. From a crag forming the summit of the hill, to which we climbed, the whole of the lake and the secluded vale in which it is situated are distinctly seen at a glance. It is surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains and broken rocks, except an opening to the south-west through which the Rothay flows, and a narrow pass towards the north-east called Dunmail Raise. Its length is about three miles, and its breadth one. Near its western shore there is a small green island tufted with trees, and crowned with a cottage. From the eastern side, a low cultivated promontory, projects far into the lake, upon which stands a pretty village. The borders around the whole circumference consist of rich fields and woods, studded with seats, farm-houses, and cottages. Every object within the vale appears to be in exact proportion, and to harmonize perfectly with the picture. In symmetry, richness, and softness of landscape nothing about the lakes surpasses Grasmere.

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## LETTER XIX.

ENGLISH LAKES CONTINUED—THIRLMERE—VALE OF KESWICK—DERWENT WATER—BASSENTHWAITE—BORROWDALE—WAST WATER—FURNESS ABBEY—ENNERDALE—LOWES WATER—CRUMMOCK—BUTTERMERE—EXCURSION TO THE TOP OF SKIDDAW—VISIT TO THE POET LAUREATE.

*September, 1825.*—On the 14th we left Ambleside for Keswick. The weather was fine, and the ride along the shores of Rydal Water and Grasmere was enchanting. Our exit from the vale, in which the latter lake is embosomed, was through the singular gap, denominated Dunmail Raise. By the side of the way, there is a heap of stones, in the form of a barrow, to perpetuate the memory of a battle fought in the 10th century between Edmund the First, and a King of Cumberland,

in which the former was victorious, putting out the eyes of the two sons of the latter.

The vista of hills opening towards the north from this point is extremely fine. On the left, Eagle Crag rears its grey and rugged mass of rock, entirely destitute of every species of vegetation, and contrasting admirably with the cloud-capt Helvellyn, on the right, which is one of the loftiest mountains in all this region. The sides are clothed with verdure to its top, to which the mists perpetually hanging round its brow, impart a vivid complexion. Several torrents dash headlong down the deeply scarred declivities. In front, Skiddaw and Saddleback, hills of the first class, at the distance of eight or ten miles terminate the view. Thirlmere or Leathes' Water occupies the bottom of this defile, along the margin of which the road passes its whole length, being between two and three miles. It is a dark, stern, and wild lake, with bold shores, and possessing none of that softness of landscape, which characterizes Grasmere. Much the most picturesque view upon its borders is about half way between Ambleside and Keswick, near a little one-story church, seated at the foot of Helvellyn and looking to its very summit, over which the sun but just peeps at noon-day. Thirlmere is the highest of the lakes, its bed being 500 feet above the level of the sea. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the interesting objects crowded into this narrow defile.

After passing Green Crag, a high, broken rock which overhangs the glen in the most romantic manner imaginable, we reached an eminence called Castle-rigg, whence the vale of Keswick, in all its glory burst suddenly upon our view, illuminated by a bright noon-day sun. The poet Gray states in his letter, that on reaching this point, after a long visit to Keswick, and turning round to take a farewell glance of the scenery he was leaving, the prospect was so fascinating as strongly to tempt him to return. But it did not require the authority of a man of so much taste, to render us susceptible to the charms of such scenery. Nature has here wanted in the richness of the landscape, and left no feature unfinished. All that hills, valleys, woods, and waters, in their sweetest and most delicate combinations can effect, challenges the admiration of the spectator. Before him stretches a vale many miles in extent, surrounded on all sides by mountains, the highest of which is about three thousand feet. Four or



five narrow passes open into the valley from different quarters, up which the eye travels till it is lost among the hills. On one side, Derwent Water, of a circular form, and its bosom studded with several wooded islands, slumbers at the bases of the mountains, between Newlands and Borrowdale. On the opposite side, Lake Bassenthwaite extends towards the north-west, till its waters are hidden by the hills upon its borders. The intermediate space is a level and fertile tract of alluvion, through which flow the outlet of Derwent Water, and another beautiful stream, called the Greta. In the midst of the basin, the village of Keswick rises to view ; and in all directions, handsome seats, copses of large trees, fields, farm-houses, and cottages fill up the outlines of the picture.

Leaving the coach on Castle-rigg, we lingered for an hour along the road, climbing every eminence by the way, and every moment catching some new object in the landscape. Immediately after arriving at the hotel, we engaged a guide, and in twenty minutes our little boat was gliding over the waves of Derwent Water, which was entirely circumnavigated in the course of the afternoon, making a circuit of five or six miles. We landed upon Vicar's Isle, containing half a dozen acres of ground, beautifully wooded and crowned with a handsome mansion belonging to General Peachy. His agent conducted us over the house which contains some good pictures and statuary ; among the rest, a fine bust of Dr. Southey.

Our next landing was at the entrance of Borrowdale, for the purpose of visiting the waterfall of Lowdore, called in the guidebooks "the Niagara of the English lakes !" The name excited high expectations ; and the thunders of our own cataract in fancy began to vibrate upon our ears. But it was only fancy ; for Lowdore is no more like Niagara "than I like Hercules." The rocks are grand, being rudely tumbled together into a narrow pass, the walls of which are perpendicular cliffs, several hundred feet in height, with hanging woods growing from the fissures. There is also a sufficient descent for a good cataract ; but the stream is small, gurgling down among the rocks. What astonishment would it cause in an honest John Bull, who has borrowed his image of Niagara from this brook, could he see all of a sudden the green and billowy torrent of that river come tumbling down the glen, sweeping away fragments of rocks, and making the hills tremble !

Our excursion was continued by landing upon Lord's Island, the largest in the lake, and covered with heavy timber. It was connected with the shore by a bridge; and received its name from having been the residence of Lord Derwentwater, whose immense estates were forfeited, and himself executed for treason. The ruins of the mansion are yet visible, covered with tangled bushes and brambles. There is a cliff on the shore opposite to this island, up which it is said the lady of Lord Derwentwater made her escape, after her husband was arrested, although it is apparently too steep and giddy for even the adventurous footsteps of the shepherd. His lordship's property, embracing this island, about one third of the lake, and an immense tract in the vicinity, reverted to the government, and was given to Greenwich Hospital, to which it now belongs, producing a revenue of upwards of 70,000*l.* per annum.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the guide took us to St. Herbert's Isle, nearly in the centre of the lake, for the purpose of visiting the site of the shrine and hermitage of the holy personage, from whom the romantic spot derives its name. Some vestiges of the cell, overgrown by a deep and dark wood, still remain. Near by stands a rustic grotto, built some twenty years ago by Sir Wilford Lawson. It is a charming retreat, beautifully shaded by large trees.

Having now completed the circuit of the lake and islands, noting in the mean time, the mountains which composed the amphitheatre around, we returned to the landing, passing a bold, woody promontory, called Friar's Crag, on which there is a promenade from the village. Three ladies, arm-in-arm, were seen upon the rocks at the extreme end, appearing like Naiads, just emerging from the crystal waters. A twilight view of Crow Park, a smooth and beautiful green, (unclassical as its name is,) extending from the margin of the lake to the village, closed the pleasures of the day.

Early next morning we once more mounted ponies, and under the direction of a guide, who had followed the business for upwards of thirty years, commenced what is here termed the "long round." It is a circuit of fifty-seven miles, extending up Borrowdale to its termination; across a hill called Styehhead, to Wastdale; thence to Calder Bridge, and thence back to Keswick, by lakes Ennerdale, Lowes Water, Crummock, and Buttermere, making two days' ride, over a pathway sometimes hardly discernible, and

frequently so precipitous as to compel us to walk. A strong desire to examine all the scenery about these celebrated lakes, impelled us to undertake this arduous journey, which never occasioned a moment's regret.

Borrowdale, up which the first six or eight miles of our tour extended, is unrivalled in grandeur and sublimity by any mountain scenery I have ever visited, always excepting the pass of the White Hills; and in romantic wildness, by nothing save the head of Langdale, to which it is scarcely inferior. Crag after crag rises to view, and in the most savage forms impends over the vale. In many places fragments of the mountains have tumbled down, and covered whole acres with ruins. One rock in particular, which Milton's warring angels, or the titans of the Greek poets, could scarcely have moved, has descended from its bed, and now lies by the side of the road, like the hulk of a stranded ship. It is keel-shaped, and so narrow at the bottom, that my friend and I shook hands beneath it. A ladder has been made purposely for ascending it, which we climbed and reposed awhile upon the blooming heath, growing on its top.

It was not without some reason, that Gray said in passing up the jaws of Borrowdale, close under its frightful precipices, he held his breath and hastened on in silence, lest the sound of his voice should loosen a fragment. His excursion, however, did not reach far enough to embrace either the grandest or the wildest of the scenery. Had he known what there was beyond the boundary of his tour, he certainly would have turned back, in the case above alluded to. A furious stream, which rushes and roars down the ravine, adds much to the wildness of the scene. A rude, one-arched stone bridge hangs loosely across it, near the head of the vale. It seemed hardly sufficient to sustain the weight of our ponies. On a rock below, girt with the foam of the stream, sat a solitary traveller sketching the bridge, and the head of Borrowdale above. The picture may perhaps be seen, on our return to London. A young lady of fortune, who is now in Paris, was so enamoured of the romantic charms of this glen, that she has erected a handsome house in one of the wildest parts of it. She deserves to be immortalized for her taste. Besides her's, there are few dwellings in the defile, except the cottages of shepherds, and one or two little villages of workmen, engaged in a valuable mine of plumb-

go in the vicinity, where great quantities of black-lead pencils of an excellent quality are manufactured.

On reaching the brow of Styeholm, which is at an elevation of about 2000 feet, and up the rocky sides of which our poor ponies had as hard work as ourselves to clamber, a view opened down Borrowdale, which the richest combinations of the imagination could scarcely surpass, and which it is impossible for me adequately to describe. From this point, the eye reaches the whole extent of the immense gorge, and rests upon Skiddaw and Saddleback in the distance, to the north of Keswick. Into the vale on either side, mountains and crags of every possible shape and variety project towards each other, intermingling their bold fronts and forming a serrated vista of hills, which exhibits the finest perspective, and seems lengthened far beyond the reality by a variation of light and shade. The view so far transcended the ordinary lineaments of nature, as to bewilder the mind and lead the spectator to think he was gazing on an unearthly scene. Could an exact transcript be reached by the pencil, few persons would believe that the picture had a prototype, and was not the work of fancy. Every thing is in exact accordance with the outlines—the stream, the bridge, the scattered huts in the depth of the glen, and the flocks hanging on the dizzy precipices.

We were now both literally and figuratively in the clouds, being between the Pikes of Scawfell and Great Gable, the two highest mountains in the whole region of the lakes, and the former the loftiest in England. It commenced raining, and volumes of mist rolled along the dark ledges of rock, forming battlements still above us, and bordering the gloomy defile through which the pathway leads over a heath, and by the side of a solitary tarn. On reaching the brow of the precipice, which looks down for thousands of feet into the tremendous gulf at the head of Wastdale, where the clouds were seen tumbling and breaking beneath us, to a depth which the eye could not reach, my mind at first recoiled from such a descent. But onward was the word, and we proceeded step by step for a mile and a half down the track, which passes obliquely along the side of Great Gable and conducts the traveller to the region below. The whole declivity, inclining with an angle of more than forty-five degrees, is covered with loose fragments, which have crumbled and slid from the mountains.

The head of Wastdale is entirely desolate, where nothing is seen but clouds and rocks, mingling together in gloomy grandeur, and nothing heard but the dashing of torrents. After riding a mile or two farther, we reached the borders of cultivation, and a group of cottages. A church scarcely as large as an ordinary toll-house lifts its mimic turret from the bosom of the vale. The whole congregation consists of only forty-five persons, including men, women and children. They are entirely insulated from the rest of the world, and form a little flock under the charge of a pastor, who leads a life of primitive simplicity like themselves.

Our ride to-day exhibited so much wild and romantic scenery, a faithful description of which seems like exaggeration, that I hardly dare attempt to delineate a picture, which burst suddenly upon us, on reaching the shore of West Water. It had rained hard ever since arriving at the Pikes of Scawfell. All at once the cloud rose from the western horizon, and a light, half way between a dark and clear sky, disclosed the whole lake, stretching several miles towards the west, and skirted at that end with woods and green hills. Its southern shore is bounded by a long range of hills called the *Screes*, which push their perpendicular cliffs into the lake. The clouds still hung upon the brow of these rocks, descending in wreaths part way down the sides. Towards the head of the vale, all was darkness and gloom. The view which the lake presented, under such a light, and shaded by such drapery, made an impression upon my mind, that can never be effaced. I was anxious to fix it, as an image of a perfect picture, which the tints of no pencil could reach. Our aged guide remarked, that long as he had lived about the lakes, and often as he had gone this same round, he never had witnessed a scene, which struck him so forcibly.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we reached a little village at the west end of the lake, which afforded us some refreshment, and detained us for a short time to examine its tiny church. Beneath the green sod in front, the forefathers of the valley repose, whose tomb-stones show, that many of them lived to a patriarchal age, protracted by a life of simplicity and contentment. Our ride at sunset along the road towards Calder Bridge, affording us a view of Black Comb, a lofty insulated mountain, and glimpses of the Irish sea, was by no means unpleasant. After pausing for a few minutes at the village of Gosport, to look at some curious pillars, in the

church-yard, supposed to be of Roman origin, and to admire a neat sarcophagus, which affection had planted under a sheltering yew, in memory of a young lady, we arrived at a small inn upon the banks of the Calder, and were lulled to sleep by the music of a waterfall.

Taking an early breakfast, the next morning we pursued our journey, bending our course back towards Kewick. At the distance of a mile from the inn are the ruins of Furness Abbey, situate upon the immediate banks of the Calder, a rapid stream descending from the mountains. Several of the ivy-mantled arches are yet standing, affording a lodgment to flocks of rooks, which are hovering about the decayed tower, as if in mockery of its former grandeur. The edifice appears to have been of a mixed order of architecture, partly Saxon, and partly Norman Gothic. An album is placed in one of the cells, by means of which the visitant may send his name down to posterity, by paying a shilling postage. A handsome mansion has been erected near the ruin, through the garden and fruitery of which the man in attendance conducted us.

Soon after leaving this place, the path stretches for many miles over a bleak and barren moor, called Cold Fell; a name by no means inappropriate. A squall of wind and rain here overtook us, against which our cloaks furnished but a poor defence. Frequent turns in the road compelled us to beat against the storm, somewhat in the manner of the old Admiral in *Peregrine Pickle*, till all sides were pretty thoroughly drenched.

The squall, however, soon blew over, and gleams of shade and sunshine exhibited the scenery about Ennerdale and Lowes Water to good advantage. There is nothing peculiarly striking in the former. Its western shore is bold, formed by the base of a lofty hill; its borders rural; and its outlet a beautiful stream. The latter is a romantic little lake, and the mountain scenery at its head extremely fine. A deep and rugged gorge opens from its end into Borrowdale. Lowes Water is the favourite of our guide, and with the doting fondness of age, he took particular pains to show off its charms in the most favourable light. Passing along the whole extent of its border, and crossing several fine streams, hastening on to the Irish sea, we arrived at Scale Hill in season to dine sumptuously on trout and char. The

latter is without exception, the most delicious fish I have ever tasted—at any rate, it so appeared to me on that day.

At the distance of half a mile from the inn, we embarked on board of a row-boat, and launched upon the waters of lake Crummock, for the purpose of visiting the fall of Scale Force which could not be approached on horseback. The wind was against us, and two hours were occupied in navigating four miles: the length of the lake, including a walk of three quarters of a mile to the cascade, which is decidedly the finest we have found in this region. It is situated in a deep, rocky, and woody ravine, or gill, as such passes are here called. The water, what there is of it, descends 156 feet in an unbroken silver stream, varying but five degrees from a perpendicular. It produces a pretty echo among the rocks, which form its bed; and the foliage overhanging it, sparkles with the spray. There is nothing very peculiar in the mountains about lake Crummock, with the exception of Red Pike, which differs entirely in complexion from the other hills, as its name imports. Its naked and ruinous peak is composed of dark-red sand-stone, which has led to a conjecture that it was once a volcano. There however appears to be little foundation for such a hypothesis.

As the afternoon was now nearly wasted, we crossed the lake to its head, remounted our ponies, and rode a mile to Buttermere, the last in the long circuit. The alluvial tract between Crummock and Buttermere is peculiarly rural and picturesque, being seen in connexion with both lakes, the latter of which is small, but finely cradled among the mountains. A headlong torrent, pouring from a tarn on the brow of Red Pike, adds much to the romantic beauty of the scenery. Our stay here was short. Crossing a fell denominated the Haws, we descended into the vale of Newlands, and just at evening arrived again in sight of the glassy Derwent, and of the village of Keswick seated upon its shores. Another half hour's ride took us to the hotel, where a little repose after a fatiguing but delightful jaunt was not unwelcome.

The next morning I despatched a letter of introduction to the Poet Laureate of England, who has a beautiful seat upon the banks of the Greta, half a mile from the village. In a short time a polite and friendly note was received, containing not only an invitation to tea at 6 o'clock that evening, but also a memorandum of the most interesting objects

about the lakes, which might furnish an agreeable occupation for the day. As our own industry had anticipated the route designated, and the weather was pleasant, it was concluded to ascend Skiddaw, an excursion of ten or twelve miles in going and returning, and occupying about five hours.

At 11 o'clock, we once more mounted our ponies and set out for the top of the mountain, accompanied by the same guide, who had been with us for the last three days. For the first two or three miles our ride was northward, through the vale of Keswick, across the Greta, and over a green hill of considerable elevation, called Latrigg, or "the Cub of Skiddaw." The name is probably derived from the proximity and relative size of the two hills. After passing a ravine between them, we arrived at the most arduous part of the ascent, which is effected by working traverse up an acclivity of nearly 45 degrees, sometimes in an obscure track, and at others on the green turf. The horses seemed to understand it much better than ourselves. They would go obliquely along the side of the hill for a few rods, and then voluntarily turning, stand upon another tack, thus beating up towards the summit.

Toiling in this way for several miles, and gaining an extended horizon at every step, we at length reached what may be termed the shoulder of the mountain, consisting of a tract less steep, of a marshy formation, and covered with a thick coat of wild grass. Flocks of sheep were seen in all directions, which at a distance appeared like white rocks peeping from the verdant surface. This elevation only served to show, that other Alpine heights remained to be ascended. The route for the remainder of the way leads across the shoulder, and looks down from the immense dorsum, into the deep ravines on the northern side. It was while traversing this ridge, on which the path runs along the brow of the mountain, that the vivid, but unrestrained and unchastened imagination of Mrs. Radcliff conjured up the terrors, which fill the description of her ascent, and which have actually frightened some weak women from following her footsteps, after they had climbed a part of the way. The sides of the mountain are no where precipitous; and had her ladyship missed a step, she would not have slidden far.

It is true that before reaching the top we trembled—not with fear, but with cold, which became intense, accompanied



by a high wind, although the weather at the base, after as well as before the ascent, was so calm and warm, as to be uncomfortable. It was not however our misfortune to experience an accident, which befel a party of ladies and gentlemen a few days before. In a sudden and violent squall, one of the females, carrying too much sail, was capsized, and pulled three or four others along with her to the ground. Nor were we so intent on the comforts of the body, as to follow the example of Mrs. Radcliff, in taking up a bottle of brandy, or other refreshments, to expel the cold, and impart vigour to the imagination.

But we have not yet reached the summit, which is climbed by another steep acclivity, and consists of naked rock, in the form of broken slate, some of the fragments standing vertically in the ground, and forming a rough pavement. On the very apex, there is a heap of stones, where it is said a beacon once blazed, as a signal for the surrounding country to rally, in the time of the border wars. Near by, a little hut, no larger than a hermit's cell, has been built of rude stone, serving as a temporary shelter to visitants from the inclemency of the weather. This peak is three thousand feet above the level of the sea, being about the elevation of Pine Orchard. It is fully exposed to the winds and storms assailing it from all points of the compass, in this respect differing widely from the woody and sheltered summits of the Catskill. A pocket thermometer taken with us indicated a temperature of 60 degrees, while at the base of the mountain the mercury stood at 75.

Here we remained something more than half an hour, sitting in the lee of "the old man," as these piles of stones on mountains are denominated, and reading through Mrs. Radcliff's turgid account of her excursion to the top of Skiddaw, which she clothes with as many thunders and terrific images, as clustered on the brow of Sinai. A more agreeable occupation was found in casting our eyes round a horizon of some sixty or eighty miles in diameter, and taking a bird's-eye view of the country. It would be a tedious task to enumerate the principal objects, embraced within this wide circle. To the north, the Caledonian and Northumbrian hills rise in the distance, between which and the base of Skiddaw stretches a wide champain studded with towns and villages. The broad and bright expanse of Solway Frith is distinctly seen, with Carlisle and Gretna Green upon its bor-

ders. To the east the prospect is bounded by the lofty peak of Ingleborough, and the fells of Yorkshire and Westmoreland, with the town of Penrith rising prettily at the foot of Ullswater. Towards the west, the Irish Sea gleams along a coast, sometimes bordered with rocks, and at others with little ports, where vessels are seen labouring in the waves, or entering and departing from the harbours. To the south extends, as far as the eye can reach, a chaos of mountains, with a multitude of peaks lifting their heads one above another in the wildest confusion. Between this bristled region and the foot of Skiddaw, the vale of Keswick is seen beautifully embosomed, with its lakes and streams reduced to a diminutive size. Such are the mere outlines of this view, which amply remunerated us for the fatigues of the ascent.

Our return from Skiddaw was in season to comply with the terms of the Laureate's invitation to tea, and to enjoy the high satisfaction of seeing one of the most eminent as well as the most voluminous of the living poets, whose *Joan of Arc* and *Madock* were among my earliest readings, and whose latest production had been the companion of our rambles through England. I was perfectly astonished on being ushered into the drawing-room and meeting him at the door, to find an author who had been prominent for so many years, so young in his appearance, so brisk in all his motions, and so animated in conversation. One would naturally infer from the time he has been before the public, and especially from the introduction to his *Paraguay*, that he is tottering with decrepitude, on the very verge of the grave. But such a conclusion, so far as looks are concerned, is as fallacious as the most groundless of the poet's fictions. With the exception of a chronic affection in one of his feet, which drove him from the continent in his late visit, and has since confined him at home, he seems to be as vigorous and active as ever, both in body and mind. For any visible infirmities, he may yet live to hold his office for twenty years to come, and add another decade to his works. He must be from fifty to fifty-five; but enjoying all the greenness of age, he would not be taken for more than forty-five.

I was in all respects disappointed in his appearance, expecting to find a heavy, clumsy, formal, and prosing old man, stately and distant in his manners, with his official honours and the pride of authorship sitting sternly upon him, and rendering him inaccessible. His character is the very

reverse of this in every particular, evincing great vivacity, suavity, affability, and cordiality of deportment, with nothing of austerity, or of what dunces call dignity. All distance is at once removed, and the stranger feels no other restraint than politeness and a natural deference to talent impose. In his person, he is slender, of the ordinary beight, with a light, airy form, indicating, that however many butts of sack the Laureate may have received in virtue of his office, he has seldom tasted of their contents. His constitution seems to be delicate, exhibiting nothing of the robustious fullness of the Englishman. In his head and face, there is nothing peculiarly striking—no *bumps*, no deep lines of thought, no certain indications of genius, that I could perceive. His features are rather prominent, his nose aquiline, and the expression of his face, mild, playful, and animated. His style of conversation is fluent, rapid, and vehement, reminding me of Vice-President Calhoun. His dress was plain and simple, but neat.

After an introduction to his wife, who is an affable, agreeable woman, and to a circle consisting of half a dozen ladies, who were seated at a round table, busily employed in needle-work, tea was served up, and the conversation turned upon a great variety of topics. The poet entered freely into his domestic affairs; and talked much of his familiarity, from a residence at Keswick of twenty-three years, with the lake scenery over which we had just been rambling. On being asked if he had often ascended Skiddaw, he replied, "three score times at least!" Nothing but ill bealth had prevented him from going up the present season. He had once made the excursion in company with Sir Humphrey Davy, who discovered a new and remarkable rock.

He gave me the first intelligence of an accident which had lately befallen a clergyman from Boston, in crossing the Sands of Lancaster, where he was upset, and was nigh being swept away by the tides. This gentleman had just been on a visit to Keswick, and professional associations led the poet to some remarks on the ecclesiastical affairs of our country, which breathed a spirit of the utmost liberality. He spoke in terms of admiration of the writings of some of our eminent divines, and expressed his satisfaction to learn, that a volume of American Sermons was about to be republished in London, if I mistake not, on his recommendation.

To Roger Williams and William Penn, in his opinion

chiefly to the former, belonged the merit of introducing and establishing liberty of conscience, which had never been properly understood before their day. By the politeness of his friends in the United States, he was in the habit of receiving copies of many American books; and I may add, that his general information as to the institutions, individuals, and the state of society in our country, showed that he had read them with some fidelity. He was daily expecting a copy of the correspondence between William Penn and his children, now publishing in Philadelphia, from a perusal of which he anticipated much pleasure.

Among other topics of conversation in the course of the evening, he discoursed with freedom on the present condition of Ireland, and the Catholic question. Great difficulties attended any of the proposed methods of improving the situation of that country. The clergy were opposed to the establishment of protestant schools, and had sufficient control over the lower classes, to prevent the inroads which would be made upon their influence by the diffusion of knowledge. He inquired with some particularity into the condition of Irish emigrants to our country; and as the Island was overstocked with population, expressed a wish that we had more of them, if they could be disposed of to mutual advantage.

Several hours passed delightfully in the society of the poet and his family. His hospitality, kindness, and liberal feelings created a very different impression from what had been anticipated, and removed prejudices which had long been entertained. If he ever indulged in that abuse of the United States, which has been imputed to him, but which I am willing to doubt, his sentiments have undergone a great change for the better. There was no possible motive to an insincere show of liberality; for if politeness required him to abstain from open censure, it surely did not require him to bestow praise. He manifested the utmost cordiality during a long interview; and this visit to the banks of the Greta, where literary ease, taste, and simplicity are happily blended, will long be remembered with pleasure.

## LETTER XX.

RIDE FROM KESWICK TO ULLSWATER—DESCRIPTION OF THE  
LAKE—PENRITH—CARLISLE.

*September, 1825.*—On the 18th we once more put in requisition the services of our old guide, and rode on horseback from Keswick to Patterdale, for the purpose of visiting Ullswater. The route lies in an easterly direction, along the base of Saddleback, and to the north of Helvellyn. Two miles from Keswick, we left our horses and walked some distance from the path to see the remains of a Druidical Temple. Large and rude blocks of granite, about fifty in number, and some of them weighing several tons, stand end-wise round a circle two hundred feet in diameter. It is impossible to ascertain the precise use of these massive pillars. The stone must have been brought from some other region, as there is none of the same kind in the vicinity. It is difficult to conceive of a more magnificent location for a temple than this, situated in the midst of a vast amphitheatre of mountains, which inspire religious awe.

The remainder of our ride, over a barren and gloomy fell, and by one or two little villages, was not remarkably interesting, till we reached the shore of Ullswater, which is one of the largest and most beautiful of the lakes. It is nine or ten miles long, and something more than a mile wide, comprehended by the eye in three reaches, and winding among the hills in the shape of the letter S. Our first view was from the shore, three miles from its head, from which distance we rode close along its margin to Patterdale. It began to rain soon after our departure from Keswick, and before arriving at Ullswater, the storm raged with unusual violence. The lake was lashed into a perfect fury, and afforded no mean image of a tumultuous sea. Its waves were whitened with foam and dashed with violence against the dark rocks rising along the beach. The din of billows, the roar of torrents crossing our path at the distance of almost every rod, the whistling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain upon the leaves over our heads, produced a confusion of sounds, and presented a

scene of grandeur, which might have startled the imagination of Mrs. Radcliff.

The rain continued all night, and the beating of the storm against the rugged, gloomy, and desolate sides of Place Fell, a lofty mountain rising from the head of the lake, within a few rods of the hotel, and the outlines of hills and crags around us, dimly discerned among the clouds, presented some of the grandest imagery, which a visit to the lakes has afforded. But I am weary of description, and will therefore hasten to a conclusion, as fast as the winds and waves will waft us.

We rose at daylight next morning, and as it was doubtful how long the fair weather might continue, embarked in a row-boat for Pooley Bridge, at the foot of the lake, a distance of nine miles. Our oarsman claimed the honour of having rowed Mr. Canning, Sir Walter Scott, and other great men, in their late visit to this romantic region. Doubling a bold and rocky promontory, formed by a projection of Place Fell, extending nearly half across the lake, the little boat scud merrily before a stiff breeze, under the impending cliffs forming the southern shore of Ullswater, which is here extremely wild and picturesque. Mr. Wordsworth thinks it decidedly the finest of the lakes; a preference which he would not be likely to yield, except upon good grounds, since his partialities would naturally incline in favour of those, near which he has fixed his residence. As it respects the lake itself, we were disposed to concur in his opinion; but its shores are certainly inferior to some of the others. Nothing has struck us so forcibly as Wastwater, owing perhaps to the peculiar circumstances under which it was seen. The lower part of Ullswater becomes tame, and although its shores are soft and rural, there is nothing very striking except the odd, conical, wooded hill called Dunmallet, which Gray climbed and has extolled for its beauty.

Reaching the foot of the lake in about two hours from the time of embarking, and with some difficulty effecting a landing, owing to a high wind and rough water, we crossed the Eamont, a large, rapid stream which forms the outlet, and walked half a mile to the small inn at Pooley Bridge, where a crowd of people assembled at a Fair had well nigh deprived us of a breakfast. Here a cart, without springs, and drawn by one horse, the only carriage to be had, was chartered to take us to Penrith. A pretty daughter of the land-

lord, standing in the mud and holding the horse till the cart was laden, said with a significant smile, that we should find it *shaky*. The full import of the epithet was not understood, till the driver set out upon a smart trot, and we began to tremble in every limb.

In our ride to Penrith, we passed Lowther Hall, the seat of Lord Londale, who owns immense estates in Westmoreland embracing no inconsiderable part of the county; also, Brougham Castle, the residence of the celebrated jurist and statesman, beautifully situated upon the banks of the Eamont, and finely shaded with trees. It is a place of some antiquity, and has interesting associations. But the talents of its present proprietor have given it still greater notoriety. He has been at great expense in repairing and embellishing the castle.

Just before entering the town, we paused a moment to examine a curious mound, called Arthur's Round Table, situated on a little eminence by the side of the road. It is of a circular form, perhaps two hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by a moat, and covered with smooth green turf. Its origin and object are both uncertain. The most rational conjecture seems to be, that it was a theatre for tilts and tournaments, or some kind of martial exercises.

Penrith is a neat and pretty town, standing on a gentle acclivity, and built of red sand-stone, which gives it a peculiar, but not a disagreeable aspect. Its population does not exceed three or four thousand, and its trade is inconsiderable. Our first visit was to the parish church, a large edifice, standing in a high and conspicuous situation. The dusky complexion of the material, deepened by exposure to the weather, as well as the style of architecture, renders its appearance venerable. In the church-yard, Mr. Fenton, the vicar, joined us, and inquired if we were sketching. He politely directed our attention to the Giant's Grave, the Giant's Thumb, and other curiosities in the enclosure. The former of these consists of two pillars, ten or twelve feet in height, in the shape of pyramids, standing at the distance of fifteen feet from each other. Between them are two semi-circular thin stone slabs, placed edgewise and longitudinally in the earth. Tradition says, that a giant, whose name was Owen Cæsarius, and who was a modern Hercules, destroying all the wild beasts in Inglewood Forest, was here buried, and that his enormous size filled the space between the two

columns. The Giant's Thumb is another fantastic pillar, somewhat in the form of a female.

From the church, our walk was extended to the castle, standing on an eminence in the suburbs of the town, and commanding an extensive prospect of the environs. It is now in ruins. Large fragments of the wall have tumbled down, and strew the ground. A small house and granary have been erected within the precincts, and the sound of the flail echoed through the crumbling remnants of a fortress, which in its day possessed great strength, and in which Richard III. while Duke of Gloucester, once slept.

On the 19th we rode to Carlisle. Just before our departure from Penrith, Lord Montague and family arrived at the same hotel, on their way to Scotland, affording us an opportunity to look at the style of some of the nobility. The carriage and equipage were neat, but not splendid, and nothing very remarkable was observed in the appearance of these great personages. In leaving the town, the Earl of Lonsdale passed us on horseback with a servant in livery at his heels. He is a short, thick, round-faced, heavy man, who looks as if his head never troubled the rest of his body; but for all that, he may be clever.

On a high hill near the road, and two miles from Penrith, stands a circular tower called the Beacon, which has been there for centuries, and was used in the time of the rebellion, for giving the alarm to the neighbouring country. It is a conspicuous object for a circuit of many miles. In climbing the long hill opposite this structure, we had a farewell view of Dunmallet, Place Fell, Helvellyn, and other mountains about the lakes, illumined by a bright sun. Their distant summits, seen in connexion with the woods at the foot of Ullswater, and the town just left behind, made a splendid landscape.

We reached Carlisle at evening, and the next morning set about seeing the town with all possible despatch. Its streets, which are sometimes handsome, often narrow, and generally dirty, breathing all sorts of odours but such as are grateful, were extensively perambulated. A walk to the noble bridge across the Eden, and thence along the bank of the river to the castle standing upon an eminence near its margin, gave us a good idea of the outlines of Carlisle and its environs.

Had not our recent visit to the lakes spoiled for a time the relish of ordinary scenery, a view from the battlements



of the ancient castle, on a fine morning, would have afforded us unusual delight; for it is wide, diversified, and picturesque. To the north and east, the hills of Scotland and Northumberland rise in the distance, and to the south, our old acquaintances about Keswick once more bade us good morrow. The Eden is a fine river, sweeping down with a broad, rapid, and majestic current from its inhospitable source in the Cumbrian hills, and watering a fertile alluvial tract between Carlisle and the Solway, five miles below. It rolls close under the walls of the castle, and its banks present a rich landscape. Nor is the town itself, mean or unsightly. It is the capital of Cumberland, containing a population of fifteen or twenty thousand, and possessing a liberal share of public buildings. The two lofty round towers, of a singular form and neatly constructed of red sand-stone, occupying the site of the old citadel, and appropriated to the courts of justice, together with the weather-worn turrets of the Cathedral, built of the same material, give to the place quite a stately appearance.

Independent of its location and its eligibility as an observatory, the castle possesses some interest. It is an ancient fortress, and has its full share of historical associations. At present it is garrisoned by a regiment, which was on drill at the time of our visit. One of the subalterns conducted us over every part of it. He and his wife occupy the room, which was appropriated to Mary, the fugitive and itinerant Queen of Scots, during her residence in this castle. The apartment has undergone few alterations since. Here is still seen the little recess in which she slept—the pantry, not for her luxuries, but her allowanced fare—and her narrow and darkened windows looking out upon the Eden. In its best estate, her prison could have furnished but mean and miserable accommodations for a personage, accustomed to palaces and pillows of down.

There is one appendage to this fortress which was new to me, although it may be familiar to others. For the security of the magazine against the effects of lightning, a well has been sunk to the depth of sixty or eighty feet, and the conductor descends to the bottom, being constantly surrounded by water. It doubtless furnishes an additional safe-guard. Most of the accidents, which happen to buildings supplied with a rod, arise from its interruption, or from an inattention to its termination at the ground.

From the castle, our walk was extended to the Cathedral, which bears the marks of great age, and is highly respectable in its aspect. The order of architecture is Norman Gothic, with turrets rising above the other buildings of the town. Its appendages, for the residence and accommodation of its officers, are neat and convenient, situated around a small park, and finely shaded with trees. The clerk conducted us over the interior of St. Mary's and directed our attention to what he supposed most worthy of notice. It is a fault with all these showmen, which has given us a great deal of trouble, to suppose that only what is new can be interesting to the stranger, and to tell a long story about improvements which have already been made, or are in contemplation, whereas these innovations upon antique structures oftener create pain than pleasure.

Taking little interest in the burden of our guide's information, we inquired of him if there were no monuments in the church deserving notice. Why, he didn't know, sure; there was one in memory of Archdeacon Paley, and another to Bishop Law, father of Lord Ellenborough, which might be worth looking at. The name of a philosopher and divine, whose writings are very justly honoured with a place among the classics in our country, needed no eulogium from the clerk, to call forth a tribute of respect and veneration. A plain, white marble slab on the wall, marks the spot where sleeps the author of the admired treatises on Moral Philosophy, Natural Theology, and the Evidences of the Christian Religion. On the monument is the following inscription:—"William Paley, D. D. Archdeacon and Chancellor of this Diocese, died May 23, 1805, aged 62."

His two wives rest on either side of him, the last of whom died in 1819. He left several children, four of whom, if no more, are yet living. One of his sons is a clergyman in Yorkshire, and another a farmer. Both of his daughters married clergymen. He died while on a visit to his native town in Yorkshire, and his remains were brought to Carlisle, to be interred by the side of his first wife. The clerk was personally acquainted with him, and attended his funeral, which was without parade, but occasioned much real sorrow. His old friend remarked, that the doctor was jocular in his turn, popular in his manners, and much beloved.

On the opposite side of the same partition, is a monument in memory of Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle, and father

of the late Lord Ellenborough, who derived his title from a little village of that name, near Maryport on the Irish Sea, where he was accidentally born, while his mother was on an excursion to that part of the country. The family possess great talents, united with some eccentricities. The Bishop's monument is of white marble, elegantly finished, surmounted by an emblem of christianity, holding a crucifix, and lamenting the death of the prelate. Beneath, is a neat, classical inscription in Latin.

After completing a survey of the cathedral, we made an excursion of a mile or two across the Calder, a branch of the Eden, to the south-west part of the town, for the purpose of examining the canal, which connects Carlisle with Solway Frith. In this walk, sections of the ancient walls, by which the town was once enclosed, with gates at the four avenues, were distinctly traced. The canal was at length reached, and found to be on a larger scale, than any that had been examined in England. Its length, to be sure, is short, being only twelve miles ; but in breadth, depth and workmanship, it exceeds similar works in this country. In the basin at its termination, several brigs, from Liverpool, were discharging their cargoes. It admits vessels drawing nine feet water. There are eight locks of eighteen feet breadth, between Carlisle and the Solway. It was constructed by a company, who have a large warehouse upon its margin, and carry on an extensive trade with the Frith, supplying the town with stone for building, and with coals.

In the afternoon, an hour or two was passed in the Academy of Fine Arts, which had been opened a few days previous. The collection contained upwards of two hundred pictures, covering the walls of four apartments. Many of them were from London, sent hither to be examined and sold, if purchasers offered. Some of them were valued at 6,000*l*. Among the number, was a splendid picture of the King, just finished by Sir Thomas Lawrence. We saw the fellow to it at Chatsworth. There is but one more of the same stamp, which belongs to Lord Lowther. In the collection was a pretty illustration of Hawk Shooting, from a scene in Bracebridge Hall. The principal historical painting was Marmion's Mission to Scotland, before the battle of Flodden Field. But it would be endless to particularize. Nearly all the artists of any merit in the kingdom contributed to the assemblage. The show of statuary was limited and meagre.

The pleasures of the day and of our visit to Carlisle were closed with attending the theatre in the evening, partly to learn the fashions of the town, but more to see Miss F. H. Kelly, a sister to the one who, I suppose, has been long enough in the United States, and is certainly sufficiently a favourite, to be called our own. She appeared in the character of Belvidera, in *Venice Preserved*, a difficult part, in which, as in poetry, there can be no mediocrity, but which she performed to admiration. Her person is good, her step dignified, her voice has great compass and flexibility, and she catches the true spirit of the author. Her Belvidera was by far the chastest and most powerful specimen of acting I have yet seen in England. In the parts of Jaffier and Pierre she was tolerably well supported, and the rest was bad enough. The theatre is small, and of rude construction. There was a full house of genteely dressed ladies and gentlemen. The audience appeared to be discriminating in their applause, and remarkably silent and attentive, with the exception of one or two drunken fellows in the pit, who were engaged in a noisy brawl, whilst Belvidera was melting others into tears by her genuine pathos. Gratifying as it would have been to see Miss Kelly in the character of Jenny Deans, preparations to be off on the day following towards "the Heart of Mid Lothian," rendered it inconvenient to remain at the after-piece, and witness an exhibition of Scottish scenes in anticipation of our visit.

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## LETTER XXI.

RIDE FROM CARLISLE TO NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE—ROMAN WALL—DESCRIPTION OF NEWCASTLE—BIRTH PLACE OF AKENSIDE—GATESEND—CASTLE—COLLIERIES—EXCURSION TO SHIELDS.

*September, 1825.*—On the 21st, we set out for Newcastle, fifty-six miles from Carlisle. The road crosses the Eden, on the stately stone bridge already mentioned, which cost \$200,000. At the little village of Stanwix, a mile beyond, on the right bank of the river, was the termination of the wall of Severus, extending seventy miles across the country, from the Solway to the mouth of the Tyne. A small church,

in the above-mentioned village, is built from the ruins. This gigantic work of other ages was the most prominent object on our route, which ran parallel and close to it the whole day. Sections of it were distinctly seen in several places. At Thirlwall, as the name imports, about midway between the two extremities, a breach was forcibly made by the Picts. Such a barrier, designed to fence out a barbarous nation from their more civilized neighbours, however wild and unmilitary the project, was certainly a grand idea. Fortresses were erected, and garrisons stationed along the wall, enough of which yet remains to show what it once was, and to aid the imagination in forming a conception of its grandeur at that day, when the Roman eagles flew on the towers of the rampart, stretching from sea to sea, and the armies of barbarians, pouring like torrents from their native mountains, dashed against the bulwarks of their invaders.

The first part of our ride, for many miles, extended up the right bank of the Eden, and across several of its branches. One of them, called the Irthing, came rushing down from the hills, like a torrent of blood. It was much swollen by the late rains, and the complexion of the soil through which it runs gives it a deep red colour, forming a singular contrast with the verdure of its shores.

After passing the village of Brampton, we ascended Mote Hill, which commands one of the widest horizons in the north of England. In a clear day, the Irish Sea, the Isle of Man, Solway Frith, the whole region about the lakes, the Cheviot Hills on the borders of Scotland, and the German Ocean, may all be seen from the summit. The top of the eminence is finely wooded, and the landscape in the vicinity is among the finest on the road.

Soon after leaving the village of Greenhead, and crossing a small turbulent stream called the Toppel, we reached the banks of the Tyne. This river has its source in the Northumbrian and Cumbrian hills. It is a bold, wild, and rapid stream, descending generally at the rate of seven or eight miles the hour, and breaking over the rocks, which fill its channel. Its waters are of a reddish-yellow tinge, as if originating in beds of ochre. Its course was pursued the whole way to Newcastle, and even beyond the town, to its mouth, where it is nearly as large as the Thames. The vale through which it runs presents some agreeable scenery, and is filled with so many old castles, that it was deemed hardly

worth while to number them, or record their names. Extensive tracts of moorland and fells stretch along the sides of the valley, on which, for many miles, no houses nor traces of cultivation are to be seen.

At 6 o'clock in the evening, we arrived at the summit of a hill, which looks down upon the whole of Newcastle, occupying the steep declivity extending from its brow to the northern bank of the Tyne. Both the town and its environs present an unique appearance, sombre and gloomy, but from its novelty not uninteresting. The dark complexion of the houses, roofed with bright red tile—the yellowish tinge of the river—the deep green of its shores—and the black, massive steam-engines, rising like so many castles over the shafts of innumerable collieries, all in motion and vomiting forth volumes of smoke, form peculiar and striking features in the scenery. An odd taste in building, and the fantastic, crown-shaped spires of some of the churches, add to the singularity of the view. Some of the blocks of houses are ranged endwise on the declivity, rising one above another like steps in a flight of stairs.

Descending with locked wheels through a long line of streets, we took lodgings at the Queen's Head, and late as it was, immediately commenced an examination of the town. One of the first objects of curiosity was the birth-place of Dr. Akenside, author of the *Pleasures of the Imagination*. Several fruitless inquiries were made of persons, who seemed to know more about coals than poetry; but a clever bookseller at length showed us an engraving of the old house, and literally put us upon the right *scent* to find it, authorising us to make use of his name to a butcher, who keeps his stall at the next door, and who would point out the dwelling. A difficulty in finding the place, however, called forth an act of kindness from another aged bookseller, who walked through the streets bare-headed, with his pen behind his ear, to direct us to Butchers' Bank, the narrow, close, and dirty lane which gave birth to the poet. Both sides of it are occupied by stalls, and all sorts of smells arising from a confined meat market here invade the senses.

Mr. Wright, the butcher, was at last found, and with his apron on, and his cleaver in his hand, conducted us to the most advantageous position for examining the house in which the favoured bard was born. It is a black, dirty looking building, three stories high, the basement of which is occu-

pied by a stall, and the other part by a poor family, who peeped from the casements with as much apparent astonishment at our close inspection, as did some of their predecessors on the premises a few years since, when an Akenside club called to chant an ode to the memory of the poet, whose name and birth-place were alike unknown to the tenants of his father's dwelling. They supposed a constable was after them, and were prodigiously frightened by the mysterious rites.

Our guide was more intelligent, and appeared to be familiar with the writings and early history of the son of his next door neighbour, who followed the same occupation as himself. The doctor, while a boy, for some time assisted his father in cutting up and selling meat in this very shop, and was destined to make a livelihood by the business ; but the fall of a cleaver upon his foot inflicted a lameness from which he never entirely recovered, and which disqualified him for active pursuits. By a sort of false pride which does little credit to his character, he is said to have been ashamed through life of a defect, caused by an inglorious instrument, indicative of his humble origin. He ought to have been proud of possessing talents, which enabled him to subdue fortune, emerge from obscurity, and make for himself a name. It is for those who lay great stress upon the influence of climate, and find the elements of a poetic mind in local scenery and early association, to inform us how a butcher's boy, born and bred in a filthy lane, could at the age of three and twenty, compose one of the most splendid poems in the English language.

On the following morning our tour of observation was recommenced at an early hour. Passing down streets so steep as to require caution to prevent one from falling, and which in slippery weather must be dangerous, we visited the business part of the town, the docks, the Exchange, and the ancient stone bridge, thrown across the Tyne on nine lofty arches. There is all the bustle of a commercial city in this part of Newcastle. The river is covered with shipping, steam-boats, and vessels of every description. Ships of three or four hundred tons burthen can come up as far as the bridge. They are nearly all engaged in the coal trade, and the inside is as black, as the clumsy, heavy exterior. The Exchange has recently undergone some repairs, which give it the appearance of a handsome modern structure. It

used to have a steeple, in which a pair of rooks annually built their nest, and reared their young.

Extending our walk across the bridge to the large town on the opposite shore, called Gatesend, in the county of Durham, the middle of the Tyne being the boundary, we spent half an hour in running about the streets, to find the house in which Daniel De Foe wrote a part of Robinson Crusoe. Our old friend, the bookseller, pointed out the house across the river; but it was lost sight of on a nearer approach, and after all our search, it was not to a certainty identified. He informed us, that his father was well acquainted with the author of this popular tale, and that his real name was Foe. The *De* was capriciously added upon his own authority. He was a man of some importance in his day, alternately experiencing the flatteries and frowns of his patrons.

In another part of our errand to Gatesend, we were more successful, having found the very house in which George Fox, the celebrated Quaker, preached in the early part of his career. It is now occupied as a tavern, called the Fountain Inn, situate in a narrow, dirty lane, as it necessarily must be to form any part of Gatesend. A barber, whose shop is directly opposite the three clusters of grapes hanging at the door of the hotel, had a book of localities in his window, and related to us all the traditions connected with the place. Fox here made many converts; but his place for holding forth was far less agreeable, than the shade of his venerable oaks at Flushing, Long-Island.

Recrossing the bridge, we visited the remains of the celebrated castle, which gave name to the town. The fortress has been in some measure modernized, and is now occupied as a prison. It stands upon an eminence, commanding the bridge and the heights beyond, where a great battle was fought by William the Conqueror. The passage of the Tyne has since been several times disputed, and the guns of the castle were brought to bear. Its walls are eleven feet thick. Several of its apartments remain entire and unaltered. In the keep, Baliol king of Scotland did homage to one of the Edwards. The chapel has been sadly perverted, being used as a coal-cellar. Several of the rooms are filled with fragments of old statues and other curiosities, collected by a clan of active antiquaries, who here meet to dissect and analyze images of the 15th century. Its strong holds are, therefore, more harmlessly occupied now than when living



and half-starved prisoners were chained to the pavement. In clearing out the rubbish from one of the rooms some years since, several human skeletons were found, supposed to belong to persons who had perished of hunger.

The keeper of the Castle, who suddenly changed the tones of his voice after finding that he was to receive a fee of half a crown, instead of being vexed with a charitable visit from the friends of the prisoners, conducted us over every part of the fortress. There is a battery of artillery upon the top, which at present seems to be of little use. The battlements present an extensive view of the river and town, with all its public buildings, which are numerous and showy. Newcastle, although it contains a population not exceeding thirty thousand, covers a good deal of ground, and appears much larger than it really is, from its location on a side hill exhibiting nearly every house.

From the Castle, we went to St. John's Church, chiefly for the purpose of visiting the tomb of the poet Cunningham, a native of Dublin, and author of some of the finest pastorals in our language. His remains rest near a pretty lime-tree, in the church-yard, which is covered with a rich green sod. The inscription on the slab over his grave is plain, brief and appropriate, stating that he died in Newcastle in 1773, at the age of 44; and that his works will remain a monument of his excellence, as a pastoral poet, long after this temporary tribute of esteem is forgotten.

In the course of the day, a horse and gig with a small boy for a driver were chartered to take us to the collieries, along the bank of the river, and to Shields near its mouth, 7 or 8 miles from Newcastle. This excursion led us by the jubilee school, which was instituted as an extensive and useful charity, to commemorate the 50th year in the reign of George III.

At Wallend, a small village four miles from Newcastle, we spent half an hour in examining the shaft and machinery of a colliery, situate at the termination of the Roman Wall. The colliers, who resemble and are in fact imps from the infernal regions, were busily at work, and cheerfully imparted all the information in their power, respecting their unenviable occupation. They are, however, generally ignorant, possessing nothing beyond a knowledge of the mechanical operations in a particular sphere, and conveying even that in a dialect scarcely intelligible. Day after day and year after

year rolls on with an unvaried current, finding them confined to the same mine, and occupied with the same drudgery. There would seem to be little choice between the chains of a galley-slave, and the monotonous servitude of these colliers; and yet they are said to be a contented and comparatively a happy race. The necessity of bathing every night renders them healthy and vigorous. But after all, it is a hard life with an inadequate remuneration.

The shaft which we visited is 720 feet deep, divided by timbers into three triangular openings. A strong current of air is constantly coming up one of them, driving before it a tempest of dust. The corves or large baskets, which are constantly ascending, are discharged by a man at the top, and returned by the other side of the band or chain, moved by a steam engine. In this way, sixty chaldrons of sixty-five bushels each, are raised per day through a single shaft. The other apertures are used for ventilating the mine, and for letting down men and horses. A large sheet of canvass is spread at the opening to force a current of air into the shaft. We saw a dozen of the workmen, as black as the mineral they are employed in digging, cling one after another like bats to the same rope, and descend till they vanished from sight.

Beneath is a subterranean world, a peep into which was sufficient to satisfy our curiosity, notwithstanding the importunities of the colliers to induce us to go down with them. Brimstone, and smoke, and every other horror came up from the abyss. This very mine once blew up, and killed fifty-two men. The explosion was so tremendous, that a volume of flame rushed from the shaft, driving before it the mangled limbs of men and horses, which with shattered implements and the ruins of the mine strewed the earth for many yards around. Sir Humphrey Davy's invention of the safety-lamp has rendered such accidents comparatively of rare occurrence; but the heedlessness of workmen will always lead them to incur more or less risk. The only chance of escape, in case of an explosion, is by throwing one's self flat upon the bed of the mine, and even then there is danger of being suffocated by choke-damp, which creeps along the bottom.

The quantity of coal raised and exported from this region, embracing a district about twenty miles long and fifteen wide, is immense, being not less than 600,000 chaldrons a year.

It bears a heavy duty, and is a valuable source of revenue to the government. Estimates as to the extent of the strata must necessarily be vague; but it is calculated, that the mines at the present rate of working will be exhausted in less than two centuries. The whole country in the vicinity of Newcastle is a mere shell, and subterranean passages run in all directions. A population of about 100,000 on the banks of the Tyne, look entirely to this business for support. As coal has become a necessary article, both of trade and consumption, it is difficult to foresee what will be the consequence of an exhaustion of the mines to the manufactures, commerce, and domestic condition of Great-Britain.

From Wallend, we extended our ride to North Shields, which stands on the left bank of the Tyne near its mouth. This town and South Shields, on the opposite side of the river, constitute the port of Newcastle, bearing a striking resemblance in location to the Cove of Cork. The former is only half a mile from Tinemouth, on the German Ocean. A large three story hotel of stone has been erected by the Duke of Northumberland, for the accommodation of commercial men by whom the place is chiefly visited. The village consists principally of one long, dirty street, extending at the base of a hill 100 feet or more in height, and nearly perpendicular. This was ascended by a flight of stone-steps to a natural terrace, whence there is an extensive view of the river above, South Shields on the other shore, the harbour, its entrance and the distant ocean.

On the day of our visit, the prospect was dark and cheerless. A high wind, accompanied with squalls of rain, blew from the east, and tremendous waves tumbled in from the sea, breaking upon the rocks and shoals at the mouth of the Tyne. A light-house stands on either side. The harbour is difficult of access, and cannot be entered after a quarter ebb of the tide, when the lights are quenched. It must be a dreary interval to a ship labouring in a storm. Frequent wrecks occur in making the port in winter; and the dangers of the coast, perhaps, led to the noble invention of the life-boat, by Mr. Greathead of South Shields. The first experiment was made in these stormy waters, and has succeeded beyond expectation. It was gratifying to learn, that the inventor was adequately remunerated both in honours and emoluments.

The harbour itself is safe and sufficiently spacious to con-

tain a fleet of a thousand sail. It was filled with vessels of all descriptions, engaged almost entirely in the coal trade, chiefly coastwise to London. The residue is carried on with the Baltic, Quebec, and other parts of America. There is not much intercourse between this port and the continent. A few Dutch vessels were seen in the fleet.

Descending from the eminence, we threaded the labyrinths of several filthy lanes, to visit one of the seven or eight dry-docks at the mouth of the river. An intelligent gentleman imparted to us every information. There is nothing peculiar in the construction of these docks, and they are on a small scale, compared with those of Liverpool and London. The tide rises twenty-seven feet, and vessels of 400 tons are admitted.

Just at evening, we embarked on board of a steam-boat for Newcastle. The fare for seven or eight miles is only sixpence, including two or three pipers, who discourse merry music all the way. This is the cheapest travelling of any kind that has been found in England—a perfect contrast to the sad extortion practised in some places. Passing South Shields, which is a large town, containing 15 or 20,000 inhabitants, with several spires and towers giving it rather an imposing appearance, our little boat ran rapidly up the Tyne, affording us a fine view of its borders.

The whole aspect of the river and its shores is dismal and dark beyond any thing I have ever witnessed. Its current continues turbid, and of the colour already mentioned, to its mouth. It is covered with flat, misshapen, clumsy boats, called keels, used for transporting coals. They are of the same complexion as their cargoes, and navigated by crews, who looked as if they had just emerged from the nether world. It required no effort of the imagination, for one to fancy himself sailing upon Stygian waters. Thirty of these boats were counted in one fleet, moving slowly, with a dark, solitary sail.

On each side of the river, at short intervals, massive machinery has been erected, denominated *straiths*, for transferring the coals, as they are brought from the mines, to the boats, which convey them to vessels. A constant thundering is kept up, as they are shot into the barges. To add to the sombre hue of the scenery, the fires of the furnaces, steam-engines, and other manufactories along the banks,

were lighted up, and glared upon the river, presenting an image of Phlegethon itself.

On our return to the hotel, the rain and chilly winds of the evening for the first time this season rendered a good fire comfortable. Among the dishes on the table at dinner, was fine salmon from the Tyne. An anecdote is related of one of these fishes at Newcastle, which is too remarkable to be credible. It is said, that a nobleman standing upon the bridge, playing with his diamond ring, accidentally dropped it into the water. The next day a salmon was bought in market by the servant of the gentleman, and on opening him, the identical ring was found and restored to the owner. It is at all events a good story, preserving the unity of an epic.

An hour was employed in visiting the Royal Grammar School, in which Bishop Ridley, the martyr at Oxford, Col. Lilburn, famous in Cromwell's time, Dr. Akenside, Lord Collingwood, a native of this place, Lord Eldon, Sir William Scott, and several other men of distinction received the rudiments of their education. The edifice is a dark, antique, one story building, but secluded and convenient for the purposes, to which it is still appropriated. It possesses no interest independent of its associations.

Our exit from Newcastle, led us by the ruins of a nunnery, up a high hill, and near the race-course, which is situated upon an extensive common. A group of neat cottages belonging to colliers, attracted particular attention, exhibiting an air of thriftiness and comfort. Their tenants, or the male part of them, are employed in the mines, while the females cultivate the lands and engage in rural pursuits. Between them they make a good living. There is an advantage in a large family, as all the children find employment at an early age, and are a source of income, rather than an expense. Hence the colliers marry young, and almost entirely with persons of their own occupation, thus preserving and deepening the peculiar cast of population.

The route between Newcastle and Alnwick runs nearly parallel with the German Ocean, at the distance of five, ten, and fifteen miles. Frequent and extensive views of the blue expanse, whitened with sails were obtained from eminences in the course of the ride. On the left, the fells of Northumberland and the Cheviot hills rise in the distance. It is a bleak region in the winter. The coachman informed

us, that the snow frequently falls so deep, as to block up the roads, and render them impassable with carriages.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived in sight of Alnwick, a pretty town pleasantly situated upon the little river Aln, whence its name. Before entering it, two or three monuments, erected as testimonials of the gratitude of the tenantry to the Duke of Northumberland, for lowering their rents and diminishing their taxes, arrest the attention of the traveller. They occupy conspicuous situations on the surrounding heights.

The next morning we rose at an early hour, and before breakfast visited Alnwick Castle, the "home of the Percies" from time immemorial, and the residence of the present Duke of Northumberland. It is probably one of the most perfect and most magnificent barronial fortresses now in existence. After the animated and inimitable poetical sketch by one of our native bards, whose lines stand a much better chance with posterity than the fame of the present proprietor; with all his wealth and titles, I cannot hope that a dull prosing description, measuring lengths, and breadths, and heights, and angles, will be relished by my readers.

Its appearance is certainly grand and imposing. It is seated upon an eminence, upon the right bank of the Aln, commanding an extensive view of the vale watered by that river. The castle covers a large area, being situated round open courts, and enclosed by lofty walls, above which rise sixteen towers, occupied as offices. It is built of a light coloured stone, two stories, and surmounted by a great number of statues, making a group of not less than one hundred in all. The edifice comprises several orders of architecture, having been erected and repaired in different ages. Parts of it exhibit specimens of pure Saxon, and the residue is Norman-Gothic.

Although no portion of this immense pile, when taken by itself, can be considered either splendid or magnificent, yet its extent and the multitude of its towers, rising above the grey walls, give it an air of grandeur. At the Lodge a female received and conducted us, as usual, through a long suite of apartments, consisting of dressing-rooms, bedrooms, dining-rooms, tea-rooms, drawing-rooms, and all other kinds of rooms, embracing the library and chapel. There is nothing very peculiar in the construction of the interior. The apartments are generally small, for a house of

such external dimensions. Its furniture will not bear a comparison with that of Eaton Hall or Chatsworth. The two principal apartments are designedly in exact contrast. One of them is decorated with all the gorgeous ornaments, which fancy could invent ; while the other is finished with oak, in neat but plain Gothic. A person of taste would not hesitate to give the preference to the latter. In the former, there are some elegant specimens of tapestry.

The library is a large parallelogram, besides some adjacent halls appropriated to the same purpose. His lordship has an extensive collection of books. It may be reasonably doubted, if he has ever read some of the Fathers that fill his shelves. Many new publications and newspapers lay upon the tables, giving the apartments quite a literary appearance. I had the curiosity to take up one of the volumes, and found it to be "a system of complete horsemanship." In pictures and statuary, Alnwick Castle is lamentably deficient. With the exception of what is denominated a good likeness of the present Duke and some splendid medallions in gold, there is nothing of the kind deserving notice.

The chapel is a neat room, but has few ornaments. In one end of it stands a beautiful white marble sarcophagus, of unusual dimensions, elegantly sculptured, with a classical and chaste inscription in memory of one of the Duchesses. It displays more taste than any article observed about the mansion.

In returning through the labyrinth of rooms, we passed that in which the table was set ready for breakfast. It was loaded with a profusion of comforts, which reminded us, that it was time to think of our humble fare at the hotel. The Duke's family muster precisely at 9 o'clock, at the ringing of the castle bell ; and on reflection, it is an odd thing, that a group of strangers, sometimes with muddy boots, should be ranging over the house, as if taking an inventory of the furniture, before the inmates are out of bed. It is true, the show is liberally paid for, and so far the parties are even ; but with some of the noblemen, a pittance to the servants can be no object, and they certainly make great sacrifices to liberality, in permitting crowds of visitants to trample upon polished floors or Turkey carpets.

At the door of the lodge, another guide took us in charge, and conducted us to two or three of the towers on the walls, which are filled with a variety of curiosities, natural and arti-

ficial, none of which are remarkably rare or interesting. There is a profusion of Indian armour—bows, arrows, paddles, and other aboriginal implements, of which the museums in our country are full, but which are here considered great novelties. There are few trophies or relics, illustrative of the history of the castle. In one corner, the guide pointed out the dungeons, in which captives used to be confined, with strong staples fixed in the rock, and the traces of a rack in front, where prisoners were wont to be put to the torture. These cells are dark and cheerless enough. The last tenant was one of the Duke's agents, who was confined for embezzling his property. At present, the apartments contain nothing but some old mortars of a curious construction—large balls to be rolled from the ramparts in time of a siege—and a mammoth shot thrown at an English Admiral by the Turks.

On a particular part of the wall, the seat was designated, in which sat the gallant Hotspur, while marshalling and reviewing his troops, drawn up in the spacious court; and from the battlements, we had a view of the identical spot, on which fell Malcolm, king of Scotland, while besieging the castle. The circumstances of his death, as they are related, border somewhat upon the marvellous. A daring cavalier of the name of Hammond sallied from the fortress, bearing the keys upon the point of his spear, and advancing toward Malcolm as if to surrender them. The credulous monarch rushed forward to take them, but received the weapon instead of the keys. Hammond and his horse swam the Aln, and made his escape through the Scottish legions. The king's son was killed in the same siege, and two monuments among the trees mark the place of their interment. These feudal scenes are in perfect contrast to the rural quiet, which now reigns in the valley of the Aln. Some cannon, it is true, are displayed along the walls; but they are never fired, except upon a birth-day, or the recurrence of a festival. Several pieces, recovered from the bottom of the Tagus, in the Peninsular war, were presented to the Duke. The Percies have been a marshal family from time immemorial. It will be recollected, that one of them served in America, in the revolutionary war. Even our guide once possessed the military spirit of the family, and had been through several campaigns.

On the battlements of the castle, we fell in company with two Polanders, who were on the same errand as ourselves,



and went the rounds with us. They were gentlemanly, affable, and pleasant men, speaking the English but imperfectly. They, as well as the rest of us, had a curiosity to see the horses and carriages with which the duke and his suite travelled on the continent, to attend the coronation of Charles X. where his Grace, as the representative of the British monarchy, read his speech to the crowned heads of Europe. His equipage was certainly splendid. His stud consists of thirty-two horses, and there are coaches, phaetons, and state saddles and bridles without number.

After breakfast, we took a post-chaise for Berwick-upon-Tweed. The day was delightfully pleasant, and a parting view of the castle and the town was not less picturesque and majestic than the approach. On the right, beyond the Aik, in a copse of trees stands the neat monument already alluded to, in memory of Malcolm. Nearly opposite, the ruins of Hulme Abbey, once a place of consequence, peeps from the woods; and on a rock by the sea-shore, is seen the wreck of Wackworth Castle and Hermitage, the subject of a pretty ballad, by the Bishop of Dromore. Goldsmith was accused of borrowing his idea of Edwin and Angelina from this poem; but in a note to the public, he exculpates himself, and, if I mistake not, says that he suggested the plan of the ballad to the prelate in conversation.

For the whole distance between Alnwick and Berwick, the road passes within a few miles of the German Ocean, which is often so near, that the surges are seen lashing the rocks. Numerous vessels were descried at a distance, tossing on its bosom; and among the rest, the steam-boat from Leith to London was ploughing her way. The shore, seen in connexion with the hills and woods on the left, is in many places extremely picturesque. Several of the rocky promontories are crowned with ruined castles, against the bases of which the waves beat. Of this description is Bamboorough, standing on a bold, rugged cliff, near the village of Bedford. Some artist has had the taste to seize upon the romantic grandeur of the ruin, and a pretty picture of it was seen in the gallery at Carlisle.

From an eminence a little farther on, Holy Island rises to view, appearing at first like a promontory, connected with the shore by a narrow isthmus. It is a bleak, barren, and retired spot, girt with rocks over which the breakers dash, and on which there have been frequent wrecks. A small group of houses rise from the beach. The summit of the

island is surmounted by a ruin, which in its time was a place of importance. Holy Island once constituted the see of Inisfarne, and possessed great ecclesiastical power.

At 4 o'clock, we arrived in sight of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and had a charming view of it, in winding slowly down the hill on the opposite shore. The town with a spire or two gilded by the sun—an extensive prospect of the sea—the mouth of the river and harbour—the Tweed above, which is a fine stream crossed by a bridge of fifteen arches, erected in the time of Elizabeth—the village of Tweedmouth at the foot of the declivity we were descending, and the rural vale opening towards the west, altogether afforded a pretty specimen of border scenery. Immediately after our arrival at the King's Arms, we commenced a survey of the town, but found little to retard our progress or to swell the contents of this letter. It is a well built place, with some handsome buildings, and a population of two or three thousand. But it is devoid of any interesting associations, except the disputes whether it stands in England or Scotland. The question, like most others, has been decided in favour of the former, and topographers now draw the nominal line between the two countries at the distance of three miles north of this place. It no longer excites the hot blood, which it did at that period, when border territory was disputed inch by inch, and blades flashed upon the banks of the Tweed. The two nations are fast amalgamating into one, and the inhabitants upon the borders are so blended by intermarriages, and so assimilated in manners, that none but a geographer can tell precisely where England terminates and Scotland begins.

## LETTER XXII.

ENTRANCE INTO SCOTLAND—ROUTE FROM BERWICK TO EDINBURGH—DUNBAR CASTLE—PRESTON PANS—DALKEITH—PORTO BELLO—ARRIVAL AT EDINBURGH—CALTON HILL—SALISBURY CRAG—ARTHUR'S SEAT—PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY—LITERARY BREAKFAST—NELSON'S MONUMENT—HOLYROOD HOUSE.

*September, 1825.*—On the 24th, at the distance of three miles from Berwick-upon-Tweed, we entered Scotland, and did not proceed far, before the difference in the aspect of

the country, in the construction of the houses, in the language and manners of the people, became perceptible. The change in our feelings corresponded with that of the objects around us, and the novelty of entering another region roused attention, and led to more minuteness of observation. Our eyes and ears were both open to mark the features of new scenery, and to catch the peculiarities of a new dialect.

For nearly the whole distance from Berwick to Edinburgh, the road runs along the German Ocean, sometimes six or eight miles from the shore, and at others within a few rods of the margin. Such an expanse of water, washing a bold, rugged, iron-bound coast, and showing many a white sail upon its bosom, contributes largely to the beauty of its borders. In many places, the promontories, pushing themselves far into the sea, are lofty and precipitous. St. Abb's Head, the boldest of the rocks upon the eastern coast of Scotland, was in full sight from the road. It is four or five hundred feet in height, and took its name from an abbess, who, with some of her sisterhood, was driven upon the cliffs in a storm, but providentially escaped without loss of life, although the bark was dashed to pieces. Others have been less fortunate. The coachman pointed out a hill, up which five hundred widows walked in procession, clad in weeds of woe. Their husbands, employed in the fisheries, had all been lost in a violent gale.

As evening was now fast coming on, a large and commodious hotel at Renton induced us to take lodgings for the night; and here were our first dreams in Scotland. The moon was bright and nearly full. A century or two ago, her orb might have lighted the borderers to their predatory incursions, or have witnessed the gambols of fairies upon the banks of haunted streams. But the age of barbarous warfare and of superstition has gone by; and although we slept upon classic and poetical ground, no unusual visions disturbed our slumbers, sweetened by the fatigues of the day and the unbroken quiet of the inn. Burns' *Cotter's Saturday Night* was read, as a kind of homily before going to bed.

At an early hour the next morning, our journey towards Edinburgh was resumed. The day was pleasant, and afforded us a fair opportunity of viewing the country of East and Mid Lothian, comprising, it is said, the richest agricultural district in Scotland. Our observations furnished no grounds for doubting the correctness of this eulogium. It is cer-

tainly a fertile, well cultivated, and beautiful country, although in my opinion, the landscape is decidedly inferior to that of England. Trees are less frequent, and are no where seen in those luxuriant copses, which add so much to the richness of the more southern parts of the island. The houses are seldom embowered, or ornamented with shrubbery and flowers, like the English cottages. Nearly all the buildings are substantially constructed of stone, with red tiled roofs, and destitute of every species of ornament. The fields bear the marks of a severe and exact tillage, while the stacks of corn and hay, fifty or sixty of which are frequently seen in a group, prove that the soil abundantly rewards the labours of the husbandman. Turnips seem to be a favourite crop, and I was surprised at the relative proportion of land appropriated to this vegetable. Hedges and fences are not so numerous as in England. For miles, the road sometimes passes through fields entirely unguarded, and yet crowned with a bountiful harvest.

The first part of our ride in the morning afforded an agreeable exception to the above remark, that the country is destitute of trees; for it extended several miles through a vista of hills, opening upon the sea, clothed to their summits with a heavy growth of timber, not unlike the American forests. Two or three dingles were also passed, which are finely wooded. But these instances are rare. All the timber has been planted, and much attention is now paid to this branch of agriculture. The face of the country has been greatly improved within a few years. Dr. Johnson states, in his *Tour to the Hebrides*, that he found but one tree till he reached St. Andrews.

In the course of the forenoon, we had a fine view of Bass Rock, near the cape of the Firth of Forth. It is one of the most conspicuous objects along the road, raising its head four hundred feet above the level of the sea, with which it is girt, being insulated, and standing at some distance from the beach. Its chalky sides, seen on a field of blue sky, and in a horizon bounded by the ocean, gave it the appearance of a cloud, for which it was at first taken. Beyond it, the shores of Fifeshire, on the opposite side of the Forth, could barely be discerned. Before our arrival at Edinburgh, however, they came so fully in sight, that the fortresses at the entrance of the Firth, and the buildings along the coast, could be distinctly seen.

A pleasant ride of fourteen miles brought us to Dunbar, a large town situate upon the German Ocean. The interval required for changing post-chaises, and shifting our baggage, was employed by us in walking half a mile to look at the ruins of the castle, once a place of great importance, and celebrated in the wars between England and Scotland. Here Black Agnes, Countess of March, performed some signal exploits : here King Baliol was defeated, and Cromwell achieved a signal victory. The ruin is most romantically seated upon a cliff, projecting into the sea. It was naturally more than half a fortress, and the artificial additions of the same materials are so blended, as to render the lines of separation scarcely perceptible. The rocks are a dark brown sand-stone, apparently discoloured by age, and worn into caverns by the attrition of the waves, which here roll in with unbroken violence, and murmur beneath the dilapidated arches. Several avenues lead to the water under the fortress, which rises perhaps fifty feet above the surface. These dark and obscure passages afford secure hiding places for the boats of smugglers. Fragments of the walls and towers of the castle are yet standing, from which some idea of its extent and strength may be obtained.

In our ride from Dunbar to Haddington, we saw on the left the remnant of Hailes Castle, which was also once a place of considerable importance. It is situated in a deep vale, and might apparently be battered down with great ease, by cannon planted on the neighbouring hills. A little village, four miles from the road, gave birth to John Knox, the celebrated reformer, who may be considered the Cromwell of Scotland. The house in which he was born is yet standing, and it was a subject of regret that it could not be visited, without occasioning too much delay.

In the course of the next stage, we rode through the small village of Gladesmuir, where Dr. Robertson wrote his history of Scotland. The scene of his laborious research and patient industry possesses some advantages and attractions for a literary man. It commands a wide prospect of the surrounding country, of the waters of the Forth, and the shores of Fifeshire. But above all, the pure air and the rural quiet of the village are favourable to the prosecution of such pursuits.

Tranent, a village some miles farther on, was the field of a less enviable fame ; and on the right of the road, Preston

Pans are visible. The village is seated upon a declivity near the borders of the Firth. Here Charles Stewart, the young Chevalier, in the rebellion of 1745, at the head of his gallant Highland army gained a decisive victory over the English forces, under the command of Sir John Cope. It was a glorious field for a battle, affording a wide range of open country, and presenting a variegated prospect of natural objects. The banks of the Esk; the bridge over which the Scotch army marched, and were fired upon by the English fleet moored below; Dalkeith, the mansion of the Duke of Buccleugh, near which the battle of Pinkney was fought, and at which the king resided during his visit to Edinburgh in 1821, all possess some interest, and might detain me longer, if Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crag, Calton Hill, and the turreted city of the north, were not already in view.

Passing the white and neat village of Porto Bello, which was commenced and named by a sailor; the Barracks, where a regiment of troops blocked up the road; and leaving the port of Leith on the right, we ascended the magnificent terrace, which leads into Edinburgh, at 6 o'clock on a bright evening. The first view was more splendid and imposing than any spectacle I have ever witnessed. Dublin and London, rich and beautiful as the former certainly is, and boundless as the latter appears from the dome of St. Paul's, furnish nothing which can be compared with the *coup d'œil* from the brow of Calton Hill. However critics in architecture may cavil at the construction or uniformity of the buildings, when taken in detail and examined closely, it is impossible for any one not to be forcibly struck with the magnificence and splendour of the whole, which at the first approach appears like an immense castle or palace.

Our *debut* was doubtless under very favourable circumstances for creating a strong impression. The skies were cloudless, the atmosphere transparent, and the sun went down in all his glory, throwing his golden beams upon the innumerable towers, turrets, spires, monuments, and castellated buildings, which crown the tripple hills on which Edinburgh is seated. We entered the most imposing part of the town, being that section of it which is comparatively new, and which affords a distinct, but distant view of other portions, that will not so well bear a close examination. But after making all due deductions for these adventitious embellishments, it is in external appearance the most beautiful

city I have ever seen, or ever expect to see, should my travels extend the world over. Nothing can surpass it in grandeur and beauty. The first glance reminds one of the picture which the splendid imagination of Gibbon has drawn of "the City of the Seven Hills," in the age of Augustus.

Nature has liberally contributed her part to produce this superb panorama. If Edinburgh could be sunk to a plain, or even transferred to the banks of the Thames, half its splendour would be lost, intrinsically rich and showy as are its edifices. The hills on which it rises; Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat, lifting their picturesque summits, and overlooking the town from the east; the rock on which the castle stands, towering to the height of two hundred feet, in the midst of the city; the deep ravines on each side, in which a part of the buildings are cradled; the distant amphitheatre of mountains around; and the Forth spreading a broad and bright expanse of water to the northeast, constitute bold, peculiar, and striking features in the outlines of Edinburgh. The hand of art has seized upon these natural advantages, and wrought upon the same scale in filling up the picture. If an artist, with all the materials at his command, had seated himself upon Salisbury Crag, and directed a city to be built as a work of taste, and to be exhibited as a panorama, he could not have made many improvements upon the one which has sprung up at different periods and by common consent. The unanimity with which unsightly buildings have been excluded, and the city adorned with works of art, is indeed remarkable. In the older parts, which were erected centuries ago, little regard was probably paid to architectural beauty, and it is almost a miracle that interest and convenience should have so uniformly coincided with taste. The symmetry of the new town is less singular, since a council composed of judicious and intelligent men exercise a controlling influence, and prohibit the intermixture of mean structures.

Ascending slowly by the new road, which was made by the government at an immense expense, over the brow of Calton Hill, the declivity of which required in some places a terrace of 80 or 100 feet, we arrived at the head of Prince-street, extending for more than a mile in a perfectly straight line through the heart of the city, bordered by blocks of beautiful edifices, and thronged with crowds of well-dressed people.

The buildings, here as in other parts of the town, are of light coloured stone, obtained from extensive quarries in the vicinity, and wrought with the utmost exactness. How much superior both in beauty and durability is this solid material, to the patch-work and stucco of Regent-street in London! The richest orders and the finest proportions in architecture are observed; and the new town of Edinburgh is strictly classical. As the expense of building according to the best models is no greater than in the ordinary way, I cannot but think the example of the citizens of the Scotch capital worthy of imitation.

So steep are the declivities on which Edinburgh stands, that many of the buildings are four or five stories on one side, and eight or ten on the other. Of this description is the Waterloo Hotel, on Prince-street, where we took lodgings. It is a splendid edifice, fitted up in elegant style, and far surpassing any public house, which has fallen within the sphere of our observation, while the charges are comparatively low. A few yards beyond it, is the bridge, which was finished in August, 1819, and over which the Prince Saxe Coburg was the first passenger, in his visit to Edinburgh. The event was deemed of sufficient importance, to be engraven over an arch supported by Grecian pillars, in the centre of the structure.

After tea on the evening of our arrival, we walked to the castle, for the purpose of listening to a band of martial music attached to the garrison. This promenade led us over the bridge, which connects the old and new town. A similar one, on the same street, unites the latter with the southern section of the city. It was a striking novelty, to walk over a long structure, eighty or a hundred feet high, without a drop of water beneath. The deep ravine, where there used once to be a small lake, is now occupied by houses. In the night the bottom could not be distinctly seen, and the lights below appeared like the reflection of those above from the surface of a river. A peep from the parapet at such a spectacle, and the notes of bugles and other martial instruments reverberating from hill to hill, imparted to the scene an air of enchantment.

The spell, however, was in some degree broken, by extending our walk through High-street, in the old part of the town, just at the hour when an evening lustration was performing, and the odours which breathed around were very



far from being celestial. An artificial torrent rushing down the open gutters, and emitting the most noxious effluvia, to the annoyance of the crowds of people who thronged the pavements, did not speak much in favour of the police. Subsequent observation satisfied us, that Edinburgh, particularly the middle section of it, cannot, with all its beauty, be called a clean city. Its dirtiness is in some degree owing to its construction. From the sides of High-street, which extends along the ridge of the central hill, from the castle to Holy-Rood, a distance of nearly a mile, passages called *closes* or *wynds* branch off laterally, running to the ravines on either side. These alleys are narrow, dark, and filthy, with an air so confined and foetid, as to be almost unfit for respiration.

The morning after our arrival was employed in despatching a great number of letters of introduction, which our friends in New-York were so kind as to give us. To our great regret it was soon ascertained, that there was a vacation both in the University and the High School, and that most of the literati were in the country at this season, for the purposes of health, retirement, and pleasure, which the rich scenery of Scotland never fails to afford, even to natives of the country. Sir Walter Scott was at Abbotsford, his seat upon the Tweed, a distance of forty miles from Edinburgh. A fine bust at Constable's was all that we saw of "the Great Unknown," who has almost ceased to receive that appellation in the northern metropolis, so well settled is the authorship of the Waverly Novels. Mrs. Fletcher was at Roslin Castle, and Mrs. Grant in the Highlands. But after all these deductions, and many more, enough of Edinburgh remained to render our visit extremely interesting to us, and to afford a very satisfactory view of the town. The most eligible time, however, for seeing it, is in June or January, when the literary institutions are full, and the courts of law in session.

Having despatched our letters, we set out for Arthur's Seat, (a walk of three or four miles,) in order to obtain a more distinct view of the outlines of the city, as well as to enjoy the delightful scenery, which this excursion affords. Though the day proved to be squally and at times unpleasant, our fatigue was amply compensated. Salisbury Crag is a most romantic hill. Its form is semicircular, and the impending cliffs, composed of naked and rugged rocks, are

in many places hundreds of feet in height. A narrow path, impassable with carriages, and arduous of ascent to the pedestrian, winds along the brow, at the base of the belt of crags, and presenting at every step a full view of the city as well as a wide prospect of the environs. It may be seen from every part of Edinburgh, and forms a peculiar and most interesting feature in its topography. Nothing can produce a grander effect, than such a lofty and picturesque ledge, looking down upon the turreted eminences below.

We climbed to the topmost rock on Arthur's Seat, which is between eight and nine hundred feet above the level of the Forth. The ascent was rendered doubly arduous, by the quantity of rain which had fallen, and the mud it had produced in the steep footpath. To add to the slight misfortunes of the day, the wind blew so hard upon the summit of the hill, that one hand was constantly employed in holding on the hat, and the other in grasping a crag to guard against being blown down. But the air for a time was clear, and in spite of these disadvantages, we obtained a pretty fair view of the numerous objects to be seen from this eminence.

You look over Salisbury Crag, and trace the outlines of Edinburgh as distinctly as if laid down upon a map. Beyond the city towards the west, the romantic hill of Corstorphine terminates the prospect. To the north and east, the Firth of Forth, the shores of which are sprinkled with towns and villages, stretches from its junction with the German Ocean to the base of the Grampian Hills. In this direction are also seen the tops of the Ochil mountains, so much admired and so highly praised by Sir Walter Scott. Towards the south and south-west, the Lammermuir and Pentland Hills, the latter the scene of "the Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay, rise in the distance. The environs of Edinburgh are not surpassed in beauty by the city itself, presenting a multiplicity of objects both of nature and art, which it were tedious to describe.

A violent squall of wind and rain compelled us to descend into the vale below, with all possible despatch. Between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag, there is a secluded, rural, and green retreat, entirely removed from the bustle of the city, although it may be reached by a walk of fifteen or twenty minutes. It is occupied as a pasture for sheep, which are seen grazing upon the verdant slopes of the two hills. At the opening of the valley towards the Forth, we

visited the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, seated on the brow of a precipice. The building once had a steeple, whence signals were made of vessels coming up the Firth. Near by are the traces of a hermitage, and below the rock, a spring which goes by the name of St. Anthony's well, the waters of which were supposed to possess miraculous virtues. It was a beautiful fountain; but the picturesque crag which overhung the sacred well has been wantonly broken in pieces, and the stream that issued from it choked up with the fragments.

In our way back to the hotel, we passed through the park, which is a favourite promenade with the citizens of Edinburgh, although it has been lately in some measure superseded by the charms of Calton Hill. It is attached to Holy-Rood, as is also the whole of the ground occupied by Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag. It constitutes a kind of asylum, to which the debtor may flee, and be free from arrest.

In the evening, the late Rector of the High School, and at present, Professor of Humanity in the University, honoured us with a visit of an hour at our lodgings, expressing a regret, that a long vacation in the literary institutions would deprive us of an opportunity of seeing them to advantage, and that he was to leave town the next morning, on an excursion to the sea coast, for the benefit of the health of his lady. He however imparted to us much valuable information, respecting the present condition of the University, the High School, and the literary circles of Edinburgh. The capital of the North was perhaps never more flourishing, nor more prominent in the great republic of letters, than at the present moment. A fortunate combination of circumstances has led to this ascendancy, which however is not factitious, and is therefore not likely to be transitory. A literary spirit is predominant in the metropolis, and constitutes the controlling principle in its associations. Every body reads, and a great many write. It is fashionable for both sexes to be numbered among the *litterati*, and it would be extremely difficult for a person, who has not some pretensions of the kind, to find a passport to good society. The topics embraced in the last lecture before some scientific institution, the merits of the last novel or poem which has issued from the press, are much more talked of, than balls, routes, and the ordinary fashionable amusements.

Although the Scotch have long been a scientific and literary people, the influence of the Edinburgh Review, the

writings of Sir Walter Scott, the simultaneous appearance of other publications of merit, and the efforts of Constable as a bookseller, have given a new impulse to the literary circles, and contributed liberally to the proud reputation, which the city at present enjoys. The University and other kindred institutions are all full; and in the numerous schools of learning, thousands of youth are daily undergoing that rigid system of discipline, and acquiring those stores of classical knowledge, which will prepare them to sustain the present character of the capital. The High School has proved to be an institution of such undoubted utility, that another large building of the same description is now going up on Calton Hill, and will soon be completed.

The kindness and liberality of our new and learned acquaintance redoubled the regret, that circumstances would not at present permit us to enjoy more of his society. His familiarity with every part of Scotland was of great service to us. He was so obliging, as to take a map of the country, and trace out the several routes, designating on each the objects most worthy of particular notice. By these attentions of our friends at Edinburgh, we ascertained what was to be seen at almost every mile of our subsequent tour, enjoying too the benefit of their remarks on the relative interest and importance of scenes, which were about to be visited.

On the following morning, we went to the southwest part of the town, to breakfast with a gentleman, to whom letters from an intimate friend in New-York had given us an introduction. He holds an eminent rank in the medical profession, as well as in the scientific circles of the city. His library, where he received and entertained us while breakfast was preparing, is large and select, being particularly rich in books on natural history and the collateral branches of medicine. Say's elegant work on entomology lay upon the table. It had just been sent him by his friend and correspondent in New-York. He very liberally accorded to our countrymen the credit of doing more in this department of science, than has ever been done in Scotland, where it has been comparatively neglected, and can at present boast of no very eminent votary. It would, in fact, be difficult for any country, whatever may be its pretensions, to exhibit a more splendid work than the one in question.

Although the Doctor is probably in the habit of bestowing less attention on his table than on his library, the repast was

served up in a neat but simple style, and an hour or two passed very pleasantly in the society of his family. His conversation made us acquainted with the present condition and reputation of the medical school in Edinburgh, which has long been celebrated for its eminence and the number of its graduates. From what I have been able to learn, however, since my arrival in this country, I am inclined to doubt whether it sustains that relative rank among medical institutions, which it once did. In the opinion of better judges than myself, the schools of London and Dublin are leaving it behind, while those of Paris are already half a century in advance of it. This comparative declension is ascribed to a rigid adherence to the old *regime* in medical science, and to a tardiness in keeping pace with the improvements of the age, which the lights of philosophy have introduced.

While sipping our coffee and participating in the proverbial bountifulness of a Scotch breakfast, the Doctor amused us with a great variety of anecdotes, relating to some of the most prominent scientific men of the present day. The early history of the Professor of Philosophy in the University, who fills the office with so much eminence, was peculiarly interesting. He is of humble origin, and if I am not mistaken, once acted in the capacity of a cow-boy. He commenced his career as a mathematician, and gave indications of his genius, by drawing diagrams and solving geometrical problems with a stick in the sand. He at length had the good fortune to find a patron and a friend, who afforded a fairer opportunity for the developement of his talents.

Several pleasant anecdotes were also related of the Rev. Mr. Buckland, author of a celebrated work on Organic Remains, which were discovered in some of the caverns of England. He is said to be very enthusiastic, and too prone to make facts bend to his theory. His work has been severely handled, and it is problematical whether it can be sustained.\*

On our return from this morning visit, we resumed a survey of the town, by ascending Calton Hill, which is within fifty rods of Waterloë Place. A magnificent gate-way and flight of stone-steps lead from Prince-street to the brow of the eminence, the side of which, next to the road, is planted

\* In October, 1826, we saw this gentleman at Geneva, in Switzerland, where he made an extempore address before one of the learned societies, on the subject of his favourite pursuits.

with evergreen. The top is surmounted by a stately monument of stone, something like 100 feet in height, and perhaps 20 feet in diameter, erected by the citizens of Edinburgh in memory of Lord Nelson. Its entrance at the base is ornamented with a model of the admiral's ship at the battle of Trafalgar, and with some other naval emblems, as also with an inscription recording the achievements of the hero.

The top of the tower is finished with double balustrades, and presents a charming view of the city and its suburbs. From this eminence, the new town, which is seated on a gentle declivity sloping towards the Forth, is seen to better advantage, than from any other point of observation that had yet been visited. Every street, and almost every building may be examined. One is never tired of gazing at such a place as Edinburgh; and we passed more than half an hour on Nelson's monument, with a pocket compass and map in our hands.

On the summit of the same hill stands the Observatory, which is a small, neat building, but contains nothing of any interest. There are no astronomical or philosophical instruments, except one or two horizontal thermometers in the open air. It is in contemplation to erect a splendid monument to the memory of the late Professor Playfair, near the Observatory; and also to place a Grecian temple, in imitation of the Parthenon, on the site of Nelson's monument, which is to be removed. The sum of 20,000*l* has already been subscribed towards this object. A distinguished member of the committee informed us, that the work is to be commenced immediately, and if the funds do not hold out, the temple will assume the appearance of a classical ruin so much the sooner!

From Calton Hill we walked to Holy-Rood, once the palace of the kings of Scotland. Its situation is low, in the oldest and filthiest part of the town. If it possessed any elegance, it could not be seen to advantage, on account of the surrounding buildings. As it is, nothing is lost to the spectator; for the palace is in a shattered condition, and at present partly concealed by scaffoldings in making repairs. Half a dozen turrets rising from the battlements are the only features to distinguish it from other structures.

The usual rounds of Holy-Rood commenced with an examination of the Royal Chapel, or Abbey, which is certainly a magnificent ruin, although it has no accompaniments of

scenery in its immediate neighbourhood, to render it interesting. It owes its foundation to David I. King of Scotland, into whose hand a cross was miraculously put, which frightened away a stag that furiously attacked him, while engaged in the chase. In an age of superstition, a chapel to the virgin testified his gratitude for the preservation of his life. It has since undergone many revolutions. Half a century ago, the roof and the upper ranges of pillars fell in, and in this situation the building now remains. Its length is about 150 feet, from east to west, and its breadth 70. It is of a mixed order of architecture, being in the style of the 12th century. The sepulchral monuments, with which it is filled are not remarkably interesting, although the ashes of kings are mingled with the ruin. David II. Prince Arthur, son of James IV. who fell at Floddenfield, James V. his queen with two children, and Henry Darnley, all repose in a common tomb, near the south-eastern corner of the chapel. The royal sepulchre appears to be in as sad a condition as the rest of the Abbey, although a padlock guards it against the intrusion of spectators.

In the Palace itself there is very little worth seeing—certainly nothing to compensate the visitant for the exorbitant expense of passing through the hands of six or eight separate guides, who understand the division of labour, and the art of securing fees, as well as the showmen in the tower of London. The frequent demands at the doors of the several apartments produced a kind of rebellion in our party, which did not however openly break out, till our arrival at the last portals. We were conducted successively through the suite of rooms appropriated to the Count D'Artois during his exile;—through the picture gallery, 150 feet long, and 30 wide, filled with likenesses of all the Scotch monarchs, whose faces, painted by De Witt, a Dutch artist, bear a most unfortunate resemblance to one another;—into the hall which was purposely fitted up for the accommodation of his majesty, on his recent visit to Edinburgh, and in which he gave his levees to ladies and gentlemen of the north;—and last, to the chambers consecrated by the loves and tragic misfortunes of Mary. Her bed, chairs, tables, and other furniture are still preserved; and the aged portress kept an eye on us, lest the example of others should be followed in clipping a shred of the tapestry. She pointed out the little bed-room, in which Mary and her paramour Rizio were at supper, when

the assassins entered by a back door, and stabbed the latter, dragging him while yet bleeding from many wounds, through several apartments. Our faith was put to the test by an exhibition of the stains of his blood upon the floor, which have not been washed away by all the royal scrubs of the last three centuries, who flapping their mops have exclaimed, I suppose, in the language of another regicide queen—"Out damned spot! out, I say!—Here's the smell of the blood still."

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## LETTER XXIII.

EDINBURGH CASTLE—REMINISCENCES OF ALLAN RAMSAY AND ROBERT BURNS—PROFESSOR OF NATURAL HISTORY—NATIONAL PRISON—CEMETERIES—UNIVERSITY—LIBRARY—BOTANIC GARDEN—MARKET—GRAY FRIARS CHURCH—LIBRARIES OF THE ADVOCATES AND WRITERS TO THE SIGNET—OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE—HIGH SCHOOL—VISIT TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

*September, 1825.*—Our next visit was to the Castle, founded upon a rock, the western face of which is upwards of two hundred feet above the beautiful green plain which skirts its base. A richer prospect can scarcely be conceived, than was presented at evening from the battlements of this fortress. The eye takes in a wide circle, crowded with interesting objects both of nature and of art. Far below the parapet, the spectator looks down upon the most luxuriant fields on one side, and the turreted city on the other. The castle occupies about six acres of ground, and from its commanding situation possesses great strength. Cromwell of course once laid siege to it; but its military history is not peculiar or important. It is at present garrisoned by a regiment or two, who lead an inactive as well as inglorious life, finding sufficient time for quaffing ale, which may be obtained in several of the apartments, without the trouble of making a sortie from the bulwark.

The keeper took us into a small room, artificially lighted, to see the regalia of the former kings of Scotland, constituting nearly all of royalty which has been left to the nation. These insignia, though few in number, transcend in interest



a similar collection of gewgaws in the tower of London. Here was seen the crown of gold, studded with gems, made 511 years ago, for Robert Bruce, and worn by his successors, including Mary Stuart, down to Charles II. Here too we enjoyed the signal privilege of handling and examining minutely the sacred ermine, used for making the massive diadem press less heavily upon the brow. The collection also contains the sceptre and the rod of office, together with a sword five feet in length, presented by Pope Julius II. They are all splendid—all glittering with diamonds, rubies and emeralds.

Our guide led us to a little room, not more than eight feet by ten, in the south-eastern corner of the castle, which was occupied by Mary, and in which her son, James I. of England was born. It is tastefully finished, and but just large enough for a bed. From a solitary window in front, the infant monarch was let down a precipice of two hundred feet, in a basket. Such were the romantic adventures of that age.

In the course of this afternoon, we visited the house which Allan Ramsay, the celebrated Scotch poet, built, and lived to occupy many years. It is a curious octagonal structure, two stories high, seated on the brow of the central hill, not far from the castle, with an extensive garden looking down into North Lock, between the old and new town. The mansion has been so fortunate as to find a literary successor, and is now inhabited by Mr. Baird, Principal of the University. Some pains were taken to find the house which Hume the historian occupied; and likewise the one, in St. James' Court, where Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, lived, and for some days entertained the Doctor, when on his way to the Hebrides. One of the highest houses in the city was ascended by a dozen flights of steps, to make inquiries of a Mr. Simpson, an elderly gentleman, who knew Boswell, and obligingly put us upon the right track.

Besides having our literary curiosity gratified, by an examination of the very rooms which the moralist and his biographer had consecrated, we enjoyed an opportunity of learning the construction of the houses in the old part of Edinburgh, which was formerly the head quarters of fashion. They are eight, ten, or even twelve stories high, each of which, called a *flat*, is inhabited by one or more families. You may frequently see lawyers, physicians, mechanics and

milliners issuing from the same tenement, although they are perhaps wholly unknown to one another. The highest house in the town, said to have been fourteen stories, was burnt down last winter. A curious term is made use of by the Scotch, in the leases of buildings and lands. Notices were seen posted up in various places of "*lots to feu*." I believe the word expresses a peculiar kind of tenure, and is probably the root of the epithet *feudal*.

As a proper sequel to our researches for the residence of Ramsay, Hume, Boswell, and Johnson, we hunted up a small tavern in Liberton Wynd, which was a favourite resort of the poet Burns, where he used to meet his boon companions, sip Johnny Dowie's ale, and talk away the night. Our hostess showed us into the very room in which these nocturnal sessions of kindred spirits were held. The name of the bard is inscribed on the door, and his bust in bronze adorns the interior of the room, which is not more than five feet by ten, without a window. There is a tiny fire-place in one corner, which would be scarcely large enough for the cookery of Queen Mab. An oaken table is placed in the centre, with fixtures around the wall, on which the "favoured and enlightened few" were wont to sit and hold high colloquies. The slab of oak was alternately used as a festive board, and a table on which Burns wrote several of his finest pieces—among others, his address to Edinburgh, and his dedication "to the noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt," an extract from which is inscribed on his tomb. He also here wrote some humorous lines, addressed to "Johnnie Dowie," who kept the inn for fifty years. One of the party used to sing them for the amusement of mine host. The original of the verses was shown to us, as also the letter enclosing them. A copy was taken by one of our party.

Although there is nothing very inviting in the appearance of the tavern, curiosity prompted us to dine on a bowl of barley broth, and a mutton chop, with a glass of ale, served on the old oaken table. The landlord, not being able to appreciate our motives, in vain attempted to persuade us to go to a larger and better room. After dinner, at the request of our hostess, the widow of Johnnie Dowie, who has retired on a handsome income, and lives at the next door, came to our room, and related many anecdotes of the poet and his companions; whom she remembers perfectly well. They were accustomed to sit to a late hour, and sing over their

ale, the songs which Burns had composed. She is now at the age of 75, and has frequently seen David Hume, as well as other great men of the Scottish metropolis. She recollects the day when there was not a single house in the new part of Edinburgh, which is now the largest and finest section of the town.

A letter of introduction from a friend in New-York, had secured an invitation to sup, at ten o'clock, with the Professor of Natural History in the University. He lives in one of the splendid houses which form the double crescent or amphitheatre around the Royal Circus, in the new part of Edinburgh. Nothing can exceed in neatness and elegance the buildings about this area. The Professor has a beautiful suite of rooms, which were filled with ladies and gentlemen. Two of the former were at the piano, playing and singing one of the sweet songs of Caledonia, with a group of listeners gathered round them. The delicacy of speaking of a private party should perhaps prevent me from saying in this place, that the ladies of Scotland are often handsome, uniformly intelligent, and always agreeable, manifesting less fondness for show, and more simplicity of manners, than their southern neighbours.

One of the sisters of the Professor did the honours of the drawing-room. It was a mixed party, many of whom were from distant parts of Scotland, and had been called together by that spirit of hospitality, for which the country is so distinguished, and which was well exemplified in the sociability and festivity of the evening. A genteel, pleasant young lady from the Orkneys was present; and a Colonel from the Highlands gave a favourable specimen of the social virtues and agreeable manners of his clan.

Among the most distinguished of the company was the Professor of Mathematics in the University, who has done much in his department, and by unequivocal proofs of his talent, earned the high reputation which he enjoys. But he brings none of the dust of the closet into society, and the easy flow of his conversation and pleasantry, is far from being measured with the precision of angles. I was charmed to see with what affability science could bend to beauty; and to hear with what freedom and naivete a group of young ladies importuned him, to appoint a night, when they might peep at the moon, or Venus, through his telescope. He conversed much about our country, and seemed willing to

accord to distinguished individuals the fame they have acquired. Among other things, he spoke of a Professor of the same name as himself, and the author of a work on the same subject, which had employed his pen, who had been severely reviewed in Silliman's Journal. At first he supposed his own treatise had been assailed by a transatlantic critic ; but afterwards ascertained, that by a curious coincidence of names, titles and publications, the article in the Journal did not mean him.

The Professor of Natural History, who has a good deal of reputation to lose, and is careful not to risk it by injudicious publications, is at present placed in much the same predicament. A namesake of his has recently published a work, of which the Professor is not ambitious to be considered the author, but which, in the confusion of names, is ascribed to his pen. With some his eminence will probably give currency to the book, and his friends are fond of rallying him with inquiries, as to its sale and success.

At about 12 o'clock, both the ladies and gentlemen were promiscuously seated round several tables, and a cold supper, with various kinds of fruit, was served up in handsome style. Wine and punch circulated briskly. The whiskey, water and sugar were sent round unmingled, and each tempered his glass to his own taste. An hour passed very pleasantly at the table, when judging from my own feelings, the company retired highly gratified with the generous hospitality of the board, and the social enjoyments of the evening.

The next morning we visited the National Prison, which is situated on the brow of Calton Hill, a few rods from Waterloo Place. It has a magnificent exterior, which viewed in connexion with the Bridewell and the Governor's residence adjoining it, crowned with turrets, resembles a castle, and was actually taken for one, as it was passed in our entrance into Edinburgh. The interior is constructed on the plan of the benevolent Howard, and its comforts would have been gratifying to the feelings of that eminent philanthropist. Its apartments are spacious, clean, and dry. In the rear are extensive walks, where the prisoners find ample space for exercise, breathe a pure air, and enjoy the cheerful beams of the sun. The keeper conducted us through the wards, and designated the most remarkable prisoners. One of the females had been banished, her term of exile expired, she returned to her country, and was now going the rounds a se-

cond time. There was an old man in chains, with a wild and piercing eye, who was constantly talking to himself in incoherent language. He had been imprisoned twenty-nine years for murder, and is doomed to drag out the remainder of his life in this wretched condition.

From the prison we went to the next door, and examined the Bridewell for the city and county, to which convicts cannot be sentenced for more than two years. It is under the superintendence of the same officer as the prison. Both buildings are of stone, four stories high, and richly finished. The construction of the Bridewell is peculiar. A semicircular tower rises in the centre, through which there are narrow openings, commanding a full view of all the cells of the convicts, ranged in a concentric semicircle. In front are grates and blinds, which prevent the tenants from seeing one another, although their movements may be watched from the observatory in the centre. It is a kind of panorama, where all sorts of mechanical operations are going on. Some are spinning, some weaving, and others sewing, while the males are employed at their several trades. An artist would here find a good subject for a picture. A lassie at her wheel was solacing her labour by a sweet Highland air. Others of a graver turn were reading the bible, a copy of which is appropriated to the use of every convict, and was found lying upon the pillows of the neat and comfortable beds. In the basement, a tread-mill was seen in motion. Its power is entirely wasted. Machinery was once attached to it; but on experiment, it was found to be unprofitable, and has been given up. The construction and police of this penitentiary exceed any thing of the kind that I have seen in Europe.

Our next call was at the cemetery adjoining the Bridewell, chiefly for the purpose of visiting the tomb of the historian Hume. The monuments in this burying-ground, as well as in another, on the declivity looking towards Holy-Rood, are upon a large scale, some of them more nearly resembling the abodes of the living than the narrow mansions of the dead. They are all of the same materials as the new part of the town, and being neatly, though not sumptuously finished, have a rich appearance. The inscriptions are generally simple, and speak much in favour of the public taste of Edinburgh. Hume's monument is on an eminence in a conspicuous part of the cemetery, and shows to good advantage from Prince's-street. It is a kind of mausoleum, in the

shape of a tower, with a niche in front containing a beautiful urn in memory of the wife of David Hume, a nephew of the historian. The latter died a bachelor. His tomb bears the following inscription, which is all that such a name could need: "David Hume, born April 26th, 1711; died August 25th, 1776." In a little enclosure, at the base of this mausoleum, rest the remains of Professor Playfair, without a stone to designate the spot. He is not, however, to be neglected, as has already been mentioned. His memory is held in universal respect by the citizens of Edinburgh, who duly appreciate his scholarship and fame.

Returning to the hotel and taking a guide, we set out on a walk to Jenny Dean's house, at the foot of Salisbury Crag. The route led us by the former residence of John Knox, the Reformer. From one of the windows of the old building, which is yet standing, he preached to the multitude below; and in one of its corners, there is a rude likeness of the holy man, with his finger pointing to the words, "*Θεός, Deus, God,*" engraven upon the wall. His birth and death are recorded beneath, with some uncouth decorations. A barber now occupies the mansion, who is said to illuminate his shop on the natal day of the Reformer. On the front of a house opposite, are two antique, odd figures in relief, originally without a name; but some successor to the architect, to prevent all further trouble in guessing at the device, has labelled their backs with "Adam and Eve."

Curiosity induced us to step for a moment into the Canon-gate Talbooth, which is a kind of court and prison, united in the same building. It contains a likeness of Nelson, and also of Lord Melville, with the inscription—*sic itur ad astra*—which would seem to import, that the road to immortality is through the Talbooth. Among the decorations of the hall is a tattered stand of colours, presented by Queen Mary.

The church-yard in Canongate detained us half an hour, in looking at its sepulchral monuments. There is one erected at the expense and under the superintendence of Robert Burns, to the memory of his favourite poet Fergusson, who died young and universally lamented. The inscription is from the pen of his eminent successor and friend.

In the shade of the wall, near the entrance of the church-yard, is the grave of Adam Smith, the author of the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and of the *Wealth of Nations*. A tablet records his birth in 1723, and his death in 1790. He was

a native of Kirkaldy, in Fifeshire. Close by his side repose the ashes of the celebrated Dr. Gregory, without the slightest index, except the finger of the old sexton to tell where he lies. The sun never shines upon his grave, which is overgrown with rank grass and plantain.

Leaving Canongate, we pursued our way towards the far-famed residence of Jenny Deans. The house was at length found, and a communicative old lady who is its present tenant, conducted us through the several apartments, not forgetting the one whence the heroine was taken. It is a small one story building, with antique mean rooms, and large fire-places. But it is not my intention to furnish illustrations of the Waverly novels, which would be an endless task ; for there is scarcely a rood in Scotland, to which the pen of this popular and voluminous writer has not imparted a charm. The aged matron informed us, that Sir Walter paid her frequent visits at the time the Heart of Mid-Lothian made its appearance, and conversed with her as freely as " any ither person."

On our way back, we visited the University, although under great disadvantages, as it is at this season deserted by its officers and students, and every thing was in confusion, in consequence of a splendid addition which is making to the pile of buildings, for the accommodation of the Library and other purposes. The new hall is two stories high, with colonnades in the richest style of Grecian architecture. It will soon be completed, and the books belonging to the University be collected from the several apartments, through which they are now scattered. The old part of the college edifice is a stately pile, and presents a magnificent front, with lofty arches leading to an open court in the centre. There is a curious inscription on the wall, stating the year in which the building was erected, and dedicating it "*Christo et Musis.*"

The Professor of Natural History here joined us, and was so obliging as to take us to the large Hall, where the government of the University hold their meetings. It is neatly finished, and its walls are adorned with portraits of Napier, Hume, Robertson, and other great men of Scotland. From hence he accompanied us to the Library, containing about two hundred thousand volumes. At his request, the librarian opened a large chest, filled with a variety of antiquities and rare curiosities. Among other things, he showed us a copy

of the Bible in the Hindoo language—several old and valuable manuscripts—a large number of beautiful illuminations—a transcript of the Koran, written on a slip of parchment an inch and a half wide, and fifteen feet in length—and the original Protest against the burning of John Hesse for heresy, signed by the German nobility, and sealed in a singular manner by a string of wax knobs, extending quite round the border of the parchment.

To these favours, the Professor added the very acceptable one of giving us a note to the superintendent of the Botanic Garden, which is about a mile from town on the road towards Leith, and for which we immediately set out. It contains ten and a half acres of ground, situated on a gentle declivity, and commanding a full view of the new town of Edinburgh, the Castle, and the romantic scenery in the suburbs. A substantial wall eight or ten feet high surrounds the whole area. The several compartments are tastefully laid out, and filled with plants, shrubbery, and trees, collected from all parts of the world. There is an artificial lake in a central part of the garden, for the cultivation of the water-lily and other aquatic plants. Eight large hot-houses are warmed to a proper temperature, by pipes leading from a common chimney. We went through all of them, and saw a great variety of exotics, among which was an extensive collection of heaths from the Cape of Good-Hope. Several species of the fig-tree were observed, one of which possessing a parasitical and chamelion-like nature, clings to a perpendicular wall, and has flourished for many years without any other nutriment than air. Besides the usual appurtenances, a convenient lecture-room is attached to the Garden, where a Professor gives a course of instructions at the proper season.

Our walk back to town afforded us another opportunity of admiring the streets, squares, crescents, and monuments, which cover the declivity descending towards the waters of the Forth, and constituting the new part of Edinburgh. Unlike the other sections of the city, it improves on a close inspection. Several churches have recently gone up, and the Gothic structure, in imitation of the chapel of King's College at Cambridge, is one of the most beautiful buildings I have ever seen.

By way of variety, we walked up the street which leads under the bridge on Prince-street, and saw horses, carriages,



and people passing a hundred feet above our heads. A noble arch spans the passage below, and affords a firm support to the incumbent road. Our rambles were continued under the North Bridge, to the Loch which is now occupied as the principal market, abundantly supplying a population of 150,000 with meats, vegetables, and fruits of good quality. West of the market-place there is a large open area, laid out in gardens, and beyond these, an artificial mound extending across the ravine, and containing a million and a half loads of sand. It forms one of the links to connect the old and new town, and is crowned with several buildings.

Ascending through the market to High-street, we traversed Cowgate, occupying the deep valley between the central hill, and the southern district, to Grey Friars Church, for the purpose of looking at the monuments in memory of Allan Ramsay and other eminent men entombed here. The poet's tablet is placed on the external wall of the church, eight or ten feet from the ground, and bears the following inscription:—"In this cemetery was interred the mortal part of an immortal poet, Allan Ramsay, author of the Gentle Shepherd and other admirable poems in the Scottish dialect. He was born in 1686, and died in 1758."

"Though here you're buried, worthy Allan,  
We'el ne'er forget your Canty Callan;  
For while your soul lives in the sky,  
Your Gentle Shepherd ne'er can die."

Near this memorial, is a handsome tablet in memory of Dr. Blair, the eloquent divine, and author of Lectures on Rhetoric. He was born in 1718, and died in 1800. A classical inscription adorns his tomb. Hard by reposes another distinguished man, Colin Maclaurin, Professor of Mathematics in the University, and a profound scholar.

This walk afforded us a view of Heriot's Hospital, which is one of the largest and most venerable edifices in the city. It was built and founded by the munificence of the individual, whose name it bears, and has been the means of administering comfort to thousands of inmates. The charitable, as well as other public institutions of Edinburgh, are upon a large scale, and reflect the highest credit upon its citizens.

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, which was so busily employed as to leave no time for dining till dark, the splendours of an unclouded sky tempted us to pay another

visit to Holy-Rood, for the purpose of viewing the ruins of the Abbey by moonlight. The portress, who was a clever and talkative widow, led the way and conducted us up a flight of steps to the shattered wall of the Chapel, whence the whole could be surveyed. It was a silent and impressive scene. The gleams of moonlight, glancing through antique windows and broken arches, slept quietly on the tombs below, imparting an additional solemnity to the cemetery, and seeming to deepen the repose of the dead.

Next morning we paid a visit to Constable's Literary Rooms, which are the head-quarters of a fashionable lounge at Edinburgh. They are situate on Prince-street near the North-Bridge. The lower story is occupied as an extensive bookstore. On the second floor, there is a large hall, or library, with a table in the centre covered with reviews and other publications, for the amusement of visitants. Handsome busts of Mr. Jeffrey and Sir Walter Scott are the presiding geniuses of the hall.

Thence we went to the libraries of the Advocates and Writers to the Signet, the latter term designating a species of lawyers, chiefly employed in conveyancing. The building appropriated to these extensive collections of books, stands on High-street, near St. Giles' Church, and within a few paces of the site of the Old Talbooth, which figures so largely in the Waverly Novels. It is 140 feet long, 40 wide, and as many in height. The library for the use of Writers to the Signet occupies the lower story. It contains about 40,000 volumes, a large proportion of which relate to the law and its collateral branches. The books are contained in deep alcoves, with a stand in each for reading and writing.

The Advocate's Library, occupying the upper story, is in all respects superior to the other. It contains 150,000 volumes, comprising one of the richest collections of legal science in the world, besides many curious manuscripts, among which is a translation of the Bible into the Malay language. The hall itself is a splendid specimen of architecture, the ceiling being supported by ranges of Corinthian pillars, ornamented with a lofty dome in the centre, bearing paintings of Apollo and the Muses, Demosthenes, Cicero, Homer, Virgil, Bacon, Newton, Milton, Shakspeare, and other eminent men. These valuable libraries in the capital, which is the principal seat of justice for the whole of Scotland, are a very great convenience to the lawyers, who can

step in at any moment, and consult the authorities of every age.

Adjacent to these rooms is the old Parliament House, now occupied by the Courts of Justice. The principal hall, 120 feet long, 40 wide, and 40 high, is a most singular and rich specimen of Gothic architecture, being entirely unique, and its complexity baffling description. Its vaulted ceiling is composed of open work, finished in oak, highly varnished and polished, with the ends of the pendent ornaments splendidly gilt. The apartment is ornamented with a statue of Lord Mansfield, and the side rooms contain busts of Chief Justice Forbes and other dignitaries of the law. There is nothing very peculiar in the accommodations of either the bench or the bar, with the exception of small boxes placed in the lobby, with the name of a lawyer labelled on each. They are designed for the reception of letters and papers, saving the trouble of disturbing the Court by calling the member out. It struck me as worthy of imitation, both in courts and in legislatures.

A fear that some unforeseen accident might prevent us from visiting Edinburgh again, and a wish to adhere to the principle of leaving nothing till to-morrow which may be seen to-day, induced us to go through the apartments of the High School, although nothing more than its construction could be learned. The edifice, rooms, and accommodations are in all respects inferior to the institution of the same kind in New-York. Its library is small, consisting chiefly of elementary books. A portrait of Alexander Adam, former Rector, and author of a Latin Grammar, ornaments the wall; and a tablet, in a conspicuous place near the entrance, contains a record of the names of all the boys who have annually signalized themselves by gaining premiums. After the full and very accurate account of this institution by the author of "A Year in Europe," who has since surpassed the original by a school of his own, I could add nothing new and nothing interesting, had I enjoyed an opportunity of seeing it to greater advantage.

One other topic will conclude my sketch of Edinburgh; and that one will give me more uneasiness than all the rest, since it is a case of peculiar delicacy. In my notices of the poets of Rydal Water and the Greta, I hinted at the misgivings of conscience which every person must feel, in making a spectacle of eminent men, and in speaking of their per-

sons, manners and conversations, with the same freedom as of inanimate nature or of an ordinary show. In most instances I have consoled myself with the reflection, that a series of familiar letters thrown off with the hope of affording a temporary amusement to my readers, would probably never meet the eyes of those gentlemen who have occasionally been made the subjects of my remarks, and that to them, a publication beyond the Atlantic would be as the affairs of another world. But in the present case, circumstances are materially different ; and if the family of whom I am about to speak should never give me another thought, they have relatives and friends in the United States, whose good opinion I would not willingly forfeit.

One of these relatives in New-York was so kind as to give me a letter of introduction to the reputed Editor of the Edinburgh Review, whose legal talents and literary attainments are almost as well known in our country, as in his own. Immediately after our arrival, the note to him, like those to others, was cast upon the waters, in a way which left it perfectly optional to show us any civilities or not. Learning from the messenger who delivered it with my address, that the gentleman referred to was at Glasgow on business, to be absent some days, I gave up all expectation of having my curiosity gratified by seeing him. He returned the next day, and did me the honour to call immediately and leave his card at the hotel, while we were out. This mark of politeness and attention was followed on the same evening by a cordial note, inviting my friend and myself to dinner, either the next day, *en famille*, or on the Saturday following, in a circle of his friends, leaving the alternative to us, as might best comport with our arrangements. As we had already made preparations for our departure towards the north as well as from other considerations, the former was preferred, and an answer was returned to that effect. Not satisfying himself with these civilities, he despatched another friendly note the following morning requesting us to come an hour before the time mentioned for dinner, and he would show us the scenery and interesting objects in the vicinity of his residence three miles from town.

At 5 o'clock we took a coach and set out for Craig-Crook, his seat, embosomed among the Corstorphine hills, in a north-westerly direction from Edinburgh. After several cross roads, leading through a rural and romantic district,

had been traversed, the house was at length discovered, surrounded and half-hidden by trees. It was once a chapel-ry belonging to Holy-Rood, and the antique building has undergone few alterations. Old fashioned turrets and the cross still crown its battlements, and give it quite a castle-like appearance. Its present proprietor has added a wing, preserving the same style of architecture. On arriving at the door, the servant led us up a narrow, winding, and ancient flight of steps, and showed us into the sitting room. He remarked that his master had gone out for a moment, to accompany some ladies as far as the road, and invited us to walk in the garden till his return.

A promenade through the grounds had scarcely been commenced, when hearing a voice behind us crying, 'halloo there!' we faced about and saw a small well built, handsome man, apparently at the age of a little more than forty, clad in a blue frock coat, white pantaloons, checked cravat, and a fashionable hat, with a riding whip in his hand, advancing towards us with a pace next to running. He came up and took us both by the hand at once apologizing for being out at the moment of our arrival. His face would have been instantly recognized from the admirable bust at Constable's. His features are striking, particularly his mouth and eye. The vivid and searching flashes of the latter, with the rapidity of his articulation, and the sprightliness of all his motions, indicate no common share of genius. His mind is so clearly depicted in his countenance, that I believe the poorest physiognomist would not take him for an ordinary man.

Remarking that we were on the right road towards the point, to which he intended to conduct us, the walk was continued through an extensive lawn, occupied as a pasture, and skirted on the west by an eminence, several hundred feet in height, clothed to the top with a grove of oak. Just within the fringe of woods, a stone wall without a gate or passage seemed to intercept our farther progress; but he promptly leaped the barrier, as if he had been used to it, and we followed his example. A winding and obscure footpath leads up the slope, and at suitable distances, as well as on the summit, rustic seats have been placed, for the accommodation of the rambler. The hill and woods do not belong to him. He remarked, that exercise was necessary for him after the sedentary pursuits of the day, and that his neighbour had permitted him to make use of this walk, and to

furnish it with resting places, whither he was frequently in the habit of resorting at evening.

The view from the rocky and woody top of the eminence is one of the widest and richest in the vicinity of Edinburgh. We reached it a little before sunset of a clear and mild autumnal day, the departing splendours of which were reflected in all their beauty from Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crag, the castle, and the distant turrets of the city. To the right, the Lammermuir hills were still in sight; and on the left the estuary of the Forth, from a point at some distance above us to its union with the ocean, sent back from its quiet waters, from its islands, from its white sails and its picturesque shores, the fading glories of evening. A rural foreground, where flocks and herds are seen peacefully grazing, and sprinkled with houses, stretches from the base of the hill to the margin of the Firth.

This walk, and the conversation which its little incidents suggested, made us better acquainted with one of the most eminent men of the age, than the intercourse of a week could have done, amidst the cold and repulsive formalities of fashionable life. His manners were at once discovered to be plain, frank, easy, and polite, reminding me every moment of one of our own distinguished lawyers. In conversation he is rather careless of his diction, bringing his mind down to the level of common-place topics in the most familiar way, seldom affording any indications of his impetuous eloquence, or the measured grandeur of his written periods. His colloquial powers, however, are said to be equal to his forensic talents, or his abilities as a writer.

On our return to the house, he presented us to his lady and little daughter, who is an only child, and hung around her parents with the most affectionate and playful fondness. The whole family possess the faculty of placing the stranger at his ease, and of rendering themselves agreeable by a cordial and unaffected politeness. In the house itself, in the furniture and ornaments of the rooms, in dress, and the style of conversation, an elegant and charming simplicity predominates; and the editor passes his summers just as every literary man would wish, in retirement, with books and a pleasant family, free from the bustle and senseless parade of the world.

At 6 o'clock we were introduced into the dining-room, and seated at the table, crowned with a series of genuine

Scotch dishes, from barley broth down to the bannock, which is a thin cake made of oat-meal. It is a national and favourite kind of bread with all classes, and I believe Dr. Johnson became reconciled to it, before his return from the Hebrides. Two species of fish from the Forth, a dessert of native fruits, half a dozen kinds of wine, one of which was old Madeira from his friends in the United States, and a round of whiskey, the usual *finale* of a Scotch dinner, were among the varieties of the festive board, which was spread with neatness, but with no marks of extravagance.

The conversation at table turned upon a variety of topics, chiefly relating to the scenes we had just visited, and those to which we were going, with both of which the editor and his lady are familiar. They are in the habit of visiting Loch Lomond twice a year, and have walked to the summit of Ben Lomond, a distance of five or six miles from the base, over a rugged road. The view from the top was described as being wide and magnificent, extending from sea to sea. With them, this mountain and lake are favourite portions of Highland scenery. Among the English lakes, the heads of Windermere, Coniston, and Ullswater were preferred. The discriminating comments of such judges were instructive and acceptable.

A circulation of "the mountain dew," (I mean round the table, and not through the warm currents of the blood,) led to some remarks on the comparative effects of beer and whiskey upon the constitution. It was stated, that from a series of well-attested facts, it had been satisfactorily ascertained, that the excessive use of the former, which leads to plethora and apoplexy, is far more pernicious than that of the latter. The contrary opinion has generally been maintained; and if this new doctrine is correct, there should be less anxiety in our country to break up the distilleries and establish breweries. Perhaps it would be an improvement to supersede the use of both, by extending our orchards and planting vineyards.

After dinner, we were conducted into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of the Editor, which contains his miscellaneous library, and in which he does his writing. It is an antique, but comfortable little room, enjoying a perfect seclusion, with a low, solitary window looking out upon the hill we had climbed. The chairs are coeval with the chapelry, and were obtained from the continent. In the centre of the apart-

ment stands an old-fashioned table, covered with green baize, and very much resembling one of those terrific stands, on which surgeons perform their sanguinary operations. To preserve the figure, I could not but think that on this fatal board many a learned dunce and literary coxcomb had writhed beneath the dissecting-knife of the Reviewer. Innocent blood has doubtless in some instances been shed ; but it is no more than justice to add, that the general character of the Edinburgh Review has been liberal, even towards the United States, in comparison with Blackwood and the Quarterly.

On returning to the drawing-room, tea was served up, and an agreeable as well as instructive conversation of an hour or two succeeded. The character of General La Fayette, and the warm reception which had been given to him in the United States, drew forth one of the finest panegyrics, and grandest flights of colloquial eloquence I have ever heard. Such an encomium, emanating from such a source, made us prouder than ever of our country. As the same liberal sentiments had but a short time before been openly expressed in a public assembly at Edinburgh, they no doubt came warm from the heart, and manifest a sincere attachment to free principles. The visit of La Fayette has been not less honourable to our country than to himself. An event of so much prominence has attracted general attention in Europe ; and all who lay claim to any liberality of feeling speak of the subject in terms of admiration. It is viewed in its proper light, as a spontaneous tribute of gratitude from a great and generous nation towards one of its early benefactors, whose services after the lapse of half a century might have been overlooked, without any positive charges of a dereliction from duty. National gratitude is generally an inert and frigid virtue, under any form of government, and its tardy and reluctant exercise has been peculiarly chargeable upon Republics. The noble example of ours is therefore placed in a stronger point of view by contrast ; and this generous burst of enthusiasm, arising from no other motive than genuine feeling, has more unequivocally developed the character of our countrymen, than half a century of little items could have done.

But I am wandering from my subject, and after so long a detail, dare not ask the reader to return even to a conversation relating to the living poets, whose respective merits



were spoken of with a frankness, perhaps with a confidence, which I will not betray. An editor, however, who is in the habit of expressing his opinions boldly through the medium of a public journal has fewer secrets than most people; and probably nothing was broached in a conversation with strangers, which would not have been expressed with the same freedom in the columns of the *Edinburgh Review*.

At 10 o'clock in the evening, after receiving as a parting favour a memorandum of the most eligible route to be pursued through the Highlands, and the warmest wishes for a pleasant tour, with an offer of any assistance which could facilitate the objects of our travels, we took leave of the family with unmingled feelings of gratitude for their kindnesses, and hastened home to prepare for our departure from town the next morning.

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## LETTER XXIV.

TOUR THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS—LOCH LEVEN—BANKS OF THE TAY—PERTH—BIRNAM WOOD—DUNKELD—PASS OF KILLICRANKIE—GRAMPIAN HILLS—INVERNESS—FIELD OF CUL LODEN.

*September—October, 1825.*—On the 30th we took places in the coach for Perth. The weather was favourable. Though the air was less soft and spring-like, than it had been for some time previous, the skies were serene, and a bright sun gilded the castellated city, as it receded from our view. We descended the declivity, which falls with a gentle slope, from Edinburgh to the Forth, and at the distance of two miles arrived at New-Haven, whence there is a ferry by steam-boat of seven miles to Burnt-Island, on the Fifeshire shore. Adjacent to New-Haven is Leith, the port of Edinburgh, and a place of some importance in a commercial point of view. It is rapidly extending towards the city, and the two will soon be united by buildings, as they already are in interests and the daily intercourse of merchants. The road between them is as much thronged as one of the streets of Edinburgh. Coaches run every half hour, carrying passengers for sixpence each.

The time occupied in transferring a great quantity of baggage to the boat, afforded us an opportunity of looking at the shipping in port, and at the docks which have been erected, for the conveniences of commerce. Nature does not appear to have done much for the harbour. It is exposed to the violence of the winds and waves, and the water is so shoal, that at ebb tide, vessels cannot come up to the wharves. Even the steam-boat was obliged to lie at a distance from the shore, and to take in her freight and passengers by the aid of lighters, occasioning much delay and a great deal of trouble, especially when the weather is bad.

Nearly half an hour was consumed in embarking, and another half hour in undergoing the same process on the other side. The steamboat, like every one I have seen on this side of the Atlantic, was narrow, crowded, and inconvenient, although sufficiently fleet in its motion. There was a heavy swell in the Forth, and in going the seven miles, I experienced more sea-sickness than in crossing the ocean. Many of the passengers were in the same predicament, and seemed little disposed to listen to the music of a robustious piper, who stood upon the prow, and like Arion endeavoured to charm the listening deep with the shrill notes of the pibroch.

Burnt-Island appears once to have been insulated, and a bridge or mound still connects it with the main. It is a small village, with a solitary, old-fashioned church, and is remarkable for nothing that I could learn, except giving birth to Michael Scott, an ancestor of Sir Walter, who was the Roger Bacon of Scotland. He was a profound scholar, and his extraordinary knowledge, in an age of ignorance and superstition, gave him the reputation of a wizard. His magical tricks are celebrated in the Lay of the Last Minstrel; and his potent wand seems to have been bequeathed as a legacy to his illustrious descendant.

The shores of Fifeshire are mountainous, rugged, and rather sterile. Kinross, the capital of the county of the same name, stands on the margin of Loch Leven, about midway between the Forth and the Tay. It is no otherwise interesting, than on account of its pleasant situation, and the romantic scenery in its vicinity. The lake is a fine sheet of water, twelve miles in circumference. Its borders, particularly to the east and north-east, are rural and picturesque. It has four islands, on the largest of which, are the ruins of a

monastery, dedicated to Saint Servanus by one of the Pictish monarchs. On another the shattered remains of Loch Leven castle are still visible from the road. It is among the hundred places to which the charms and the misfortunes of Mary gave celebrity. Here she underwent a rigorous imprisonment, till she was rescued by the gallantry of young Douglas, on the 2d of May, 1568. The coachman directed our attention to a little eminence on the shore of the lake, which yet retains the name of Mary's Knoll, where the queen and her devoted lover are said to have landed after their escape. He threw the keys of the castle overboard, which as the story runs, were fished up in 1805, and deposited in Kinross House for the admiration of travellers. But this tale was quite too incredible, to gull us out of a shilling to look at them.

At a subsequent period, the castle was besieged by the English, who adopted the novel expedient of drowning out the garrison, by building a dam across the outlet of the lake. But the wily Scotch perforated the bulwark at night, and the sudden flood swept away the army of their invaders, encamped on the bank of the stream below.

Between Kinross and Perth, the route becomes more interesting, leading by Burleigh Castle, the ancient seat of the celebrated lords of that title, and through the secluded vale of Glenfarg, deeply embosomed by the Ochils, which bear a striking resemblance to the Peak of Derbyshire, being smooth and clothed with verdure to their summits. In some places, the passage through the ravine is skirted with a growth of young forests, and scattered with a few cottages, which enjoy an uninterrupted quiet.

Three or four miles from Perth, we crossed the Earn, which is a considerable stream mingling with the waters of the Tay a short distance below. It is navigable for small vessels to the bridge, where there is a neat village, with extensive accommodations for invalids and other company, annually flocking to the medicinal springs in the vicinity. On the right of the road, is seen the village of Abernethy, once the capital of the kingdom of the Picts. Its principal attraction is an ancient tower, seventy feet in height, and similar in its construction to those which are found in every part of Ireland, where enough of them had been examined to satisfy our curiosity.

On arriving at the summit of the hill of Moncrieff, over

which the path leads, a magnificent prospect opened upon us, though not fully answering the expectations excited by perusing the description of Pennant, who terms it "the glory of Scotland." It is reported, that when the Roman legions, in their campaigns with the Picts arrived at the top of this eminence, and looked into the valley of the Tay, they exclaimed with admiration, "behold the Tiber! lo the Campus Martius!" To say nothing of the points of resemblance, the view of the fertile borders of the Tay, stretching as far as the eye can reach towards its mouth, and in a clear atmosphere embracing glimpses of the distant ocean, together with the town of Perth, seated on the bank a mile or two above, is certainly rich and picturesque. The river itself is one of the largest in Scotland, and sweeps down with a bold and majestic current through a beautiful tract of alluvion, highly cultivated and very productive. It forms one of the finest agricultural districts in the country.

We reached Perth at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately commenced an examination of the town. The politeness of a professional gentleman, residing near Inverness, who was a passenger in the coach, and who had spent several years at school in this place, afforded us very great facilities in accomplishing our objects. He devoted the remainder of the day to us, on the strength of an acquaintance formed in travelling from Edinburgh, and conducted us to whatever was most worthy of notice.

Perth is pleasantly situated on the right bank of the Tay, which is here about the size of the Mohawk at Schenectady. A magnificent bridge, 900 feet long and 20 wide, resting on ten arches, is thrown across the river opposite the town. It occupies the site of a wooden structure of the same description, built by Agricola, who here pitched his camp and founded a provincial city, which was surrounded with walls and guarded by a fortress. The view from the parapet of the bridge, embracing Scone, the former residence of the Scottish monarchs, and extending as far down as the great bend in the Tay near Moncrieff, together with the handsome seats and grounds on the left bank, presents a rich variety of scenery.

The town contains a population of about 20,000. It is well built, chiefly of light-coloured stone, which gives it a cheerful aspect. Many of the streets are neat and handsome, with the exception of closes like those of Edinburgh,

and equally dirty. Some of the public edifices, particularly the Town-Hall, and the Military Depot, built by the government, and now used as a ware-house, are rich and beautiful. In one of the churches, an inflammatory sermon preached by John Knox kindled the fire of the reformation. At its close, some of his zealous hearers assaulted a priest, who was about to say his pater-nosters, broke his images, scattered his relics, tore in pieces the pictures of his saints, and prostrated his altars. A theatre was observed in our rambles ; but the bill of fare was not sufficiently attractive to induce us to go in, after the fatigues of the day. Perth was once a place of much more importance than it is at present, owing to its contiguity to Scone, the seat of royalty, where many of the sovereigns were crowned on a stone, which was long since transferred to Westminster Abbey. At that period parliaments and ecclesiastical assemblies here convened.

In the course of the afternoon, we walked nearly a mile down the bank of the river, to examine the substantial stone quays, which extend for that distance, and the shipping in port. The vessels consist chiefly of small craft, which carry on a considerable trade with the large town of Dundee, near the mouth of the Tay. Many of them appeared to be colliers. Several ships were upon the stocks. Those of 300 tons burden can descend the river, but not come up with cargoes. In returning to the hotel, our obliging companion pointed out the Academy, which has long been a school of much eminence, and was "the play-place of his boyish years."

At 5 o'clock the next morning we pursued our journey to Dunkeld. The lawyer who had been so attentive to us the day previous, and an intelligent young gentleman, who is a descendant of one of the most prominent Highland chiefs, were extremely kind, and rendered us essential services in obtaining a knowledge of the country. A peculiar satisfaction appeared to be felt by the latter in detailing the conflicts between different clans, and in pointing to hills which had been the homes as well as the glorious fields of his ancestors. There is scarcely a mountain or a pass which has not been signalized by the prowess and the blood of a warlike, proud, turbulent, and gallant race, who on the slightest occasions appealed to the sword.

Dunkeld is fourteen miles north of Perth, and the road

between them runs along the banks of the Tay, presenting at intervals beautiful glimpses of the meanders of the river. The coach left just at the peep of dawn, and for the first few miles the scenery could be but imperfectly examined. Scone, with its palace, where once stood the throne and the palladium of the kingdom, was barely discernible on the opposite shore. It is at present the residence of the Earl of Mansfield, who has modernized every thing in the vicinity, and thereby destroyed the attractions which strangers would otherwise feel. Near this place, we crossed the bridge over the Almond, a small stream which joins the Tay just below. On its banks formerly rose the village of Bertha, which has now disappeared. It is said to have been the original site of Perth; and tradition adds, that the great battle between Galgacus and Agricola, recorded by Tacitus, was fought at the junction of the two rivers.

“What wood is this before us?” “The wood of Birnam,” answered the coachman, adopting the response of Lord Menteth to the interrogatory of Old Siward. But the moving grove of Shakspeare has all vanished except two venerable trees; and in this age of incredulity, it is questioned whether from either of these, Malcolm or Macduff, Angus or Rosse plucked a bough. A young forest has, however, sprung up in place of the one hewn down by the swords of the soldiery, and now beautifully covers the wild fell on the left of the road. On the right, at the distance of ten or twelve miles, and just discernible from this point, stood the castle of Macbeth, with its double walls, seated on a ridge of desolate hills, whither he fled after his usurpation, and defended himself till Birnam wood approached Dunsinane, and he fell by the sword of Macduff. The tragedy is founded on facts circumstantially related in the chronicles of that period.

Shortly after leaving this interesting scene, we arrived in sight of Dunkeld, charmingly situated on the left bank of the Tay, at the entrance into the Highlands. It occupies a little basin of alluvion, a mile or two in diameter, and surrounded on three sides by an amphitheatre of mountains. Several green eminences rise from the plain, and among the houses, as if they had once been islands in a lake. At the early hour of our approach, the smoke of the morning was curling in wreaths above the tops of the houses, and presented one of the most quiet images I have ever witnessed.

The venerable remnant of the Cathedral, shaded by evergreens, adds much to the picturesque charms of the village. There was once an abbey connected with the church, which was demolished during the reformation, under the influence of a favourite maxim with Knox, in relation to catholic and monastic institutions—"Down with the nests, and the rooks will fly away!"

Dunkeld was formerly an episcopal see, and a place of considerable importance; but at present it appears to be sadly on the wane. All the efforts of the Duke of Athol, in fixing here his residence, and in laying out fifty miles of walks through his grounds, have rendered the village little more than a picturesque object to the traveller. After the exterior has been seen, not much remains for admiration. There are some interesting scenes in the vicinity, but the curiosity of visiting them was overruled by the paramount desire of reaching the *Ultima Thule* of our tour towards the north, while the weather continued favourable. Contenting ourselves, therefore, with such an examination of the village as a ride across the bridge and along the banks of the Tay, with half an hour's pause at the hotel, afforded, we breakfasted at 8 o'clock, and took our seats upon the top of the coach for Inverness, a long reach of one hundred miles across the Grampian Hills.

The exit from Dunkeld towards the north is not less romantic than the approach to it from the south. Directly in front is a lofty hill, clothed with evergreens, through which the grey crags peep out upon the vale below. For some distance, the road appears to be approaching a central point of this insuperable barrier; but suddenly turning to the left, it winds round its western base, and after passing through a heavy forest, emerges upon the cheerful banks of the Tay. The river is pursued eight or ten miles towards its source, when the traveller parts with his old acquaintance, not without a degree of reluctance, and traverses the left bank of the Tummel, one of its principal branches.

At the junction of the latter with the Garry, is the celebrated pass of Killcrankie, which is reckoned among the wildest and most romantic scenery in Scotland; but in which I regretted in any measure to be disappointed. In my opinion it is far inferior to the passage of the Hudson through the Highlands; or to select instances less liable to the influence of national prejudice, it will not bear a com-

parison with the gap of Dunloe, or the pass of Borrowdale. A ridiculous story is told of the terrors of this Caledonian Thermopylæ. It is said that a battalion of Hessians, on reaching the entrance of Killicrankie from the south, overawed by the savage grandeur of the scene, suddenly halted and refused to march any farther. If there be any foundation for this tale, our party might congratulate themselves upon their comparative courage, or perhaps blush for possessing less sensibility than mercenary troops; since the defile was passed without a very strong emotion of any kind.

But let not the reader infer from these remarks, that the pass is destitute of interest, or unworthy of the notice of the traveller. I mean only to say, that my own feelings being the standard, it does not deserve the panegyrics which some have lavished on it. At the southern extremity, the opening between the mountains is narrow, which gradually widens towards the north. On the right, the hills form a continuous ridge, somewhat in the form of a crescent: on the left, they are more irregular and broken, rising stage above stage, at first deeply wooded, but terminating in naked precipitous crags. The Garry foams along in the depth of the ravine, several hundred feet below the traveller, and its faint echoes but just reach his ear. Much the most striking view is obtained from a point near the northern extremity, in looking back at the vista which has been left behind.

Just at the opening of the defile towards the Grampians, a battle was fought between a party of Highlanders, under the command of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, a gallant partisan of the Stuarts, and an English army commanded by General M'Kay. The latter was defeated, though much superior in numbers and equipments. Dundee fell in the arms of victory; and in the language of Burns,

" His latest draught of breathing left him  
In faint huzzas !"

A stone was pointed out to us, in a green field, by the side of the road, which pillowed his dying head. With him, for a time, expired the hopes of the Stuarts in that part of the country.

A little farther on is the village of Blair-Athol, consisting of a hotel, with a cluster of houses about it; and at no great distance, on the banks of the Tilt, is one of the seats of the Duke of Athol, who owns the whole of this region. He is a



descendant of a Highland Chieftain, who once fed, and could muster for war, an army of 3000 men. The estates of the present Duke are almost boundless in point of territory, though in part made up of barren rocks and irreclaimable fells. His house has little else than its size to recommend it, being naked of trees, and its exterior destitute of ornament.

The mountains in this vicinity are lofty, presenting a wild and savage aspect. Among the highest are Ben Vracky, and Ben-y-Gloe. Several deep glens open into them towards the east, affording channels for streams, or rather torrents, which dash headlong over the rocks, and form the sources of the Tay. In their descent from the hills, they present a succession of cataracts, celebrated for beauty rather than grandeur, as the quantity of water is generally small. Burns visited one of these cascades, called the Falls of Bruar, not far from the road. Finding them exposed to the glare of a summer sun, and without foliage to give them picturesque beauty, he wrote a poetical petition to the proprietor, that the barren waste around might be planted with trees. The prayer of the muse was at least for once granted, and a fine forest now adorns the brow of the hill down which the cascade descends.

It would be an ungrateful task to retrace our progress, stage by stage, across the Grampian Hills, which for many miles afforded little variety of scenery or incident, although from the novelty of the tract and its classical associations, the ride was far from being uninteresting. The whole region is wild, desolate, and inhospitable, with undulating mountains of a uniform elevation, and extending on all sides as far as the eye can reach. They are generally clothed to their summits with a coat of brown heath, which at a distance gives them a dark purple or bluish aspect, not unlike the waves of the sea. We travelled for hours, with very slight variations of our horizon. Along the road, which is smooth, but of course very hilly, are a few scattered houses and cottages, often built of no other material than turf, with a solitary door and without a window. Groups of these huts were sometimes observed; and in the whole village not a wooden frame, a brick, or a pane of glass was to be seen. A happy equality of penury seemed to prevail, and no one had reason to be envious of the comforts of his neighbour.

Farther from the road, the aspect of the waste is still more cheerless. Hill rises above hill, and range after range, in

perfect desolation. The eye searches in vain for a dwelling of any kind. Sometimes a smoke is seen curling above the heath, and a group of Highland shepherds, perhaps the descendants of "Young Norval," are wrapped in their plaids and encamped by the fire, with their dogs sleeping by their sides. Several pictures of this description met our observation in the course of the day. Nearly all the people scattered over this wide district, finding temporary abodes in the defiles of mountains, lead a pastoral, and often a wandering life. Great numbers of them were seen upon the road, driving their flocks, herds of small black cattle, and Shetland ponies, to a southern market. They uniformly wear the Highland cap, and the plaid, which, in pleasant weather, is folded up, and thrown like a broad sash across the shoulders. Among themselves they always speak the Gaelic language, and many of them cannot understand a word of English. Even our drivers, and the hostlers at the inns jabbered away in a dialect which to us was perfectly unintelligible. The language abounds in gutturals; but the tones of the Highland voice are extremely clear and musical.

Upon the height of land between Dunkeld and Inverness, we passed Loch Garry, which is a small lake, with a narrow border of green, slumbering at the base of one of the loftiest of the Grampians, which sometimes rise to an elevation of about four thousand feet above the level of the sea. One of our travelling companions informed us, that here a curious combat once took place between two Highland chieftains. The weaker party plunged into the lake to escape his antagonist, who soon followed, and they there fought with swords, keeping their heads above water, till the contest was decided. Not far from this place, Charles Edward Stuart, the Pretender, took refuge in a cave, after the battle of Culloden.

From the height of land, the scenery begins to soften, and traces of cultivation appear on the borders of the deep vale, which opens towards the north, and which frequently presents a magnificent vista of mountains. The valley is called Badenock, and was the country of the M'Phersons, one of the most numerous and warlike of the Highland clans. It is watered by the Spey, which in several places spreads into small lakes. On the shore of one of these, denominated Loch Alvie, is the cemetery of the Lairds of Cluny, where the former chieftains of the Grampian Hills repose.

At Pitmain we obtained a comfortable dinner, and soon after arrived at Belleville, the seat of James M'Pherson, Esq. son of the translator, or author, as the case may be, of *Ossian's Poems*. Here that celebrated work, the origin of which is not entirely free from doubt, was prepared for the press. It is a handsome seat, occupying an elevated situation on the slope of the mountain, and commanding a wide prospect into the vale. A neat monument in memory of the translator has been erected in the grounds near the house, beautifully shaded with trees. It is a cenotaph, as M'Pherson died and was buried in London. His son had business with the coachman, and stood some time at the gate, affording us a fair opportunity to see him. He is a good looking man, apparently at the age of about fifty, and is said to possess a literary turn, although he has never distinguished himself by his talents.

In the course of this afternoon, we met the Duke of Bedford in his carriage, with a lady, travelling towards the south in great style, having several outriders. He has a shooting lodge near Belleville, where his Grace has been amusing himself in killing woodcocks, in company with his brother-in-law, the Marquis of Huntley. A great fete was given a few days since in honour of his presence, when there was a general mustering of the clans.

Soon after passing Belleville, night closed upon us, leaving about thirty miles to be travelled in the dark. From all I could learn, we lost little, except a view of Loch Moy, so near the road, that the reflection of the stars could be seen on its quiet bosom. It is a small lake, with an island in the middle, which belonged to the clan of M'Intosh. For some time the coachman drove up and down these hills, where there are frequent terraces in the road, without lights to guide him, and to the no small peril of eight or ten passengers seated upon the top. Fortunately we reached Inverness at 11 o'clock, without accident, and with some difficulty succeeded in finding lodgings, after a ride of 114 miles during the day.

On Sunday the 2d, we attended the principal Kirk, and heard a very eloquent and excellent sermon by the Rev. Mr. Fraser. It breathed the true spirit of the Gospel, inculcating the virtues of humility, meekness, charity, and good-will towards others, and was entirely free from those illiberal principles and austere notions of piety which have been

imputed to some of the Presbyterians of Scotland. The audience was numerous, well-dressed, and remarkably attentive to the services, following the preacher while reading a daily portion of Scripture, and singing the psalms in general chorus. A peculiar plainness is generally observed in the construction and furniture of the Kirks in this country. There is no display of architectural taste; the galleries, and sometimes the pulpits are unpainted; and the pews are upon a large scale, with few of the usual appendages. In the one to which we were conducted, and which is of the same dimensions as the others, there were twenty persons, who sat without being crowded.

A tablet on the wall opposite to my seat forcibly attracted attention, and did not bespeak a very liberal spirit in the citizens of Inverness towards the Americans. It was erected in memory of a Mr. Inglis, formerly a merchant at Savannah, Georgia. The inscription states, that he was "*murdered by a band of ruffians, hired by the execrable Congress,*" on account of his fidelity to his king and country, while he was living with a friend near Charleston, South-Carolina. I do not recollect the story of this Mr. Inglis, in the history of our revolution; but it is probable he was a Tory, and shared the fate of some of his brethren. Certain it is, that the monument is a disgrace to the church, bearing upon its face a falsehood and a malice towards "the execrable Congress" of 1776, as impotent as it is ill-suited to the walls of a sanctuary. I am willing, however, to believe that the epitaph expresses sentiments entertained of our government half a century ago, rather than at the present time.

Just at evening, which was delightfully pleasant, with bright skies and an air breathing a delicious softness, we walked to a hill called Craig Phadric, a mile to the west of the town, and climbed to its top. It swells to the height of upwards of eleven hundred feet above the plain, and presents a magnificent view of the adjacent country. To the north innumerable peaks of the Ross-shire mountains bound the horizon: towards the north-east, Moray Firth spreads in a broad and silver sheet, till it mingles with the German Ocean: on the south, the dark and sterile ridges of the Grampians terminate the view: and on the west are seen several woody eminences, among which is the keel-shaped "*Hill of Fairies.*"

The landscape, forming the foreground of the picture, is

rich, rural, and highly picturesque. At a short distance in an easterly direction, the town of Inverness, with its several spires and domes, is seen pleasantly situated on both sides of the river Ness, which after many windings through a fertile vale unites with the waters of Beauly and falls into Moray Firth. Within less than half a mile of Craig Phadric, a curious eminence, called Tomnahenrick, rises like an island from the flat alluvial plain. Its shape is oblong, resembling an immense tumulus, and its sides are thinly shaded with evergreens. The Great Caledonian Canal passes between the two hills, adding variety to the scenery below.

At the foot and half way up the acclivities of Craig Phadric are deep forests of pine. Its brow is composed of naked rocks; and on the very top are the ruins of an old fort, overgrown with a tuft of trees. The ramparts of this fortress consists of vitrified stone, globules of which hang from the wall, and bear evident marks of having once been in a state of fusion. I am not sufficiently versed in the antiquities of the country, to explain the phenomenon, which has occasioned a good deal of speculation among philosophers. Similar relics are found in other parts of Scotland. The most rational supposition seems to be, that these elevated fortresses were used as beacons, and that the intensity of the watch-fires, kept burning for a long time, was sufficient to vitrify the walls.

In winding down from the summit of the hill, we accidentally stumbled upon Fingal's Chair, which is a natural niche in the rock, where tradition says the hero used to sit and survey the mountains of his empire. Some mushrooms growing near the spot led, an old Highland guide, who had voluntarily joined us at the foot of the hill, to remark that he had eaten many of those in America. On being interrogated, he stated that he served in all the campaigns on the Niagara and the northern frontier of the United States during the last war. Stripping up his trowsers, he showed a wound which he received in the leg, at the battle of Lundy's Lane, with the scene and particulars of which he was familiar, adding by way of comment that it was the hardest fighting he had ever witnessed, although he had twice before been wounded. One of our party, assuming the guise of an Englishman, remarked, "but the Americans behaved in rather a cowardly manner." "No," said the veteran, with

some warmth, "they were as brave troops as ever took the field." To an inquiry how he liked Niagara, he replied that it was a fine river and a noble cataract; but in his opinion the Oronoco was fully equal to it. This old soldier had been in the service upwards of twenty years, visiting in that time South America, the West Indies, and Canada. At length becoming tired of arduous campaigns and poor pay, he has retired to his native Highland glen, to pass the remnant of his days in penury.

On the following morning, we walked over the town, for the purpose of looking at its public buildings, and whatever else is worthy of attention. It has a population of ten or twelve thousand, and is the capital of the northern Highlands. Some of its streets are spacious and handsome. The Hospital, the Academy, the Assembly Rooms, for the accommodation of the northern gentry, at their annual meetings; and the court-house and gaol, under the same roof, are among the most stately edifices. In the lofty steeple of the latter, near its top, a horizontal fissure is still seen, which was cleft by a severe shock of an earthquake, in August, 1816. The spire was entirely broken off, and turned partly round, giving it a disjointed appearance. Several earthquakes were experienced about the same time; and by the one above referred to, the people were so alarmed as to remain whole days and nights in the open fields.

The river Ness, which flows through the town with a broad and rapid current, contributes much to its beauty and cleanliness although the water is not of sufficient depth, to form a good port, or for purposes of navigation. Ships of 500 tons burden come up within a mile of the town, and those of a smaller class much nearer. A considerable trade is carried on with Edinburgh, London, and other places.

Two bridges have been thrown across the river, one of which is a handsome stone structure, supported by half a dozen arches. On an eminence near one end of it, formerly stood an old castle, which is said to have been the scene of the murder of Duncan by Macbeth. Every vestige of it has been obliterated, and its claim to the consecration of Shakspeare's muse is questionable. Historians as well as the bard merely state, that Duncan was murdered at Inverness, without fixing precisely the *locus in quo*. It is certain that the heath, where Macbeth and Banquo met the weird sisters,

was near Fores, or Moray Firth, some distance to the east of Inverness.\*

Besides its connexion with this drama, Inverness possesses many interesting associations. It lays claim to great antiquity, and as early as the sixth century was the capital of the Pictish kingdom. In the year 1067, it was constituted a royal burgh; and its wealth several times subjected it to the capture and plunder of the Lords of the Isles. In after times, it fell into the hands of Cromwell, who demolished its ecclesiastical edifices and converted the materials into fortresses. During the last rebellion, it became the camp and head quarters of Prince Charles; but since that turbulent period, it has enjoyed an undisturbed quiet, and an unusual measure of prosperity.

Having completed a survey of the town, and the day being remarkably fine, we mounted ponies, and set out on an excursion to the Field of Culloden, distant five or six miles in a south-easterly direction. The environs of Inverness on all sides are picturesque, presenting pretty combinations of mountains, woods, and waters. Our route led us at first along the shores of Moray Firth, and thence through cross-roads by Culloden House, the seat of Mr. Forbes, heir to the estates, but not to the talents, of the late President of the Court of Sessions, whose bust was seen in the Parliament House at Edinburgh. The mansion is charmingly situated, and the grounds are laid out with much taste.

\*The incidents on which the tragedy of Macbeth is founded, are thus related in Holinshed's Chronicle:

"It fortuned as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards Fores, where the King (Duncan) then lay, they went sporting by the way together without other company, save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of elder world, whom, when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said, 'All hail, Macbeth, thane of Glamis,' (for he had lately entered into that dignity and office by the death of his father Smel.) The second of them said, 'Hail, Macbeth, thane of Cawdor.' But the third said, 'All hail, Macbeth, that hereafter shall be King of Scotland.' Then Banquo, 'what manner of women,' saith he, 'are you, that seem so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye also assign the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all?' 'Yes,' saith the first of them, 'we promise greater benefits unto thee, than unto him; for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end: neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place; where contrarily, thou indeed shalt not reign at all, but of thee those shall be born, which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent.' Herewith the aforesaid women vanished immediately out of their sight."

A mile beyond this place, and after passing through a grove of pines, we reached the celebrated Field of Culloden, where on the 16th of April, 1749, expired the last hopes of the Stuarts. Every reader will recollect the poetical description of this battle by Campbell, which in my opinion is one of the sublimest compositions in the English language, and would of itself be sufficient to immortalize his muse. The infamous Duke of Cumberland\* was at the head of the English army, and Prince Charles commanded the Highlanders in person, or rather pretended to command them; for although said to be a gallant man, he behaved in a most inglorious manner on this occasion, concealing himself in the garb of a peasant, and lingering in the corps de reserve, instead of bringing his brave countrymen to the onset. His conduct is ascribed to a full conviction of defeat, and the failure of his cause.

A wilder and more romantic arena for an engagement of this kind cannot be well imagined; although Marshal M'Donald, who paid it a visit a few months since, condemned it in a military point of view, and thought the Scotch mad to risk a decisive action on such ground. The scene of the battle is an extensive fell or moor, commanding a full view of the distant mountains, Moray Firth, and the ocean, being elevated more than a thousand feet above the latter. It is covered with brown heath, above the level surface of which a few turf cottages now rise, but have probably been constructed since the sanguinary and fatal conflict. The Duke of Cumberland approached from the east; and as the field inclines gently towards the west, he enjoyed a decided superiority in point of position. But an adventitious circum-

\* The ravages and atrocities of this monster after the battle of Culloden, are thus detailed in Smollet's History of England:—"In the month of May, the Duke of Cumberland advanced with the army into the Highlands, as far as Fort Augustus, where he encamped, and sent off detachments on all hands, to hunt down the fugitives, and lay waste the country with fire and sword. The castles of Glengary and Lochiel were plundered and burned: every house, hut, or habitation, met with the same fate, without distinction: all the cattle and provision were carried off: the men were either shot upon the mountains, like wild beasts, or put to death in cold blood, without form of trial: the women, after having seen their husbands and fathers murdered, were subjected to brutal violation, and then turned out naked with their children, to starve on the barren heaths. One whole family was enclosed in a barn, and consumed to ashes. Those ministers of vengeance were so alert in the execution of their office, that in a few days there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast, to be seen in the compass of fifty miles: all was ruin, silence, and desolation."



stance gave him a still more important advantage. A high wind, accompanied with rain, blew from the east, directly in the faces of the Highlanders, and often prevented them from seeing their antagonists.

The armies met about midway in the field, when a tremendous contest took place, and heaps of carnage strewed the ground. Trenches were opened, and thousands were buried upon the spot. Their graves are now only distinguishable by being covered with a smooth green sod, forming little patches of verdure on the desert heath. Here fell the flower of the Highland Clans, whose valour deserved a more gallant leader and a better fate. The event of this battle had a more important influence than any other cause in breaking down the chivalrous and heroic spirit of a brave people :

“ Land of proud hearts and mountains grey,  
Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung !  
Mourn dark Culloden's fatal day,  
That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung.  
Shades of the mighty and the brave,  
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell ;  
No trophies mark your common grave,  
Nor dirges to your mem'ry swell !”

Following the example of others, we sent the guide from house to house for a spade, and dug over some of the tumuli, which had already been opened in search of relics. Several interesting memorials of the place were obtained. Nearly two hours were passed upon the field, and even then it was left with a lingering regret. We visited two or three of the huts, whose tenants could neither speak nor understand a word of English. They are miserable abodes, rudely furnished, and but little superior in any respect to the wigwams of the aborigines of our country. Marshal M'Donald succeeded in finding an old woman in one of these cabins, who was at the age of twenty, in the year 1746, and who witnessed the battle of Culloden. She imparted to him a great many minute facts, relative to the incidents of the day. An ignorance of the Gaelic language rendered our inquiries less successful.

One of the most conspicuous objects to be seen from the Field of Culloden is Fort George, at the distance of four or five miles on the Firth of Moray. It is built on a peninsula, which stretches more than half way towards the opposite shore, and completely commands this great pass from the sea to the

northern Highlands. The fortress was begun the year after the battle of Culloden, and cost 160,000*l*. It covers nine acres, mounts 80 pieces of cannon, and has accommodation for a garrison of 3000 men. The ramparts appear to rise out of the sea. It is said to be the most perfect work of the kind in Great Britain, and some degree of curiosity was felt to give its construction a nearer examination. But our last day at Inverness was now fast declining, and as the time for our return towards the south had been fixed to an early hour on the following morning, we were compelled to hasten home and make preparations for our departure.

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## LETTER XXV.

ROUTE THROUGH THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS—STEAM-BOAT  
COMET—MANNERS OF THE HIGHLANDERS—CALEDONIAN  
CANAL—LOCH NESS—FALL OF FYERS—FORT AUGUSTUS—  
LOCH OICH—LOCH LOCHY—BEN NEVIS—FORT WILLIAM—  
LOCH LINNHE—CORRAN FERRY—BALLAHULISH.

*October, 1825.*—The servant awoke us at 5 o'clock, on the morning of the 4th, giving an hour to prepare for our journey, and to walk a mile to the steam-boat. We were abroad before the dawn of day, while the stars were yet forth, and the moon hung her crescent in the west. So far as our meteorological observations of a few days extended, Inverness enjoys an elysian climate. In a latitude reaching so near to the polar regions, being between the parallels of 57 and 58, ten degrees farther north than Quebec, fears were entertained that at this season the hills would be lashed by autumnal storms. But so far from encountering any inclemencies of weather, balmy gales breathed around us, and a genial sun preserved the verdure of the fields and woods in all the freshness of summer. The air during our visit of two or three days possessed a delicious softness, which I have never experienced elsewhere, not even excepting the finest portion of our Indian summer; nor those serene skies which sometimes brighten the banks of the Potomac. The morning of this day was a continuation of the same mild season; but the sequel proved, that if a clear and calm atmos-

phere always encircles Inverness, it does not at least extend far into the Highlands.

At 6 o'clock we embarked, with between one and two hundred others, on board the steam-boat *Comet*, and launched forth on the Great Caledonian Canal. The usual bustle on such occasions was repeated, and a great many farewells were waved to the Highland lassies and kilted laddies, who thronged the deck. There were all sorts of people among the passengers, who were necessarily brought into contact by the narrow dimensions of the boat, not exceeding eighty or a hundred tons burthen, with contracted cabins, and miserable accommodations of every kind. Not more than ten or a dozen persons can breakfast or dine at the same time; and a succession of tables continued the greater part of the day, the meals running into each other, so as to render it difficult to say which was which. The cook kept his fires lighted, and his kettles hot from the time of embarkation till dark; and go into the cabins at what hour you would, some one was eating. There was no respect of persons; and the miller's maxim was rigidly observed—"first come, first served." Some of the passengers, weary of waiting for their turns, or unwilling to breathe the confined air of the cabin, collected in circles on the deck, and converted trunks into tea-boards.

To persons accustomed to the splendid accommodations and the sumptuous tables on board of an American steam-boat, the contracted size and wretched fare of the *Comet* afforded but a sad specimen of the little progress, which Europe has yet made in this mode of travelling. From first to last, the whole establishment is badly managed: the boats are too small: they are apparently constructed in the worst possible manner, both for speed and comfort; the officers make bungling work in guiding them: and coarse provisions are badly cooked. After a trip in any of the steam-boats that I have yet seen on this side of the Atlantic, an American will congratulate himself on the conveniences and comforts, which the enterprise of his own countrymen has afforded him, for traversing the waters of the United States.

But the tourist seldom finds himself in a situation, which does not open some source of consolation. Adversity is said to be the best test of character, and often draws forth virtues or defects, which would escape detection amidst the unbroken monotony of prosperity. Such a multitude, subjected to so

many inconveniences, furnished an excellent opportunity for studying the dress, habits, and manners of the Highlanders, who constituted a large majority of the crowd. When the bonnetted and plaided representative of some half-extinct clan promptly rose and yielded his place to a lady, it was natural to conclude, that he was a descendant of a gallant and polite race, accustomed to pay deference to the female sex. When another was ready to share with you the *res angustæ domi*—the half of his seat, or the half of his loaf at table—it furnished evidence, that the ancient spirit of hospitality has survived the wreck of national manners. When a circle of half a dozen gathered round a table, and for hours drank whiskey punch, till their cheeks became flushed and their eyes dim, the scene but too clearly proved, that they had not forgotten their fondness for the bottle. So far as I have observed, a love of whiskey is universal among the lower classes in Scotland. Both sexes will take it in any and every shape, and in immeasurable quantities. It is as much a national drink, as beer is in England, but has a very different effect upon the constitution, producing when taken to excess, thin, emaciated forms, with sallow, smoky countenances instead of the rotundity and rosy complexion of the English.

Although “the age of chivalry is gone” with the Highlanders ; though the lofty spirit of the clans has been broken down by conquest in war, and the oppressions of the government ; and though inroads have been made upon their language and peculiar habits, by the establishment of English schools among them, and the commercial intercourse of modern times ; yet a sort of twilight of national manners still lingers upon their hills, and in some of the remoter glens, the original cast of character is preserved in its pristine simplicity. An attachment to the former modes of dress, and a fondness for music and dancing almost universally prevail. A majority of the passengers of both sexes on board the boat wore the plaid, not only in the shape of cloaks, but of coats, trowsers, gowns, and full suits. All the military and many of the citizens wear kilts, leaving the leg entirely naked from the knee downward. They even attend balls, and fashionable parties, in this costume, especially if their limbs chance to be well formed. His majesty mounted a pair of these trowsers, in his visit to Edinburgh, which exposed him to the ridicule of the higher classes of society, since it manifested

an ignorance of this part of his dominions. The kilt is peculiar to the Highlands, and by no means the national dress of Scotland.

But to return from these remarks upon the people, to the country they inhabit:—The whole of our tardy march this day was along the great Caledonian Canal, which is the most extensive work of the kind in Great-Britain, opening a chain of inland navigation through the mountains of Scotland, from the Irish sea to the Baltic. Ships of the largest burthen, with full cargoes, may pass, and occasionally have passed through this channel; but the delay in going through the great number of locks, the difficulty of navigating with sails in narrow lakes, hemmed in by mountains, and above all the enormous tolls levied by government, have led mariners almost universally to prefer the outward passage, and go north about, even between the Clyde and Moray Firth. The foreign trade carried on through this channel is next to nothing. We did not see more than half a dozen vessels in the whole extent.

The Caledonian Canal occupies the bed of the principal pass through the Highlands of Scotland, running from Moray Firth, in the north-east, to Loch Linnhe, an arm of the Irish sea, in the south-west, a distance of sixty miles, thirty-seven of which consist of navigable lakes, and the remaining twenty-three of artificial channels connecting them together. A survey of the route led to a belief, that the work could be constructed at an expense of £20,000, and an appropriation to that amount was first granted by the government. The trifling sum of £980,000 was subsequently added, making an aggregate nearly as great, as the whole cost of the Erie Canal, with an artificial excavation of 360 miles! From a careful examination of both canals, I have no hesitation in saying, that there is no part of the Caledonian which will bear a comparison with the locks of the Little Falls, and the Mountain Ridge, or even with the aqueduct at Rochester. Such is the difference between the two countries in enterprise, skill, and the mode of expending public money. The artificial part of the Caledonian Canal is 120 feet wide at top, 50 at bottom, and 20 deep. There are twenty locks in all, forty feet in width, with an average of eight or ten feet lift, the summit level being 94 feet above tide-water. Two of these are sea-locks, one at the northern extremity on Moray Firth, and the other at the head of

Loch Linnhe, where it meets the tides of St. George's Channel. The foundations of the former reach 1200 feet into the Firth, from high water mark; and a basin is connected with it, 3000 feet in length and 400 in breadth. From this dock four other locks lift the canal to the level of Loch Ness, distant eight miles, for which extent a supply of water is derived from the outlet of the lake. The construction of the locks is similar to those on the Erie canal, though in workmanship certainly inferior; and I saw nothing about this gigantic structure, which could apparently be imitated to any advantage in our country. Fifteen minutes were on an average occupied in passing a boat through a lock; which, if my recollection serves me, is about three times as long as our boatmen require.

But from a dry detail of facts, I hasten to give a concise sketch of the country, through which our march upon the waters this day conducted us, with some of the little adventures of the voyage. The society of two intelligent American tourists from New-England, and of two graduates from Oxford, all on the same errand with ourselves, served to alleviate the inconveniences and heighten the enjoyments, to which I have already alluded. If Highland scenery chanced to grow tame, and a crowd of strangers ceased to excite interest, there was always a resource in the conversation of our little circle.

No complaint however can fairly be made of a want of a sufficient variety of natural objects on this route, to keep the attention awake, and excite the curiosity of the traveller. Loch Ness opens a beautiful vista through the mountains for a distance of twenty-four miles, in a line so direct, that it may be seen from end to end. Its shores near the margin are deeply wooded, and the hills on either side rise in bold and lofty swells. Its breadth is uniformly about a mile, giving it a striking resemblance to the passage of the Hudson through the Highlands. A profound abyss yawns below, which is said to be in some places six or seven hundred feet deep, with almost perpendicular banks. Owing to its great depth, it never freezes, and the vapour rising from the surface in the frosts of winter has led to the popular belief that it rests on a bed of subterranean fires. Its waters are dark, and are said to possess cathartic properties, ascribed to the decomposition of vegetable matter. The great earthquake at Lisbon in 1755 rocked this remote little glen, cra-

dled among the mountains, and the lake tumbled in tremendous tides towards the south-west.

Several deep, wild, and romantic glens open laterally from the mountains into Loch Ness. The first of these on the right, in descending from the north, is called Glen-Urquhart, the seat of the Grants. It is watered by two streams, which form a little bay at their junction with the lake. On a promontory projecting boldly from the shore, are seen the ruins of Castle Urquhart, once the strong-hold of a Highland chief. Edward I. of England is said to have captured it after a gallant defence, and to have put the Governor and garrison to the sword.

At a distance of a mile from the left shore of the lake, are the falls of Fyers, which certainly make a great noise on paper, whatever may be the reality. When we took passages at Inverness, the captain of the steam-boat promised to set us ashore, and give us an opportunity to look at them. On arriving opposite the place for landing, the request was renewed, and the steward was sent below in search of him, but made a return of *non est inventus*. Our companions from Boston, who had been at the expense of a ride from Inverness to the cascade, consoled us with the assurance, that little had been lost by the forgotten promises of our commander; that there is no water; and that nothing is to be seen save a skeleton of rocks. Dr. Johnson paid a visit to this spot in his northern tour, and gave it celebrity by one or two of his sonorous periods. Tourists who quote him, take care to leave off precisely at the point, where he begins to complain of a drought. Justice perhaps does not require them to give evidence against themselves; but if they choose to cite the Doctor as a witness, they should surely permit him to tell "the *whole* truth." If the representations made to us were literally true, he might have added, that his twenty-four dishes of Mrs. Thrale's tea would produce as fine a cascade. But let me not speak lightly of a scene, which Johnson deigned to honour with a paragraph, and Burns, with a poetical stanza. The former of these two distinguished men here took his departure for the Hebrides, passing up Glen-Morrisson, on the opposite shore of the lake.

The boat reached the head of Loch Ness about noon. Here is another piece of artificial canal, with six locks of the ordinary lift and construction. An hour and a half was

occupied in passing them, affording the passengers ample time to visit Fort Augustus, which stands in a delightful situation at the south-western end of the lake, commanding from its battlements a view towards the north, extending twenty-two miles through the vista of mountains. The shores of the lake become much bolder and loftier as you approach its head, and this circumstance added to the natural effect of distance, produced a perfect perspective reaching along the narrow sheet of water, which had just been traversed. The fortress is strong and well built, but from its position might be easily battered down by cannon planted on the neighbouring hills. It was taken and nearly demolished by the Highlanders in 1746, occasioning a heavy expense to the government for repairs. At present it is dismantled, and has a garrison of only a corporal and seven men to guard the works, which might very easily have been stormed by the multitude of passengers, who rushed to the parapet. A small village has risen round the fort, which seems to be entirely secluded from the rest of the world.

Returning to the boat, and passing an artificial channel of five miles, we entered Loch Oich, which is one of the smallest in the chain, being only two or three miles in length. It constitutes the summit level of the canal, and is fed by the river Garry, which rushes from the bleak summit of the Grampian Hills, where its source was spoken of on our passage from Perth to Inverness. Its shores are wild and solitary, but in character do not differ materially from those of Loch Ness.

From this little lake, an artificial communication, two miles in extent and in some places forty feet deep, leads into Loch Lochy, the waters of which are raised to the height of fifteen feet, by a dam at the outlet, to bring the surface to a level with Loch Oich, and to save the expense of excavation. As what is gained by this contrivance is lost by the necessity of two additional locks in the descent into Loch Linnhe, I was unable to appreciate the ingenuity and wisdom of the engineer. It struck me, that some part of the one million sterling might have been saved by a series of locks, instead of the expensive excavation of forty feet, especially as the summit level has an ample supply of water. But it is no concern of mine, how much money the British government squandered for the benefit of the Highlanders. Other millions might have been expended without making



full reparation for the wrongs and outrages inflicted upon a gallant people, by carrying a war of desolation into their peaceful vales, in the manner already alluded to, after the battle of Culloden :

“Where once they ruled and roamed at will,  
Free as their own dark mountain game ;  
Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel  
A longing for their father's fame.”

Loch Lochy is ten miles in length, and about a mile in breadth, with straight, bold shores, giving it the appearance of a large river. The mountains on either side are loftier and more savage in their aspect, than those farther north. They rise nearly perpendicularly from the water, and their projecting fronts are deeply scarred with the beds of torrents. A road winds along close to the south-eastern margin, which is often rendered impassable by the quantities of water and *debris* tumbling from the hills. On the left are the dreary solitudes of Lochaber ; and the opposite shore constituted the sterile domains of Lochiel, the hero of Campbell's exquisite poem. His name was derived from Loch Oiel, an arm of Loch Linnhe.

To deepen the wild and gloomy scenery of this lake, the charming weather which had continued for several days here deserted us, and a violent gale setting up through the narrow pass from the Irish sea, lashed the waters into foam, deeply as they are embedded between the impending barriers. The hills were soon enveloped in clouds, and the rain poured in torrents, driving as many of the passengers below, as could crowd into the cabin, the others being left to shelter themselves as well as they could by the aid of umbrellas upon deck. Night came on in the midst of the storm, leaving us in this situation to make slow head-way against the winds and waves.

At 8 o'clock in the evening, we arrived at the foot of Loch Lochy, and made a port till morning. It was so dark and rainy, that the dock could scarcely be seen from the side of the boat. There was a general rush of passengers to the Neptune Hotel, the only one at the landing, and which contained but twenty-six beds for the accommodation of one hundred and fifty persons. For some time, the rooms presented a perfect scene of confusion, bordering almost upon a riot. The hostess at length adopted a rigid rule of adjust-

ment, and those who first arrived were first served. Although one of the passengers offered her a guinea for a bed, her integrity was such as to lead her to refuse the bribe. The rooms were of course full, before one-third of the multitude had found accommodations. At ten o'clock, a caravan lighted their lanterns, and set off on foot, in the rain, for Fort William. Others returned to the boat. Our party were so fortunate as to obtain a small sitting-room, where temporary beds were made up for five of us, and afforded confined, but comfortable quarters for the night. For an hour or two, the interior of the Neptune Hotel, with the stern land-lady half-way up the stair-case, dispensing justice and distributing favours to the crowd below, would have furnished a novel subject for the pencil of an artist.

On making a sortie the next morning from the hotel, we found ourselves in the midst of an immense amphitheatre of hills, surrounding the alluvial plain between Loch Lochy and Loch Linnhe. Directly in front of the inn, and at the distance of not more than three quarters of a mile, Ben-Nevis swells from the vale to the altitude of 4370 feet above the sea, being the loftiest mountain in Great-Britain. The scenery in the vicinity is in the highest degree wild and romantic, showing off this stupendous mass of rocks to the best advantage. To the west of the chain of lakes, as far as vision extends in both directions, peak rises after peak, frowning upon the waters below. The basin is skirted with dark and desolate heaths, and sprinkled with a few turf cottages, so rude in construction that grass and wild plants are seen growing from the roofs. A lake opens on either hand, and between them flows the river Lochy, on the banks of which are seated the ruins of two or three old castles. Upon such a scene, this monarch of the Caledonian hills looks down from his throne in gloomy grandeur.

Giving up all idea of ascending Ben-Nevis, as well from the uncertainty of the weather, as from the time required to climb to such a height, and wishing to see as much of the mountain as possible, we left the steam-boat to pursue its course through the remaining part of the canal, where it would be delayed an hour or two in passing eight locks, and walked on, to join it again at Fort William, two or three miles below. A boy ferried us over the Lochy, and a short visit was paid to the ruins of the fortress standing upon its borders. It was once a strong work, with four massive

towers at the corners. Several great battles have been fought under its ramparts, in one of which fifteen hundred of the clan Campbell were killed.

Our walk was directed close along the base of Ben-Nevis, and the clouds breaking away afforded a full view of the summit. The rocks are of a reddish colour, at a distance giving a dark hue to the tremendous precipices. On the south-west side of the mountain, Glen-Nevis opens into Loch Linnhe. A wild torrent hurries down the ravine, on the banks of which there is an extensive cemetery, with its white tomb-stones rising from the green sod. The epitaphs are chiefly in the Gaelic language. Here the forefathers of the vale repose, except kings and heroes, whose dead bodies were transported from a little harbour on the opposite side of the lake, to be interred in the remote island of Iona. So says tradition, and so say the poetical dreams of M'Pherson.

Fort William is situated upon the shore of the lake. It was established in the time of the Commonwealth, and remodeled under William and Mary, whence its name. There is nothing interesting about the fortress, nor in the dirty village of Gordonsburgh, in its vicinity, where the steam-boat took us up with a large accession to the number of passengers. The deck was so thronged, that if the multitude chanced to be attracted to either side, the weight was sufficient to make the vessel roll.

At Corran Ferry, eight miles below, five of our party concluded to send on their baggage to Glasgow, pass up Glencoe, one of the most interesting portions of Highland scenery, and thence across the country to Loch Lomond. Our New-England friends continued their voyage, on their way to the Island of Staffa. A crazy boat took the rest of us ashore, and, as a sequel to the adventures of the trip, was nigh capsizing us in the surf.

We immediately chartered a one-horse cart, (the only kind of vehicle to be found in this part of the country,) to take us to Ballahulish, four or five miles up Glencoe. Fortunately the road was excellent, forming a part of the great military route from Fort William to Stirling, and poor Rosinante whirled us briskly forward, though in truth cutting but a sorry figure. The ride along the shore of Loch Leven, which is an arm of Loch Linnhe extending far up the glen, and where the waves are seen rolling in from the sea between lofty mountains rising on either hand, was one of the most

pleasant which this romantic region has afforded. In one direction the traveller surveys, across a wide expanse of waters, Morven and other hills celebrated by Ossian, while towards the east, he looks up the glen which was the birth-place and residence of the poet himself.

Just at evening we arrived at a small, but comfortable inn, standing within a few yards of the lake, and took lodgings for the night. The wind blew in violent gusts, often shaking our little tenement to its foundations, and creating an anxiety for those, who were tossing on the surges of the Irish sea, in a miserable boat crowded with passengers. It was subsequently ascertained, that she was nigh being lost in her passage to Oban. On the very next trip, the Comet went down in the waters of the Clyde, at two o'clock in the morning, with seventy or eighty passengers on board, nearly all of whom perished.

As we were now in the region of song, a musical party consisting of our hostess, of Mary Campbell, and John M'Gregor, great names and born of proud ancestors, contributed to the enjoyments of the evening. They formed themselves into a little circle, and taking hold of the corners of a handkerchief, which was kept swinging to beat time, as the custom of the Highlanders is, chanted half a dozen wild and sweet airs, in the Gaelic language. The landlady, who was leader of the choir, acted as interpreter of the sentiment. One of the songs, descriptive of a chase upon a neighbouring hill, is ascribed to Ossian, with what truth I am unable to say. The voices of the trio were melodious, and the music was soft and melancholy, stealing over the mind like the dying cadence of an Æolian harp.

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## LETTER XXVI.

LOCH LEVEN—GLENCOE—BIRTH-PLACE OF OSSIAN—LOCH TOLLA—GLENORCHY—LOCH AWE—INVERARY—CASTLE OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLE—LOCH FINE—GLENCREE—LOCH LONG—TARBET—LOCH LOMOND—BEN LOMOND—LOCH KATRINE—ELLEN'S ISLAND—TROSACHS—RIDE TO CALLANDER.

*October, 1825.*—Early on the morning of the 6th, having entered into another contract for the same horse and cart to

take us to King's House, a distance of sixteen miles, we crossed the lake at Ballahulish, and commenced an excursion up Glencoe. For the first four miles, the road runs along the margin of Loch Leven, into which green and beautiful peninsulas project; and on the right a range of lofty hills impends over the traveller. At the woody base of one of them, stands a pretty little Episcopal Church, of the Gothic order, where the peasantry of the glen occasionally meet to unite in public worship. Great efforts have recently been made by missionaries, to diffuse Christian knowledge through the Highlands.

At a short distance beyond this, we visited an extensive slate quarry, from which many hundred thousand tons have been taken, and carried to every part of the kingdom. An immense circus has been excavated to the depth of eighty or a hundred feet, with galleries of rock extending round it like an amphitheatre. Ropes are made fast at top, up which the workmen climb with as much ease and carelessness, as sailors upon the shrouds of a ship. It is one of the largest works of the kind in Great-Britain, giving employment to 200 men. Ships of any burden ascend Loch Leven to this point, beyond which the lake makes a bold sweep towards the north, and terminates seven miles above among the Highlands.

A little farther on, we passed the river Cona, which is said to be the native stream of Ossian, and to which his poems contain such frequent allusions. It has its principal source in a little lake, or mountain tarn, seven or eight miles above; but the thousand torrents, which are constantly pouring in from the hills on both sides, produce a rapid accumulation and swell its current to a considerable size. Its waters are perfectly pure and bright, foaming the whole way over a bed of rocks, and filling the glen with echoes. In some places the banks are covered with woods, among which the mountain-ash abounds, hanging its red berries over the sparkling flood. So celebrated is this stream, that it has given to the glen the poetical appellation of "Cona's Vale."

The two principal mountains which rise on opposite sides of the narrow pass, are called Marmor, and Con-Fion, or the hill of Fingal, whence the great Highland bard drew some of his wildest and sublimest imagery. Here may be seen the originals of those rocks, solitudes, clouds, mists, storms and

torrents—all those grand and terrific forms of external nature, on which his muse was so fond of dwelling. From the striking coincidence between some of his figures and the features of Glencoe, an argument might be drawn to strengthen the popular tradition, that this was the place of his nativity and abode. His poetry is familiar to the peasantry of the vale, who frequently sing and recite it in the Gaelic language. But I have no disposition to enter upon the discussion of a topic, which has excited so much hot blood among the literati of Great-Britain.

An inhabitant of the glen pointed out to us the scene of the barbarous massacre, which was perpetrated in the year 1691, by order of William and Mary, at the suggestion of the Earl of Breadalbane. Col. Campbell was the instrument selected for the execution of the atrocious deed. He for many days partook of the hospitality of M'Donald, chieftain of the clan, and of the residents of the valley, who were subsequently butchered in cold blood, in the unsuspecting hours of sleep, under the pretext that some irregularities had been committed in the vicinity. Such a brutal act has stamped the name of the perpetrator and his superiors with indelible infamy.

Midway between Ballahulish and King's House, is the narrowest and most rugged part of Glencoe. In solitary, gloomy and romantic wildness, the scenery surpasses any thing we have found in Scotland. The most prominent feature is a mountain on the south side of the glen, which is three thousand feet in height and pushes its front far into the ravine, so as to meet the eye for a long distance on the road. It is composed of perpendicular belts of dark cliffs, piled one upon another, till the top is literally lost in the clouds, which are constantly breaking upon the rocks and feeding torrents that tumble into the vale below. Directly under the base of the mountain, and overhung by its crags, the small lake from which issues the river Cona, reposes in sullen and unbroken solitude. For a mile or two farther, on either hand, stupendous masses of granite are thrown together in the wildest and most savage forms. Streams of foam are seen pouring in from all quarters, and at one point their congregated waters present a magnificent cataract. While we stood admiring the scene, three or four goats were observed on the giddiest crags of the opposite rocks, several

hundred feet above our heads, watching us with a steadfast gaze.

At the distance of a mile or two onward, the hills on either hand begin to recede, and the glen opens towards the south-east upon a dreary moor or fell, covered with brown heath, and on which not a single habitation of any kind is to be seen, till you arrive at King's House. This building was erected by the government in the time of the rebellion, for the accommodation of troops, on their march from Stirling to Fort William. It stands upon the banks of the Etine, a turbulent little stream, watering the desert, and flowing into the lake of the same name. Although the inn has a regal name, which reminded us of the "imperial pop" on some of the signs over the ginger-beer shops in England, its accommodations of course cannot be very good, situate as it is, in a remote and sterile district. The bread on which we dined, with the addition of an egg, was brought from Glasgow, distant a hundred miles or more, and had been baked perhaps some ten days before.

The stable was as scanty as the larder, and it was soon ascertained that no other conveyance could be had than a cart without a seat, and a skeleton white horse, on which an image of starvation and death rode as postillion. But that traveller has little philosophy who is not determined to make the best of circumstances, and to meet with patience the trifling difficulties which he must expect to encounter. Directions were given for the team to be harnessed, and the body of the vehicle to be filled with straw, into which we nestled; and in this situation, Duncan M'Intosh, a sprig of Highland chivalry, drove us off to Inveroran, cheering the solitary way with many a Gaelic song. For the whole distance, which is nine or ten miles, the road passes through a continuation of the fell above mentioned, where silence and desolation forever reign. There is no dwelling between the two places; and with the exception of a forester, who was elevating his spy-glass to the top of the mountains, to see if he could descry wild deer, and a party of workmen, who had pitched their tents while engaged in repairing a bridge, our ride did not afford the sight of a human being.

Just as twilight was fading from the hills, we arrived on the shores of Loch Tolla, which is a lake of the smaller class, and possesses but few charms of any kind, except small patches of cultivated ground upon its borders, which to

us had almost become a novelty. Another lonely little inn, by the side of a noisy water-fall within a few yards of the door, afforded us a dish of tea, and a pillow for the night. Duncan M'Intosh, whose name and lineage suggested the proud appellation of *Rex*, and whose integrity presented stronger claims to the title than some who wear it can boast, had sufficient influence with the landlord and his family, consisting of half a dozen lassies, and as many yellow-haired laddies, to get up for our evening entertainment not only another musical party, but a dance. Mine host, whose face had been converted by whiskey into a fine piece of bronze, held the light: an inmate of the tavern played the fiddle, but was unfortunate at the outset in snapping one of the strings: while the rest of the party formed sets, and with naked feet on the naked floor, went through with the various dances of the country,

"Where hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels,  
Put life and mettle in their heels."

The fidelity of Duncan, whose luminous disquisitions on the marriages, funerals, habits and manners of the Highlanders occasionally served to beguile the tediousness of the road, induced us to enter into another agreement with him the next morning, to take us in his cart as far as Inverary. After breakfast, we crossed the river Orchy, the outlet of Loch Tolla, and commenced a descent through the secluded vale which it waters, and which from that circumstance is called Glenorchy. It gives title to the eldest son of the Earl of Breadalbane, who is the proprietor of large estates and a princely seat at Taymouth. The young nobleman has erected a small episcopal church in the glen, for the accommodation of his scattered tenants, and occasionally visits his wide but sterile dominions, to amuse himself with shooting. With the exception of a romantic stream, with a series of fine water-falls, the ravine presents few objects of much interest to the traveller.

At about noon, we reached Dalmally, and paid a visit to the handsome church, which is situated on a beautiful little island in the river Orchy. It stands upon a gentle eminence, commanding a view of the vale of Glenorchy, and is surrounded with copses of the mountain-ash and other forest trees. The rustling of the foliage, and the murmurs of the



stream, flowing rapidly by, give a delightful tranquillity to the church-yard, which is thickly peopled with the dead. Its wide walls were scaled, and half an hour passed in looking at its sepulchral monuments, among which are numerous antiques, brought hither from the island of Innis-Hail. They bear many grotesque specimens of sculpture, and their quaint inscriptions are yet legible.

Two miles from Dalmally, we arrived at the head of Loch Awe, which is reckoned among the most picturesque scenery in the Highlands. A fine view of the lake was obtained from an eminence not far from the road, where a silver sheet of water, a mile and a half in width, is seen stretching towards the southwest till its extremity is lost among the distant hills. Its whole length is thirty miles, winding like a broad river between woody shores. Numerous islands rise from its bosom, several of which are crowned with the ruins of castles and convents, once forming a connecting link between the north and south of Scotland. At the head of the lake, Ben-Cruachan rears its stupendous pile of granite, twenty miles in circumference at the base, and 3390 feet in height. It is much less rugged and grand than Ben-Nevis, or some of those in the pass of Glencoe. A pretty little village, near the foot of the mountain, looks down from the green declivity into the vale beneath. The waters of Loch Awe are discharged into Loch Etive, through a deep gorge, the sides of which rise like an artificial wall.

Our ride extended five or six miles along the immediate shore of the lake, and its scenery was surveyed under the favourable circumstances of a bright afternoon. At the village of Cladich we made a short pause, to examine a manufactory of tartan plaids, which are said to be of a finer quality than can be found in any other part of the country. The show, however, was small, and the inhabitants seem not to have been enriched by the reputation of their fabrics; for it is a mean, dirty looking place. One of the very few beggars who were observed in our tour through Scotland, here sturdily beset us for a penny.

Just at sunset, a high hill, over which the road runs, afforded a farewell view of Loch Awe, already left several miles behind; and at dusk we had a glimpse of a cataract on the river Aray, the foam of which sparkled through the trees overhanging it, and echoed among the wilds of the glen. Night here overtook us, and the poor horse had become too much jaded to move beyond a walk. Passing through the

grounds of the Duke of Argyle, which form a thick and dark forest on both sides of the road, we were happy to reach Inverary in safety, and find a comfortable hotel.

The next morning, we took a view of the town, which is pleasantly situated on a promontory projecting into Loch Fine, an arm of the Irish sea reaching far into the Highlands. It is four or five miles wide opposite Inverary, and its agitated billows, rolling in close to the door of the hotel, as well as the number of vessels riding out a storm in the harbour, gave it a sea-like appearance. The town has a population of 1200, who are chiefly engaged in the fisheries. Its church and neat white houses rise prettily from the water, presenting an extensive view of the surrounding mountains.

In the course of the afternoon, notwithstanding the wind and rain, the whole of our party turned out to visit the castle, the seat of the Duke of Argyle, which is situated upon a small alluvial plain, near the mouth of the Aray. The large quadrangular edifice, with four stately towers at the corners, is built of a bluish kind of stone, which gives it a sombre and venerable aspect. It is in the Gothic style of architecture, two stories high, besides the basement, which is under ground, with the offices ranged round a moat or a kind of open court.

An aged guide took us the usual rounds. The hall forming the principal entrance contains much ancient armour, and among the rest, muskets used in the battle of Culloden, where the late Duke acted a conspicuous part. They are arranged so as to form radii in the shape of the sun. The rooms are adorned with beautiful species of tapestry, representing the harvest-home, a Highland marriage, a stag-hunt, and other rural scenes in Scotland. Portraits of a long line of ancestors, one of whom died on the scaffold in the time of Charles II. and another during the reign of James II. are among the extensive collection of paintings. There is a pretty view of Westminster Abbey, done by the present Duke while a boy. Several apartments are finished in the French style, with splendid mirrors and marble ornaments from quarries belonging to the estate. Two or three rooms are appropriated to the library, which contains many valuable books. A beautiful edition of Shakspeare in folio was observed upon the shelves.

The view from the battlements of the castle is rich and extensive, embracing the deeply wooded vale of Glenary on

one side, and the romantic shores of Loch Fine on the other. An insulated and oddly-shaped hill, which goes by the barbarous name of Duniquaich, rises to the height of 700 feet, and is crowned with an ancient watch-tower, looking directly down upon the castle. The Aray is a beautiful stream, which makes a bold sweep through grounds covered with forest trees, and after passing under two bridges in sight of the house, mingles with the waters of Loch Fine just below. This seat, on the whole, manifests a good deal of taste, and is considered one of "the lions" of Scotland.

Before our return to the hotel, the skies cleared, and two rainbows spanning the lake from hill to hill, gave a double pledge of fair weather. Chartering another cart, the only vehicle to be had, although the landlord lives in a three-story house, sets a good table, and his daughters play well on the piano, we again set forward at 3 o'clock, pursuing the road which winds round the head of Loch Fine, close to the margin of the water. Several deep ravines, besides that of Glenary, open into the lake. One of these is watered by the river Shira, to which the muse of Ossian has imparted celebrity. Doubling a bold promontory, which presents a fine view of Inverary and the castle, and passing one or two ruins along the shore, we reached a comfortable inn at Cairndow, near the head of the lake, and took lodgings for the night. Johnson's tour to the Hebrides furnished amusement for a quiet evening.

The fatigues of a busy week in the Highlands, as well as a respect for that blessed day of rest, which is as acceptable to the way-worn traveller as to the labourer, who finds a respite from his toils, induced us to lie by during the forenoon of the 9th; but finding there was to be no preaching in the pretty Gothic church near the hotel, and being anxious to emerge from the mountains before the approach of cold weather, we concluded to ride in the afternoon to Tarbet, on Loch Lomond. The poor horse had returned from the same jaunt at a late hour on the preceding evening, and was so completely fagged, as to be scarcely able to draw the empty cart up a succession of long hills. Soon after our departure it began to rain, and gradually increased, till at length it poured in torrents, accompanied by a violent wind, which blew the greater part of the way directly in our faces. The gale was frequently so severe as to prevent the use of umbrellas, and the necessity of getting out at the hills left

no dry place in the vehicle. But onward was the only alternative, since there is no inn between Loch Fine and Loch Long, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles.

Under such circumstances, it may be very justly supposed that the scenery upon the road was not observed to much advantage. Some part of it, however, is but too deeply impressed on the memory; and the dreary waste of mountains, rendered more savage and inhospitable by the violence of the storm, with here and there a shepherd's miserable turf cottage, to which the eye looked in vain for a shelter, will not soon be forgotten. The road leads through two deep valleys, the first of which opens into Loch Fine, embosoms the little lake of Restal, and is watered by the river Kinglass, whence it takes the name of Glenkinglass. On the height of land, which cannot be less than two thousand feet above the level of the sea, there is a stone by the way-side inscribed with the appropriate motto—"Rest and be thankful." From this point the road winds down a steep declivity into the other vale, which opens upon Loch Long, and is called Glencroe, from the river, or rather torrent Croe, tumbling and roaring down its rocky bed. This pass approximates almost as nearly to Glencoe in character as in name.

For some distance the road traverses the shore round the head of Loch Long, another arm of St. George's Channel, setting far inland. The lake was lashed into a perfect fury by the violence of the gale, and large flocks of sea-birds, deserting their ordinary haunts, and seeking refuge from the storm, were feeding upon the green margin of the water. At the upper end of this inlet, in the little village of Arroquhar, there is a large hotel, to which our exposure drove us for lodgings, two miles short of the place of destination. On our arrival at the front door, a servant came out and without saying with "your leave, sir," directed the driver to go round to the other side of the house, where we were shown into a smoky, dirty room, and told that the better apartments were engaged. Suspecting that our condition and style of travelling, though the best which the region affords, led to this attempt at imposition, with a mistaken certainty that, in stress of weather, accommodations of any kind would be accepted, we turned short upon our heels and directed the baggage to be again put into the cart, leaving the servant to stammer out an apology, and resumed our journey with blood a little quickened in its circulation by an indignity. There

is a peculiar satisfaction in exposing that species of meanness, which would trample upon adversity; and I hope that none of my countrymen at least, will ever pay a sous to the landlord at Arroquhar.

Our reception at the neat and comfortable inn at Tarbet was very different, without even the recommendation which the story of our wrongs might have furnished. The landlord not only showed us into his best room, dripping and muddy as we were, but loaned us a change of clothes, which a slender wardrobe, in the absence of our trunks, could not supply. A cheerful hearth, and the hospitality of a bountiful table, afforded an agreeable contrast to the inclemency of the storm without.

The hotel at Tarbet stands immediately upon the shore of Loch Lomond; and on the following morning, which was clear and bright, we had a charming view of Ben-Lomond, towering above the Alpine region on the opposite side, as well as of the bright mirror of the lake, stretching along at its base. The mountain was visible to its very summit, which is 3262 feet above the level of the sea. Its top is conical, and its sides are covered with a smooth coat of verdure which detracts as much from its grandeur, as it contributes to its beauty. It does not rise so high as Ben-Nevis by more than a thousand feet, and in rugged sublimity is far inferior.

From Tarbet, is seen a large proportion of Loch Lomond, which is about thirty miles in length, and five or six in breadth, being in some places 600 feet deep, and its surface twenty feet above the waters of the Clyde, into which it discharges itself at its southern extremity. Our point of observation was eight or ten miles from its head, around which numerous peaks of lofty mountains cluster, and bold, rocky promontories project into the lake. Several islands rise from its bosom, some of which are crowned with ruins. The shores are in many places deeply wooded, and the general character of the scenery is grandeur, softened by the picturesque and beautiful. Superstition, war, and civil strife, have added many interesting moral associations to the simple graces of nature.

Strong as was our curiosity to tread in the footsteps of some of our friends, and climb to the top of Ben-Lomond, whence the greater part of the Highlands, the North of Ireland, St. George's Channel, the Isle of Man, Edinburgh, the Forth, and the German Ocean may be seen, the quantity

of rain which had recently fallen, rendered such an excursion wholly impracticable; and as there was little else beyond this object, to prolong our stay at Tarbet, after breakfast we chartered a row-boat, and crossed Loch Lomond, on our way to Loch Katrine. The ferry runs in an oblique direction, making a distance of six or eight miles, affording an extensive view towards the head of the lake. At the landing on the eastern shore, a tremendous cataract, gathered from a thousand rills, and swollen by the storm of yesterday, was pouring its amber-coloured tribute into the flood. A mile and a half above us was Rob Roy's Cave, which is inaccessible by land, and is generally visited by taking the steam-boat. On the opposite shore a smoke was seen to rise, and a peep through the glass discovered to us, that our Oxford friends, who had parted company at Inverary, were making signals for a boat in the usual way by kindling a fire on the beach.

From Loch Lomond to Loch Katrine, a distance of six or seven Scotch miles, which always possess the merit of good measure, even the luxury of a horse and cart could not be obtained; and climbing a long, steep hill, through mud and water, at the outset, we commenced the excursion on foot. The valley, or rather moorland, between the lakes called Inversnaid, possesses little interest of any kind, except that General Wolfe, who fell on the heights of Abraham, commanded the old fortress now in ruins, where he was a subaltern, and that one of our American friends here met with a memorable adventure. This tract, as well as the whole region about Loch Lomond, including the mountain and the lake, belongs to the Duke of Montrose. It is occupied by shepherds, and rents for £300 a year. A novel kind of sledge was here observed, which consists of two shafts like those of a one-horse wagon, but longer and larger, dropped upon the ground behind and drawn after the team. The driver rides postillion. It is a rude article, with a great deal of friction, and seems to possess no other merit, than a capability of being used where nothing else could.

An eminence in the road, at the distance of five miles from the shore of Loch Lomond, afforded us the first view of Loch Katrine, a blue and bright expanse of water, cradled among lofty hills, though moderate both in point of altitude and boldness, when contrasted with those which had already been seen. The first feature that arrested attention,

was the peculiar complexion of the water, which is cerulean, and differs several shades from that of the other Scottish lakes. Its hue is probably modified by the verdure upon the shores, as well as by the geological structure of its bed, in which there is little or no mud. Like some of our own pellucid waters, it is a Naiad of the purest kind, sleeping on coral and crystal couches. Its blue tinge was doubtless in some degree heightened by the distance whence it was first descried, as well as by the deep azure of the skies after the late storm.

Hastening to the shore, we waited some time for the oarsmen, who accompanied us from Loch Lomond, to bring out their boat from behind a little promontory, which for aught I know, was the very place where Rob Roy and Ellen Douglas used to hide their canoes. There is no house within several miles of the landing. The only building of any kind is a small temporary hut, of rude construction, serving as a poor shelter in case of rain. As this lake has become a fashionable resort, one would suppose the number of travellers would justify the expense of a boatman's house, which would relieve the oarsmen from the trouble of walking half a dozen miles, and the tourist from the vexation of paying for it.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, seven of us, including the boat's crew embarked, and commenced a voyage to the foot of the lake, a distance of nine miles in a south-eastern direction. Winds and waves both conspired to accelerate our progress, and no Highland bark probably ever bounded more merrily over the blue billows. The cone of Ben-Lomond rapidly receded, and Ben-venue and Ben-an, on opposite sides of the outlet, came more fully in view. At the head, Glengyle opens prettily from the north-west, with serrated hills forming the lofty ramparts of the pass, in the entrance of which is a seat belonging to one of the descendants of Rob Roy M'Gregor. The width of the lake is about two miles, with deeply indented shores, which are generally bold and romantic, exhibiting occasionally scattered houses and patches of cultivation, particularly on the north-eastern borders. Our course was nearest the south-western side, touching at one little desolate promontory, to exchange boats, and often approaching so close, as to enable us to examine the scanty growth upon the margin.

In about two hours from the time of embarkation, we

reached Ellen's Island, near the outlet ; and half encircling the green eminence, rising beautifully from the bosom of the lake, our Highland mariners made a port in the identical little bay, where the far-famed heroine was wont to moor her skiff, fastening it to an oak, which still hangs its aged arms over the flood. This miniature harbour is also signalized, as the place where Helen Stuart cut off the head of one of Cromwell's soldiers. As the story goes, all the women and children fled hither for refuge. After a decisive victory, one of the veterans of the Protector attempted to swim to the island for a boat, with an intention of pillaging and laying waste the asylum ; but as he approached the shore the above mentioned heroine, stepped from her ambuscade, and with one stroke of her dirk decapitated the marauder, thus rescuing her narrow dominion with its tenants from destruction.

The Island is small and rises perhaps fifty feet above the water. It rests on a basis of granite, covered with a thin coat of earth, through which the rocks occasionally appear, and which affords scanty nutriment to a growth of oak, birch, and mountain ash. The red berries of the latter hung gracefully over the cliffs, in many places shaded with brown heath. A winding pathway leads to the summit, which is beautifully tufted, and affords a charming view of the surrounding hills and waters.

In a little secluded copse near the top stands Ellen's Bower, fashioned exactly according to the description of the same object in the *Lady of the Lake*. Those who are curious to form a minute and accurate image of it, have only to turn to that picture. The exterior is composed of unhewn logs or sticks of fir, fantastically arranged, with a thatched, moss-covered roof, and skins of beasts converted into semi-transparent parchment for windows. Every thing within is in rustic style. A living aspen grows in the centre, and supports the ceiling. Upon its branches hangs a great variety of ancient armour, with trophies of the chase. Here may be seen the Lochaber axe, Rob Roy's dirk, and sundry other curiosities. A table strewn with leaves extends nearly the whole length of the bower. The walls are hung with shields, and the skins of various animals. Chairs and sofas woven of osiers fill the apartment. The chimney is formed of sticks, and the head of a stag with his branching horns decorates the mantelpiece. Half an hour was passed in lolling



upon Ellen's sofas, and in examining her domestic arrangements.

Bidding a lingering farewell to the sweet little island, we again embarked and soon completed the residue of our voyage. The foot of Loch Katrine is very romantic and beautiful. Innumerable hills of moderate elevation raise their grey, pointed peaks around and above a deeply wooded glen, opening towards the south-east and forming the outlet of the lake. The highest of these are Ben-venue and Ben-an, rising on each side of the pass. Both are fine mountains, something like two thousand feet in height, with naked masses of granite overhanging wild and woody bases. From the great number of peaks or *pikes* which are crowded into this narrow district, it has been called the Trosachs, or *bristled region*. The lake is here reduced to less than half a mile in width, sheltered on all sides from the winds by high promontories, jutting so far into the water, as to appear like a group of islands.

Towards the north-west, the eye looks up the glen of Strathgartney, in which tradition says that the grey charger of Fitz-James fell. The boatman gravely informed us, that *his bones are to be seen to this day!* Such stories, and the sketches of certain topographers, have afforded us an infinite fund of amusement. The foremost of these is "John Knox, Esq." certainly not a *reformer*, although a very bold *innovator* upon the King's English. His prose has all the musical bombast of Ossian, without a redeeming particle of his spirit; and the swells of his periods run higher than the waves of the Scottish lakes. Take, for example, the following graphic delineation of a hill at the foot of Loch Katrine:—"Turning to the north, we see the grey head of *thunder-splintered* Ben-an, rising above the green copsewood; and we trace upon the right the course of a mountain torrent, overhung with wood, which falls in many a *thundering* cascade, till reaching the farm-houses, it passes quietly to Loch Achray. Though his crest is cleft with *lightning*, he listens to the *crash of thunder*, and the warring winds, without dismay; and exposing his bare forehead to the tempest's shock, grimly guards the pass, like a veteran grey in arms!" These successive peals of thunder and lightning, which surpass the volleys of Peter Quince and Nick Bottom, are quoted in the two principal "Pleasure Tours" through Scotland, with a well-turned compliment to the author, by

printing his name in capitals, and by lauding his "spirited description of scenery." Surely if such rant could find a sale, and could please the public taste in our country, it might be asked with emphasis, "who reads an American book?"

But I forget that the object of my tour, as well as the wish of my heart, is to be pleased, not to cavil; and in the language of Sterne, I pity the man who travels from Dan to Beersheba, merely for the sake of venting his spleen and of finding fault. Those who go abroad with such feelings would manifest much more wisdom in remaining at home; for in every country, a captious spirit may pick up enough to sour the temper and furnish subjects of complaint. Happy is the tourist who looks upon new scenes with more complacency, adopting the maxim of the great moral poet,

"Laugh where we must—be candid where we can."

To return from this digression, into which the grey steed of Fitz-James heedlessly carried me:—we landed at the foot of Loch Katrine, and after walking a mile and a half reached Stewart's hotel. Here an hour was passed in taking a parting view of the Trosachs, in searching a folio album for the names of our friends, and in taking some refreshment after the fatigues of the day. At 6 o'clock, a vehicle was chartered to take us to Callander. Our route lay through the former dominions of Rhoderick Dhu; by Lochs Achray and Vennachar; at the base of Ben-Ledi; over the Brig of Turk; and along the banks of the Teith: but night came on too soon after our departure from the hotel, to afford us a fair view of the scenery upon the road. The outlines of Ben-Ledi were dimly visible; but no bale-fire flashed upon its brow: no tartans, nor bonnets, nor spears started from the beath, at the signal of the Highland whistle: and no bairns were seen scouring "the Wood of Lamentation" or the shores of the lake, mounted upon the wizard Kelpie.\* Some of these are objects of "second sight," and can alone be kenned by gifted seers.

\* This local superstition may need some illustration. The Kelpie is an evil spirit of the water, who appears in the shape of a horse. On one occasion he is said to have been seen at the Wood of Lamentation, on the borders of Loch Vennachar, assuming for the time being, the guise of a grey Highland pony. Some half a dozen children in sport clambered upon his back, when he plunged into the lake, and all save one were drowned.

At 8 o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Callander, standing at the southern verge of the Highlands, our tour through which here terminated, having extended several hundred miles, and occupied ten days. It was in all respects satisfactory, contributing not only to temporary amusement, but to a more accurate knowledge of a large and interesting portion of Scotland.

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## LETTER XXVII.

RIDE TO STIRLING—ROMAN ENCAMPMENT—CASTLE OF DOUNE  
—DUNELANE—STIRLING—FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN—JUNC-  
TION CANAL—GLASGOW.

*October, 1825.*—On the 11th, we took a post-chaise for Stirling, eighteen miles from Callander. In the suburbs of the town, a walk of half a mile was taken through the rain and wet grass, for the purpose of looking at the Roman Encampment, which is reckoned among the first remains of antiquity in Great-Britain. It consists of a semi-circular mound, elevated ten or twelve feet above the plain, and enclosing an area of several acres between it and the river Teith, on the left bank of which it is situated. The circumvallation is composed of stone and covered with turf, which at present supports a growth of large forest trees. A foot-path winds along on the summit, commanding a beautiful view of the bold, rapid river, the intermediate plain, and the grove of oak at the north-western extremity. The porches and fences of a handsome seat in the vicinity are antique, designed to correspond with this curious relic of other ages.

Our ride this morning extended through a fertile, agricultural district, forming an agreeable contrast to the sterility of the Highlands, which had just been left behind. A house was passed, on the right of the road, called Cambus More, where Sir Walter Scott spent several years of his early life, and imbibed his taste for natural scenery. It is deeply embosomed in woods, and its environs are extremely rural. A little farther on is Lanrick Castle, the seat of Sir Evan Murray M'Gregor, the chieftain of the clan of that name. It is prettily situated on the bank of the

Teith, surrounded by hills and woods, with the distant view of a monument erected to the memory of one of the family.

At the village of Doune we stopped an hour, and visited the ruins of the Castle, standing on an eminence at the junction of the Teith and Ardoch, which flow close under the walls. The situation of the ancient fortress is one of the most pleasant I have seen, commanding from the grass-grown ramparts and crumbling tower a wide prospect of both streams, as well as of the little village with a Gothic church rising in the midst. It was once a place of great strength, the walls being ten feet thick, strongly cemented. Home, author of the tragedy of Douglas, a royal volunteer in the Rebellion of 1745, was taken a prisoner by M'Gregor of Glengyle, and confined in its dungeon. Here also Queen Mary had a hunting-lodge and a suite of apartments, over which a talkative female conducted us. The Castle at present belongs to the Earl of Moray, who lives in the vicinity, and derives from it one of his titles.

Not far from this, we had a glimpse of Blair Drummond, formerly the seat of Lord Kames, author of *Elements of Criticism*. It was a subject of regret, that no opportunity presented of examining the residence of a writer, whose excellent work had afforded me so much instruction and pleasure. Some of the principles of his taste are said to have been exemplified in the embellishments of his rural situation, which now belongs to Henry Home Drummond, member of Parliament.

Curiosity induced us to ride two miles out of our way, for the purpose of visiting Dunblane, which stands upon the river Allan, a branch of the Forth. It is a populous, but dirty place, with nothing interesting about it, except the ruins of the large Cathedral, situated upon the high and woody banks of the stream murmuring by, and furnishing a pretty promenade in summer. The tenants of the churchyard appear to out-number the present residents of the town. Before the reformation, Dunblane was the seat of ecclesiastical power, and a place of much more importance than it now is. As "the lofty Ben-Lomond" was veiled in clouds, and no traces of "the charming young Jessy" could be found, our stay was limited to half an hour. The garrulous old sexton informed us, that the popular song alluded to, was founded in fact.

Re-crossing the Allan, we pursued our journey with all

convenient despatch. Soon after passing Craig Forth, a high and romantic hill on the bank of the river, a distant view of Stirling Castle was obtained, and it continued in sight till our arrival in the town. Its resemblance to that of Edinburgh struck us instantly. The similarity is increased by the general character of the scenery, but especially by Abbey Crag, which is very like that of Salisbury. The town also is built in much the same manner as the old part of Edinburgh, being situated on a declivity sloping from the Castle at the western end, towards the Forth. It has, however, a less magnificent appearance, as the houses are not so lofty and more scattered, large hanging gardens often intervening between the blocks.

The weather was too inclement to permit us to see much of the place on the afternoon of our arrival. Early the next morning, we visited the Castle, which is elevated two hundred and fifty feet above the beautiful plain spreading at its base. The prospect from the parapet is one of the richest in Scotland. Arthur's Seat was recognized as an old acquaintance towards the south-east. In a clear atmosphere the Castle of Edinburgh may be distinctly seen. The Forth is traced for many miles east and west of the town, winding in silver mazes through a broad, fertile, and verdant meadow, highly cultivated, and ornamented occasionally with copses of trees. It pursues a very circuitous route, and is here a large and majestic river. On one of the peninsulas just below the town, stand the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, once a place of importance, but now merely serving to give variety to the scenery. Dumiat and other ranges of the Ochils rise to the north; and Craig Forth swells from the bosom of the charming vale extending towards the west. In this direction the distant tops of Ben-Ledi and Ben-Lomond may be seen.

The castle commands a view of many fields, which were once drenched with blood, and are celebrated in Scottish story. To the north-west is Sheriff-Muir on which a bloody action took place in the rebellion of 1715. To the south-east is Falkirk, where Edward I. of England defeated the Scots, and where Wallace induced Bruce to join his countrymen, by a conference held across an intervening stream. Towards the south, and only two miles distant, the field of Bannockburn, the celebrated arena on which the liberties of Scotland were achieved, is in full view; and on the banks

of the Forth, close under the walls of the Castle, Wallace fought a great battle with the English, in which he was victorious and established his fame. The reason why so many decisive engagements occurred in this vicinity is found in the fact, that Stirling was once the seat of regal power, and the Castle was reckoned the key to the country. In all wars, civil as well as foreign, its possession was obstinately disputed.

The town lays claim to an antiquity, "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It has at present a population of about 7000, engaged in manufactures, and a trade carried on down the Forth, which is navigable for small vessels. There are seven churches, a handsome Athenæum, and a large number of charitable institutions. Many new houses are going up in the western end of the town, although generally speaking it appears to be on the decline, having lost much of its relative importance by the growth of Edinburgh and other places.

At 11 o'clock seats were engaged in the Glasgow coach; and we walked on two or three miles to examine the field of Bannockburn. Though the day was fine, the muddiness of the road almost made us repent of our curiosity. The route led through St. Ninian, a large village, where the church, since rebuilt, was blown up in the wars of Cromwell. Here an old man who spoke broad Scotch, and whose memory carried him back through a lapse of sixty years, was taken as a guide to conduct us over the far-famed field.

The whole ground for the distance of a mile after leaving St. Ninian is consecrated by the incidents of the celebrated battle; but the principal scenes of Scottish chivalry is a mile south of the village. By the side of a by-path leading over a gentle eminence, a rock is shown with a hole or socket six inches deep, in which it is said the staff of Bruce's banner was planted. The tradition is by no means improbable, since the position commands a view of the whole field; it would therefore be a very proper rallying point. On this height Bruce's army amounting to about 30,000, was formed. The English troops, varying according to different accounts from 100,000 to 300,000, and commanded in person by Edward II. occupied the base of a declivity, distant perhaps two hundred yards. Between the positions spreads a little sheet of water or pool, with low marshy borders, out of which issues a *burn*, giving name to the field. In this fen,

deep pits had been dug by the Scots, and covered with grass. The English cavalry, rushing heedlessly forward, plunged in and thousands of them perished.

This great national battle was fought on the 24th June, 1314. Its event is well known. The turning points were the above mentioned stratagem, and the descent from a neighbouring hill of a multitude of women in odd costumes, and with hideous yells, leading the English army to believe, that the Scots had a large reinforcement. After the lapse of so many centuries, it will readily be supposed that not many memorials of the terrible conflict remain. All except what the historian has recorded, is lost in a faint twilight of tradition. A spot was pointed out to us, shaded by a circular copse of elms, where it is said thirteen English earls were interred; as also the precise place where Edward stood, and the route he pursued after having been driven from the field. Gold rings, helmets, spears, and other relics are reported to have been found on the borders of the morass. But the traveller is at liberty to believe just as much of these stories as he chooses. The old guide, drawing a very natural inference from the collision of such forces, informed us that "the burn ran *blude* on that day." The muse of Burns has imparted scarcely less celebrity and glory to the field, than the sword of Bruce. It is said he composed his popular song, while riding with a friend through a solitary forest, in the midst of a violent thunder-storm. I do not recollect his letters to Thompson on the subject, except that he peremptorily refused to strike out the epithet "*gory*," contending it was worth all the rest of the poem.

We had time for a complete survey of the field, and to make a full memorandum of its features before the arrival of the coach, which here took us up, and after carrying us nine miles through a pleasant, well cultivated district, sprinkled with villages, and watered by the Carron, set us down at Castle Cary, a cluster of houses on the bank of the Junction Canal. A hour spent in waiting for the arrival of the packet-boat, afforded us an opportunity of examining the construction of the canal and of the four locks at this point. The average width of the channel at top is fifty feet, and the depth nine feet. Small vessels pass through from the Clyde to the Forth. At Falkirk the Union Canal from Edinburgh meets the Junction Canal, connecting the two great cities, as well as the two principal friths of Scotland, by artificial

navigation. The distance from Edinburgh to Glasgow by this route is sixty-one miles, and on both canals there are twenty locks of the ordinary lift and construction. A supply of water on the summit level is obtained from an artificial reservoir of eighty acres.

At 4 in the afternoon the packet arrived, and we embarked among the hundred passengers already on board of a boat nine feet wide, and of the ordinary length, drawn by three horses at the rate of four miles the hour. The after cabin is well finished, and furnished with a small library, maps, and newspapers. This apartment is comfortable. Adjoining is a room appropriated to eating and drinking. It was crowded to overflowing with whiskey-drinkers, who swallowed *mutchkin* after *mutchkin*, which is a small measure answering nearly to the English gill. Among the crowd of toppers was one blooming lassie, whose countenance manifested an anxiety to restrain the indulgence of the gentleman who accompanied her. In the forward cabin was another multitude huddled promiscuously together, and in an adjoining room a party of Highlanders, by themselves, circulating the cup and jabbering Gaelic. There is a degree of coldness between the inhabitants of the two great districts of Scotland, and they are not fond of mingling together. On board of all the packet boats in Europe, there are two kinds of passengers, who pay different prices, answering to the cabin and steerage in ships. The fare for a passage forward is but about half as much as for one in the after cabin, and the multitude never pass the line of separation.

In the sixteen miles of artificial navigation which we traversed, there is very little either in the work itself or on its borders deserving of particular notice. The town of Kilsyth is prettily situated at a little distance from the northern bank; and on either side are collieries, with rail-roads, which supply a portion of the trade on the canal. But although this would seem to be the principal commercial channel across the country, it does not exhibit one tenth part of the business and active bustle, which are observed at any point on the Erie Canal. The freight-boats are clumsy and awkwardly managed in comparison with those of the United States.

At 8 o'clock in the evening we reached Port Dundas, and walked thence about a mile through the rain, mud, and darkness, to Argyle-street in Glasgow, where excellent accom-



modations were obtained at the Buck's Head. This hotel had been appointed as a place of general rendezvous. Our Oxford companions had arrived before us; as had also our trunks, which had been forwarded from Corran Ferry. The remainder of the evening passed pleasantly in recounting our mutual adventures since parting in the Highlands.

On the following morning we commenced an examination of Glasgow by paying a visit to the Cathedral, which stands on an eminence in the north-eastern part of the town. It is one of the few venerable relics of antiquity, which escaped the furious zeal of Knox and his corps of reformers, who levelled all the ecclesiastical institutions then existing, however precious as specimens of the arts. This stately edifice, which is of the Gothic order, and was founded in the 12th century, is 320 feet long, 60 wide, and the walls 90 feet high, above which a steeple rises to the height of 225 feet from the ground. Its pillars and other ornaments are massive in proportion to its dimensions. Its vaulted roof is magnificent, and the stained windows give the interior an air of grandeur and solemnity.

A bright, pleasant morning induced us to climb with much difficulty, (a part of the way by a perpendicular ladder,) to the battlements of the western tower, for the purpose of taking a bird's-eye view of Glasgow. Notwithstanding occasional interruptions by the volumes of smoke rising from a town, which is the second in size in Great-Britain, and which has a population of 160,000, with a great number of manufactories, our object was accomplished, and a correct idea of the outlines obtained. In its general aspect, in its complexion, in the construction of its streets, as well as in the busy, bustling commercial spirit which every where prevails, Glasgow much more nearly resembles London or Liverpool than Edinburgh, or any other Scottish town that has met our observation. It is eligibly situated on the north bank of the Clyde, rising by a gentle declivity from the river, and extending a mile and a half or two miles along its margin, with which the principal streets run parallel. Numerous hills, villages, and a picturesque country form the environs. The buildings are all stone, obtained from a quarry in the heart of the town, and are substantially as well as neatly constructed, being generally three and four stories high. Some of the streets and squares are magnificent, exhibiting like the new part of Edinburgh not a single diminutive or mean structure,

it possesses, however, little of that classical ornament, elegance, and splendour which characterize the metropolis of the country.

The Clyde is a fine river, nearly equalling the Thames in breadth, and sweeping down with a bold, rapid current, though of moderate depth. Its waters are turbid and much discoloured opposite the town, which greatly injure its appearance. It passes under three bridges, connecting Glasgow with Gorbals on the southern shore. None of these structures can boast of much grandeur or elegance. The upper one is a rude fabric of wood, designed for foot passengers; and the other two are substantially built of stone. A handsome bridge was commenced many years ago; but a sudden flood swept it away before it was completed, and the heavy loss discouraged a renewal of the undertaking.

Having fixed the general features of the town in our minds, we descended from our aerial station, and entered upon an examination more in detail. The Royal Infirmary, standing at the head of High-street, near the Cathedral, is a fine building, and from its position appears to great advantage. It is surmounted by a dome, which is not more ornamental than useful in lighting the institution. There are several handsome churches in this vicinity, the lofty spires of which give an imposing aspect to the town.

At twelve o'clock we paid a visit to the College, though under the disadvantage of strangers, without a letter of introduction. In age, this institution ranks next to that of St. Andrew's, having been founded as early as the middle of the 15th century. The edifice stands on High-street, is two stories high, and three hundred feet in front, but does not show to any advantage, being scarcely distinguishable from the other buildings in the block. It is ornamented with antique towers upon the corners, which do not rise even so high as the walls. The gate-ways lead into the courts, which have nothing to recommend them in point of beauty. Round these are the lecture rooms, the houses of the officers, and the apartments of the scholars.

The University has at present a library of 40,000 volumes, twenty Professors, and from 12 to 1500 students, several of whom were observed treading the courts with sophomoric dignity, clad in an odd red gown or cloak, which is the collegiate dress, but which appears rather as an emblem of Mars than of Minerva. This institution has produced its full share

of scholars, who have arrived at eminence in the several departments of science and literature. Among these may be mentioned Simpson, the mathematician, and Reid, author of an ingenious system of metaphysics. Sir John Moore, who fell in the wars of the Peninsula, and whose fame has been perpetuated by the beautiful elegy of Wolfe, was a native of Glasgow, and received his education at this school. A colossal statue of him adorns one of the public squares.

At the extremity of the inner court, and on the hither side of a garden of ten acres, is the Hunterian Museum, which was bequeathed to the University by the late Dr. William Hunter, with a donation of £8000, to defray the expenses of a building for its reception. The edifice is spacious and handsome, being two stories besides the basement, with rotundas on both floors, lighted by a dome. From the windows there is a charming view into the garden, planted with shrubbery and trees, and designed as a promenade for the students. The rooms are ornamented with a suitable proportion of statuary and painting, among which are the likenesses of the founder, taken from a cast after death, a head of Newton, and a portrait of Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood. In the hall is suspended the old banner used by the Covenanters in the battle at Bothwell Bridge.

The articles of the Museum are numerous and in a fine state of preservation. One of the apartments in the lower story is appropriated almost entirely to the anatomical preparations, which belonged to the founder, and which are extremely valuable. To these are added the extensive collections in conchology and entomology, made by the late Dr. Fothergill. The cabinet of coins is said to be the most complete in Great-Britain; and the mineralogical specimens are both rich and well arranged. There is a select library in the upper story, containing many rare books and manuscripts. Among the latter are autograph letters from Gen. Washington and Dr. Franklin; as also the original subscription paper for raising a fund, to enable Dr. Priestly to prosecute his investigation of the gases.

Leaving the University, we took a turn through the Green, which is a large public square, in the south-eastern part of the city, containing 133 acres, and stretching along the right bank of the Clyde. The blocks of houses facing it are among the handsomest in the town. At one corner the new gaol and public offices are situated, presenting a magnificent

front, richly ornamented with Corinthian pillars. Near the centre of the Green stands a pillar 140 feet high, in memory of Lord Nelson. His naval victories are engraven upon the quadrangular base. It was struck by lightning soon after it was erected, and traces of the cleft are still discernible.

A walk of something more than a mile along the bank of the Clyde, by the new and beautiful Roman Catholic Church, the bridges, and quays, to the western extremity of the town, and thence back to the hotel by another route, completed our tour of observation for the day. Glasgow has no docks for its shipping. The vessels all lie side by side along the straight artificial bank of the river, in which the tide rises to the height of eight feet, permitting schooners and small brigs to ascend with cargoes. Much of the craft is employed in the coal-trade. Some of the vessels were discharging freights of cotton, sugar, and molasses. There are about fifty steam-boats belonging to this port, which are all moored at the same quay, forming a sable fleet, plying to every part of the kingdom. The first experiment in steam navigation in Europe was made upon the waters of the Clyde. In the course of our rambles through this part of the town, a street was observed which bears the name of *Washington*, and on which stands the *Washington Hotel*. Such a compliment, trifling as it may be in itself, manifests a feeling of liberality towards our country, and a respect for the character of its great benefactor.

In the evening we attended the theatre, partly for the purpose of examining the house, and partly to hear Miss Stephens sing. This edifice ranks among the most magnificent of the public buildings in Glasgow. It stands upon Queen-street, and was erected twenty years ago, at an expense of \$80,000. It is considered the most splendid of the provincial theatres. The interior is elegantly finished and furnished, being sufficiently spacious to accommodate fifteen hundred or two thousand persons, although scarcely one-fourth of that number usually attend, as the Scotch are not a play-going people. Much taste is displayed in the scenery and embellishments of the stage. The drop-scene presents a rich view on the shores of Loch Lomond. There was a small, but genteel audience, exhibiting few peculiarities to distinguish it from a similar assemblage of persons in New-York. Miss Stephens who has made some noise in the world, and found admirers among the nobility, is pretty and possesses

musical talents above mediocrity. She was tolerably well supported by the rest of the company ; but the drama for the evening—"the Slave"—is such an unnatural piece, as to be uninteresting, however well it may be performed.

On our return to the hotel, we had the satisfaction to find our New-England friends, who had parted with us at Loch Linnhe, safely arrived, after many hair-breadth escapes, from their excursion to the Island of Staffa. They gave frightful accounts of the terrors of the seas, and of their own adventures, upon the western coast of Scotland, at this tempestuous season. A part of their voyage among the Hebrides was performed in an open cock-boat, exposed to the united violence of winds and waves, with a crew who were willing to risk life for money, and whose native temerity was increased by liberal potations of whiskey. Wo betide the traveller, who too late finds his mistake in having committed himself to such hands.

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## LETTER XXVIII.

EXCURSION TO AYRSHIRE—KILMARNOCK—IRVINE—EARLY ASSOCIATES AND FRIENDS OF ROBERT BURNS—AYR—BURNS' COTTAGE—MAUSOLEUM—KIRK ALLOWAY—BANKS OF DOON.

*October, 1825.*—Reserving other objects of interest in and about Glasgow for a second visit, we set out on the 14th, to make an excursion through Ayrshire. The route to Kilmarnock passes through the populous village of Gorbals, on the left bank of the Clyde ; and thence to Langside, where a great battle was fought, fatal to the partisans of Mary Queen of Scots. She stood upon a neighbouring eminence, spectatress of the fight, and witnessed the defeat of her arms, on which hung her future hopes and fortunes. In retreating from the scene of action, she fell into the hands of two barbarous rustics, who were about to mow her down with their scythes, like a flower of the field ; but she eluded their brutal violence, and was destined to experience a fate still more tragic.

At 10 o'clock we arrived at Kilmarnock, a large, well built town, containing a population of 10,000, chiefly employed in the manufacture of plaids and carpets. Many new buildings are going up, and it appears to be a thriving

place. The first edition of Burns' Poems was here published, and his muse has imparted an interest to some of its localities. But the weather was too unpleasant to permit us to examine them at present, and a post-chaise was therefore employed to take us immediately to Irvine. The first object of attention after our arrival was to find the friends of my companion, and deliver the letters of introduction, which he had taken from his family in New-York. This anxious, but agreeable duty was soon performed; and in a few hours, we found ourselves almost at home, encircled by warm hearts, kind looks, and a generous hospitality. I was happy to feel myself something more than a mere spectator of a scene, so strongly illustrative of the character of our country, which furnishes beyond that of any other, striking instances of what may be termed the romance of real life. In this point of view, I may be pardoned for alluding to circumstances, which delicacy towards individuals would otherwise restrain me from making public.

Among the crowd of emigrants from Scotland, as well as from other parts of Europe, to the wilds of America, soon after the Revolution, was an adventurous boy, who embarked without knowing precisely what was his object, or where he should land. After traversing the banks of the St. Lawrence and the shores of Lake Ontario, he at length found his way to New-York, without any of those flattering prospects, which the young imagination is prone to paint in distant regions. Here, however, enterprise, industry, and success in business gave him fortune and friends; and he is now sending back his children one after another to the place of his nativity, to enjoy the society, gladden the heart, and receive the benediction of his aged parent. The incidents of such a story may not be entirely new or peculiar; but they are certainly interesting, furnishing a stronger illustration of the advantages of our country to an emigrant of suitable character, than a volume of comments—especially such a volume as Fearon or Faux, or any one of that race has written.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the first night passed in the circle of my companion's relatives, and I hope it may be added, of my friends, did more to make me homesick, than all the solitary hours we have spent among strangers, in traversing wilds, climbing mountains, and navigating lakes. Numerous objects around us, from the features of living

faces, to the portraits and other memorials of affection that decorated the walls, awakened a train of feelings, which in spite of present enjoyments would bear our hearts to a still nearer circle beyond the Atlantic, and seek for gratification amidst the endearments of home. Every thing, however, which hospitality and unaffected kindness could effect, was done to make us happy ; and amidst a conversation reaching back to the incidents of by-gone years, our first evening at Irvine was protracted to a late hour—a prelude of the round of social pleasures, which continued for ten days.

Next morning the principal lawyer in the town, to whom a letter from New-York had been delivered the preceding evening, called and invited us to walk with him. He was the school-fellow, playmate, and early friend of my companion's father ; and this circumstance, as well as his native frankness of manners and warm-hearted hospitality, at once removed all formalities, and made us feel like old acquaintances. He first conducted us to a one-story, low-roofed building, which was once an academy, where he and his American friend passed many years together in acquiring the rudiments of education. The self-same little bell, which was wont to quicken their unwilling pace and summon them to the daily task, still tinkles in the tiny balcony ; but it is now used for calling together a company of weavers, who occupy the building, and are employed in manufacturing more substantial fabrics, than the gossamer webs of logic and metaphysics. For a moment they suspended the music of the shuttle, and seemed not a little surprised, that the antique fire-place and the former throne of the village master could present any attractions to strangers.

From the school-house, our friend took us to his mansion, in the immediate vicinity, which is pleasantly situated, and is among the most substantial and handsomest in the town. The front windows of the drawing-room on the second floor look out upon the village church, standing upon a gentle eminence near by, and upon the distant ruins of a feudal castle, which was the birth-place of Robert Bruce, and which at present belongs to the celebrated Lord Cochrane, who is a native of Ayrshire. From the garden on the other side of the mansion, there is a fine view of the insulated rock of Ailsa, rising like a white pyramid to the height of 1100 feet, from the bosom of the Irish sea ; of the mountains on the large island of Arran, at the distance of twenty miles to the

south-west; and of the top of Ben Lomond towards the north. The town of Irvine, pleasantly situated on a river of the same name, with its harbour, shipping, and an extensive prospect of the sea, is also visible from this point.

Our friend's residence is finished and furnished in the usual style of the better kind of houses in Scotland, with every thing that can conduce to substantial comfort or supply an "elegant sufficiency." Here we were presented to the family of the proprietor, consisting of an agreeable lady, and a son, who is an only child and of the same profession with his father. Both of them entered at once into our feelings, and warmly seconded that unreserved hospitality, which in Scotland sets no bounds to acts of kindness towards strangers. The little circle seemed to think of nothing else, but how they could make us forget that we were on a foreign shore, and what they could do to render our visit pleasant.

This first call resulted in an invitation to *breakfast* and *dinner* the next day, which was accepted though not without some hesitation at drawing so heavily upon their civilities at the outset. But a Scottish ear refuses to listen to apologies; and our visit commenced at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning. After partaking of a bountiful breakfast, upon which the people of this country lay almost as much stress as upon dinner, and which usually presents as great a variety as is seen on an American table, we all went to kirk together, and heard a good sermon from the village parson.

Notwithstanding the severity of the wind and rain, which beat incessantly in one of those violent storms, not uncommon upon the western coast of Scotland at this season, the population of Irvine appeared to turn out *en masse*, to attend church, headed by the government of the parish bearing the Lochaber axe, the staff, and other insignia of office. The attendance was probably more general, in consequence of the approaching observance of one of the sacred rites of the church, recurring only once in six months, and from which no person can be absent without a sufficient apology, or a forfeiture of what is termed a *token*, consisting of a metallic plate with the name of the parish engraven upon it. Not less than a dozen sermons, and addresses of different kinds were delivered during the week of our visit, which is peculiarly a season of piety.

Besides the edification which so many discourses at least ought to have afforded us, they furnished a favourable oppor-



tunity of ascertaining the government, doctrine, and discipline of the Kirk of Scotland, which is the established religion of the country. As not only a similar kind of ecclesiastical government prevails among the Presbyterians of the United States, but as the emigrants from Scotland have transported their tenets and their forms of worship along with them, it is unnecessary to dwell on a subject with which many of my readers are more familiar than myself. The audience, as well as several clergymen assembled from the neighbouring towns on this occasion, manifested much zeal; and nothing was observed, to lead to the belief that it was not a zeal according to knowledge. Intelligence is diffused among all classes of the inhabitants, and as in New-England, controversial points in divinity are favourite themes of popular discussion.

After an intermission of half an hour, a lunch, and another sermon of about twice the ordinary length of discourses from our desks, the residue of the day was devoted to fireside comforts, rendered doubly welcome by the inclemency of the weather without. At 5 o'clock dinner was served up in handsome style. Two kinds of fish from the Irvine and the Ayr were among the dishes: the rest was very similar to what had been observed at other genteel tables in Scotland, and has already been described. "The mountain dew of Arran"—a poetical name for whiskey made in that island—is of a peculiar quality, considered to be the best in the world.

But not to lay too much stress upon the most trifling part of our enjoyments:—several of the citizens of Irvine were guests at the social board; and in the midst of an agreeable conversation, the evening glided away with uncounted hours till 11 o'clock. In the meantime tea was brought in; and before leaving, the cloth was spread for a cold supper, making the fifth time we had been invited to the table in the course of the day. Such is a specimen of Scottish hospitality, which is perhaps the most prominent trait in the national character.

Irvine has a population of 10,000, chiefly engaged in manufactures. The inhabitants are remarkable for their industrious habits. Not an idler of either sex is to be seen in the streets. Besides the churches and a large, handsome academy, the town has few public buildings. A convenient reading and news-room has recently been opened, where

most of the periodicals and best journals are taken. Through this channel and several good libraries, useful information is very generally diffused among all classes of the community. The town has some claims to a literary reputation, having given birth to the poet Montgomery, and to Galt the novelist, as well as a temporary residence to Robert Burns.

The shell of the house in which the latter lived was passed daily in visiting our friends. His adventures here were exactly in character. He took it into his head to learn the trade of flax-dresser, chiefly with the view to make it subservient to the profits of his few paternal acres. He and another person accordingly entered into partnership, and commenced business in style. In the mean time a new-year came round, and while Burns was drinking whiskey-punch with his friends, his shop took fire and burnt up, flax, tow, and all, to the bare walls. Thus ended that concern, and the poet took himself off.

A detail of the little incidents and social pleasures of the week, however interesting to us, might not be so to my readers, and would extend this sketch beyond its proper limits. We twice visited Kilwinnie, Mount Ker, and Eglinton Castle, at the distance of three or four miles from town, to enjoy the charming scenery in company with our friends, and to indulge in the luxury of feelings which the associations of some of these places are calculated to awaken. In one excursion both the senior and junior lawyer deserted their clients, contrary to our earnest remonstrances, for the purpose of accompanying us to the woody banks of the Lugden, a beautiful stream which flows through the grounds of Eglinton. It is bordered by extensive gardens, green-houses, parks, and promenades. Several rustic bridges and pretty cascades add variety to the landscape. The castle is a large substantial edifice, but the exterior is not elegant. Its present proprietor and heir to the title is now a promising school-boy at Eton. The late lord Eglinton expended something like £50,000 in attempting to make a sea-port, where nature never designed there should be one; and the consequence was a serious embarrassment of his estates.

We took breakfast with the physician to his lordship, and what was still more interesting to us, the personal friend of Robert Burns. He is an elderly gentleman, but possesses much vivacity, pleasantry, and cleverness. He has an agreeable family, consisting of a wife, whose beauty when young

drew forth a compliment, under a fictitious name, in one of the poet's songs; a handsome and accomplished daughter, about to marry with an officer who was wounded in the battle of Waterloo; and a son who is a member of the Caledonian Hunt, and a great sportsman. The latter and the companion of my travels devoted one morning to the chase during our visit, and succeeded in killing two or three hares. At table the conversation turned principally upon Burns, with whom both the Doctor and his lady were on terms of intimacy. They possess many original copies of his verses, one of which was kindly presented to my friend. The former repeated an unpublished song of the poet, which he was so polite as to write off for us; he also permitted me to transcribe an original poetical note, addressed to him by way of a masonic invitation to attend a meeting of the lodge to which they both belonged. It was conceived in the happiest vein of Burns' humour; and I regret to find, after diligent search among my papers, that it has been mislaid. To these numerous favours the Doctor's daughter added the loan of a volume of poems by another personal friend of Burns, to whom the latter addressed one of his finest odes, entitled an "Epistle to Davie, a brother poet."

This volume, as also the poems of Wilson, the celebrated American Ornithologist, who was a native of this part of Scotland, furnished amusement for the few leisure hours, which a constant round of civilities left us. But our knowledge of "Davie, ace o' hearts," as he is called in the ode alluded to, was not derived from his writings alone; we saw much of the author himself, who lives in handsome style on the main street in Irvine, blest beyond the ordinary lot of poets with a fortune of some £20,000 left him by a wealthy relative. Our legal friend among his other innumerable favours gave us an introduction; and an invitation to take tea and pass the evening was the consequence. Saturday night was selected for the social visit. We went at an early hour, which did not, however, prevent us from coming away late. The veteran bard lost his wife many years ago, and his only son is a respectable physician in Liverpool. Two young ladies from the neighbourhood did the honours of the tea-table. They retired at an early hour, and left the poet to make a quartetto with his three guests at the round table, in the centre of which a decanter of old-whiskey was

placed, like the sun, to diffuse light and heat through the system.

The reign of pleasure commenced with several sweet Scotch airs on the dulcimer, which he plays with a skilful hand. Most of the tunes were composed by himself. One of them, adapted to Burns' song called "the Rose," is remarkable for its plaintive pathos. As a *finale* to this concert, he took us into his library, where he sleeps among his books, and played half a dozen airs on a violin made entirely by himself, which is put together with as much ingenuity, and as highly polished, as any of his verses. His library is small, but select, and the room contains a cabinet of curiosities. We were taken all over the house, even to the garret, which the affluence of the poet enables him to appropriate to other uses than those, to which some of his fraternity have been driven.

But not to enter with too much minuteness into domestic concerns :—after a return to our respective orbits at the round table, from which the influence of the dulcimer and fiddle had attracted us into eccentric mazes, the poet unlocked a bureau sacred to the muses, opened only on special occasions, and disclosed the literary treasures of half a century, which other eyes had perhaps never beheld. Among the infinite variety of manuscripts were several original letters from Burns, addressed to his friend "Davie." They have never been published, but are written with all the point and humour, which characterize the correspondence of the poet.

The evening passed pleasantly to a very late hour in a perusal of the papers, which were submitted to our inspection, and in listening to the recitations of the author, who, although he has reached his sixty-fifth year, enjoys a green old age, and retains much of the spirit of better days. His eye kindled in rehearsing the inspirations of his own muse, and glistened with a tear while reverting to the days, when he and Robin used to walk arm in arm, engaged in high converse. He related many anecdotes illustrative of the character of his friend. If a lassie chanced to cross their path in any of their solitary rambles, he was sure to be left alone ; for Burns would advance and enter into conversation with her, although she was a perfect stranger. But I will cut short this prolific theme and only add, that on taking leave, the poet was so kind as to offer to accompany us to

the banks of Ayr and Doon, which he was apprised we intended to visit on the Monday following.

A cordiality and frankness of manners had so far initiated us into the social circles of Irvine, and had woven such strong ties round the hearts of strangers, that the only painful part of our visit, was to bid adieu to our friends. With some this duty was performed by rising round the table, locking hands, and chanting Auld Lang Syne in full chorus. In other cases the parting scene assumed a graver character, and was hallowed by some of the best feelings of our nature. But in no instance was the separation without a hope on our part, that another visit would be paid to Irvine before our return to the United States. The hospitality of our legal friends held out with unabated ardour to the very last; and from their breakfast table, after bidding the family a reluctant farewell, we stepped into the carriage, which was to convey us from town. One of the gentlemen, not satisfied with these attentions, concluded to bear us company to Ayr, and thence to Glasgow.

The appearance of snow upon the mountains of Arran, and the other hills around Irvine, admonished us, that it was time to flee to a milder climate; and on the morning of the 24th, we took a *noddy*, (a vehicle answering very nearly to a hackney coach,) and set out for Ayr, accompanied by the two gentlemen above mentioned. They both were well acquainted with the localities of the country, one of them having often rambled over the same ground with his friend Burns, and the other being equally familiar with it, from a residence of several years at Ayr. With such companions for guides, nothing worthy of notice escaped our attention.

The first ten or twelve miles of our ride were comparatively uninteresting, except so far as the conversation of our companions afforded us instruction and amusement. For nearly the whole way, the road passes over a slightly undulating district bordering upon the Irish sea, and presenting a view of the same prominent objects upon the coast, as have already been described, with the addition of Lady's Island, a picturesque tuft in the waste of waters, and the little port of Troon, midway between the mouths of the Irvine and the Ayr. The latter is an artificial harbour, constructed at the expense of the Duke of Portland, who owns large estates in the vicinity, and has introduced many improvements, as well for the accommodation of his tenantry, as to enhance

the value of his property. A rail-road unites Kilmarnock with Troon, which is useful in the transportation of heavy articles, particularly large quantities of coal, found in this region. A small village has sprung up round the port, which carries on a considerable trade with Ireland.

At 12 o'clock we arrived at Ayr, and crossed the new bridge, the high colloquy between which and the "Auld Brig," a few rods above, the muse of Burns has reported in poetical and elevated strains. The personification is so vivid, that the *dramatis personæ* seemed something beyond inert matter, and to be endowed with a portion of animated nature. Even the presence of a poet, however, could not make them a second time loquacious, and they bore us over the shoal current of the river in dead silence, each of us being busy with his own thoughts, while contemplating the scene.

Notwithstanding Burns' eulogy on

"Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonny lassies,"

it presents few attractions to the eye of a traveller. It has a population of 10,000, and a trade to some extent is carried on from the port. Wellington Place and the County Buildings are handsome, as are also a portion of the houses on the other streets. In the suburbs are many stately seats belonging to adventurers, who have made their fortunes in the Indies, and returned to enjoy them in their native land. Perhaps the tempting luxuries of these mansions first suggested to the houseless bard of Ayr his scheme of emigrating to Jamaica, with the hope of being equally successful.

Contenting ourselves with a ride through the town, and with such a view as a peep from the windows of the noddie afforded, we pushed forward to Burns' Cottage, which stands within two hundred yards of the banks of Doon. It is a low one-story building, with additions made at each end, to enlarge the accommodations of the inn, to which purpose it is at present appropriated. The host is an odd, whiskey-drinking genius, who goes by the name of "Miller," an appellation derived from his former occupation. He seems still to retain a fondness for his *tolls*, and always expects to participate with the traveller in the social glass, which is drunk to the memory of Burns.

The walls of the cottage are ornamented with likenesses

of the bard, who gave it celebrity. A respect for his genius has preserved without alteration the apartment in which he was born, although the sanctity of the place does not prevent it from being used as a kitchen, where half-a-dozen robust, barefooted lassies were busy in washing, and regarded our examination of the natal bed, occupying an obscure niche, as no uncommon incident. The house is surrounded with pretty gardens and fields, which are no otherwise peculiarly interesting than as having occupied the early years of the poet in agricultural pursuits. Here he grasped the spade, swung the scythe, or whistled by the side of his team :

"The simple bard, rough at the rustic plough,  
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough."

From the cottage we walked to kirk Alloway, which the poetical tale of Tam O'Shanter has made immortal. It stands by the side of the road, within a few yards of the banks of the Doon. The ruins are surrounded by a churchyard, enclosed by a rude fence, and still used as a cemetery for the neighbourhood. A grave just opened and destined to receive its tenant on the afternoon of our visit, stared us full in the face at the entrance, on the right of which is an aged thorn apparently coeval with the church. Two ash trees and a few clusters of the wild briar dropping "the sere and yellow leaf" upon grass-grown graves, are the only embellishments of this quiet repository of the dead. The tomb-stones are of as humble a character as the grounds. That to the memory of the father of Burns has been shamefully mutilated by the curiosity of strangers, who in some instances have carried fragments of it to the banks of the Ganges, or to the shores of Ontario and Huron. So large a portion of it has been broken off for relics as to render the inscription illegible.

The building itself is a roofless, sad ruin, the rude one-story walls of which alone remain, and even those are dropping away piece-meal. Its gable end stands towards the road, and is yet entire. It is surmounted by a small antique bell, from which hangs the fragment of an iron chain, corroded with rust, and the whole machinery appearing as if a knell had seldom been tolled, except perhaps at the hour of midnight by mischief-making fays, or the invisible hands of witches and warlocks. The windows through which Tam O'Shanter must have kenned the congregation of horrors

within, have been darkened by substantial stone and mortar, and a partition of the same material has been extended across the interior, apparently with the view to render still more lonely a solitary and nameless grave in the enclosure, shaded with a tuft of rank grass, and overhung by the desolate ruin. Our party, with the exception of "Davie," whom age had rendered too clumsy for the enterprise, climbed to the summit of the walls, which looked as though they had been scathed by one of the flashes that the hero of Burns witnessed; and seating ourselves upon the ruin, we read over Tam's adventures, while the old sexton, who had joined us in the church-yard, acted as the expositor of localities, and "a brother poet" added the benefit of his comments.

Within a few rods of the church, and still nearer the right bank of the Doon, stands the new monument raised by subscription to the memory of Burns. It is a proud and splendid mausoleum, sixty or seventy feet in height, seated upon a gentle eminence, and seen to advantage for a circuit of several miles. It is in the form of a Grecian temple with a balustrade and a double dome, supported by a colonnade of nine Corinthian pillars, the number probably being designed to represent the sisterhood of the muses. The dome is surmounted by a gilded tripod, which holds an urn. On the floor of the temple below, there is a niche between two highly finished columns, intended to contain a bust of the poet. The monument is now in progress, and will soon be completed. There was some debate about its location, and censure has been cast upon the committee for not placing it upon his birth-place.

Our walk was continued from the monument, across the old *brig* of Doon, over which Tam drove his *Meg* at full speed, with witches and warlocks at her heels, till the keystone of the one arch was reached, and running water put an end to the chase. The banks of the river are deeply wooded, rural, and highly romantic, well deserving the epithet "bonnie," which has been bestowed upon them by a native and immortal bard. A mixture of evergreens gives richness and variety to the foliage overhanging the broad, dark, and rapid stream. On the old bridge we met with an Englishman, loitering to examine the scenery, who entered into an elaborate argument to prove, that the merits of Burns had been greatly overrated, and would not bear a comparison with the poets of his own country. The "Ace of



hearts" manfully defended his friend, and the errand of the whole group was one evidence among a thousand, that he had the best of the argument. It was a very unfortunate arena for disputing the genius of the author of *Tam O'Shanter*.

Half a mile from the Carrick side of the Doon, a bold range of hills runs parallel with the river, and terminates near its mouth in lofty perpendicular cliffs upon the Irish sea. We ascended to the brow of this eminence, whence was obtained an extensive view of the beautiful vale, with several pretty seats; of the monument on the other shore, illuminated with the declining sun; of the town of Ayr, on the plain beyond; and of the sea-girt mountains of Arran in the distance. It required less partiality than arises from native attachment, to lead us to admire the features of such a scene.

Descending from the hill, we re-crossed the Doon on the new bridge, a few rods below the old one, and rambled some way down the right bank of the river, to look at a fountain consecrated like Helicon by the footsteps of the Muses. It is a living spring, gushing from the bank and from beneath the roots of forest trees, which overhang and darken the declivity. Forming ourselves into a little circle, we filled a cup from the cottage with crystal waters, and drank to the memory of Robert Burns.

In passing kirk Alloway, on our way back, the old sexton threw over the fence to each of us a walking-stick of sweet-briar, which in our absence he had cut from the site of the monument. These relics are highly prized, and by more poetical minds might be converted into wands possessing a magical influence. To complete the incidents of this walk, we met just beyond the church a funeral procession approaching the grave, which had been observed in readiness to receive the corpse. The black hearse with its white horse and nodding plumes, followed by a long train of mourners in weeds of woe, alternately appearing and vanishing as the winding path was skirted with hedge-rows, produced a solemnity of feeling above what is ordinarily felt on such occasions.

Hastening to the cottage, and thence to Ayr with all possible despatch, we took leave of our poetical friend; and the remaining three of us set out immediately in a coach for Kilmarnock. The road presented few objects of any interest, and the ride was attended by no adventures, except

the risk of being capsized by a sudden squall of wind and rain, which blew with such violence that the driver could scarcely keep his seat, and the passengers aloft were obliged to cling to the baggage. Having taken lodgings for the night at Kilmarnock, while dinner was preparing, and just at twilight we walked to the village church-yard to look at a tomb-stone "in memory of Thomas Sampson," who is the original of Burns' "*Tam Samson*." The elegy was written while the eccentric subject was yet living; but the features of his character were delineated with such fidelity, that an extract from the poem has been placed upon the monument.

In the evening our friend took us to the new reading-room, which is furnished with periodicals and newspapers. He also introduced us to the proprietor of one of the principal manufactories of carpets and Highland bonnets, who obligingly conducted us through his extensive works, and explained the operation of the complex machinery. Fabrics are here made in great quantities, and equal in quality to the best manufactures of the same articles at Brussels. The foreman of a similar establishment, belonging to one of our friends in New-York, is from this manufactory, and it would be a superfluous task to enter upon a description of foreign commodities, which are found in as great if not greater perfection at home. The wider my sphere of observation extends, the more fully am I satisfied, that in the whole circle of the useful arts, the work shops of Great-Britain can supply few valuable additions to the ingenuity, enterprise, and skill of our own countrymen. Whatever is worthy of imitation is already known in the United States; and subsequent improvements are much more likely to spring up among what Cobbett denominates "a thinking people," than among nations willing to hazard few experiments, and wedded to the prejudices of their forefathers.

At six o'clock the next morning, we took seats in the coach for Glasgow by the same route which had been once traversed, but which could not be a second time avoided. In the promiscuous fortune of this mode of travelling, it was our lot to be thrown into the *basket*, which is a kind of rotunda behind the wheels, forming what may be termed the after-cabin, and sufficiently capacious to hold four persons. A crowd of passengers gave to our apartment its full number, among whom was an intelligent lady, who seemed anxious to make a dull road as agreeable as possible, by designating the scanty variety of interesting objects it affords,

## LETTER XXIX.

GLASGOW—DOCTOR CHALMERS—THEATRE—BOTANIC GARDEN  
—GAS-WORKS—EXCURSION TO GREENOCK—BANKS OF THE  
CLYDE—BOTHWELL CASTLE—HAMILTON HOUSE—STONE-  
BYRES—LANARK—FALLS OF THE CLYDE—DUMFRIES—TOMB  
OF BURNS—VISIT TO HIS WIDOW—GREYNA GREEN.

*October—November, 1825.*—Without the benefit of foreknowledge, and by a most lucky accident, we arrived at Glasgow, on the morning of the 26th, just in time to hear Dr. Chalmers preach his great charity sermon, in aid of the funds of the Roman Catholic Free School, which is a noble institution; conducted on liberal principles, and affording the advantages of education to twelve hundred poor children. It was necessary to go an hour before the service commenced, in order to secure a seat, although the discourse was delivered at two o'clock in the afternoon, the most busy part of the day in a great commercial metropolis. Soon after leaving the hotel, a current of people could be distinctly observed setting towards the chapel, in Albion-street, at the distance of half a mile; and throwing ourselves into the vortex, we were swept along without the trouble of inquiry. At the outer gates of the church, large plates were placed in the open air for the reception of contributions, which appeared to be liberal. A mite from each individual in such a multitude soon swelled to a heavy aggregate.

It was our good fortune to find seats in front of the gallery, being the most advantageous position both for seeing and hearing. As we once more found ourselves in company with our two New-England friends, and the variety of dress and manners in such an audience, presented a field for silent observation, a session of an hour was worn away without much tedium. Long before it expired, the church had been filled, aisles and all, with as many as could either sit or stand. As the appointed time drew near, the eyes of the immense concourse were directed to the pulpit with as much anxiety as is manifested for the curtain to rise, when some distinguished actor is to make his appearance upon the stage.

Precisely at two o'clock, the Doctor ascended the desk. He is apparently at the age of about fifty-five, with a short, thick-set, clumsy form, and a heavy, pock-broken face, exhibiting few external indications of talent. The first sentence he uttered, showed that the refinements of education have not divested his pronunciation of the broad Scotch accent, which is sometimes so marked, as to render his language scarcely intelligible to an English ear. It is not improbable that these national peculiarities of dialect have added somewhat to his popularity with the lower classes, although he has a much more substantial foundation for his fame.

After the usual preparatory exercises, he commenced his exposition of a passage in the Epistle of James—"For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." His great object was to censure ecclesiastical pride and intolerance, and to inculcate the most liberal principles of christian charity. The peculiarity of his tenets is probably well known to many of my readers. He has no other creed than the Bible, and professes to belong to no particular denomination of christians. His charity is as wide as christendom, and his philanthropy embraces the whole human family. I believe the Doctor's liberality, impressed upon the minds of others by the influence of his commanding talents, has been productive of much positive good.

To him was assigned on this occasion the difficult task of addressing an audience, composed of about equal proportions of Roman Catholics and rigid Presbyterians. There is an amalgamation of the two sects in the board of Trustees, who have the management of the institution. When he began to speak with perfect freedom of all sects, and denounce the eternal collisions between them, I was unable to perceive how he would escape the point to which his doctrines were tending, without giving serious offence to one or the other party of his hearers. But he held the balance with an even hand; and where his ingenuity could not untie, his boldness severed the Gordian knot. That neither sect might complain of partiality, he censured the defects of both.

Dr. Chalmers has none of the graces of oratory, either as it regards his elocution or his gestures. Both of these are positively bad. The effect of his preaching arises from vigour of thought, boldness of conception, and earnestness

of manner. He throws himself forward as if he would pitch headlong from the pulpit : he clenches his white pocket handkerchief firmly in his fist, and brings down his hand, as if smiting some one at his feet : this gesture is uniform, answering fully to what Hamlet calls "sawing the air," and nothing but the conviction that it is wholly involuntary can reconcile it to the hearer : the orator seems convulsed with the throes of thought, and the grandeur of his periods, rolling out one after another in rapid succession, leaves the mind little time for dwelling on minor considerations.

His manner approaches very nearly to what in our country would be called methodistical. For some minutes he continues to kindle gradually, and the tones of his voice grow louder and louder, till he fairly thunders. As he ascends these climaxes of all that is sublime in imagery, or violent in gesture, the listener sits astounded at the bolts which are falling around him. The audience are silent as death, and "the boldest holds his breath for a time." Then comes a respite—a break, in which the language of the speaker is in an under-tone, so low as to be scarcely audible. I cannot illustrate his manner better, than by comparing him to a torrent of his native hills, which at one time, rushes impetuously down its rugged bed, and then glides away in a deep and silent current.

The discourse occupied something more than an hour. I have no time for attempting its outlines. A tolerable sketch was given in some of the papers, and the whole of it has been published in a pamphlet form. The speaker has the same prominence at home, as he has in the eyes of foreigners. He is almost idolized by the people of Glasgow. From what was observed, I should think him very accessible and popular in his manners. We paused a moment at the door of the church, till he came out. A large circle of ladies and gentlemen approached familiarly, and shook him cordially by the hand :

"E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile."

In the evening we went to the theatre, to see the celebrated Miss Foote, whose loves have given her as much notoriety as her dramatic talents, although the latter appeared to us much above mediocrity. Her person and voice are both

good. She has a handsome and animated face, with a peculiarly fine forehead and eyes, formed for smiles rather than frowns, and expressing more of softness than of dignity. She personated the character of Lady Teazle, in the *School for Scandal*, a part to which her powers are not very well adapted. Her performance was respectable, although in my opinion inferior to that of Miss Kelly, of the Park Theatre, in the same character. The house was very thin. There were but two ladies in the boxes. This paucity of numbers is ascribed to various causes. The Scotch are not fond of dramatic representations. Miss Foote's reputation has suffered much in the estimation of the public, and it is said she cannot be sustained on the London boards. She is going the rounds of the provincial theatres, attended by her father and followed by one of her paramours, who add nothing to her popularity. But besides these causes, the temporary desertion of the play-house may be attributed to the strong sensation created by the loss of the steam-boat *Comet*, alluded to in a former letter. Many of the passengers belonged to this city, and an event so afflicting has spread a gloom over the town.

During our stay of a few days at Glasgow, we visited one of the principal cotton manufactories at Gorbals, for the purpose of seeing a power-loom in operation. It is upon a large scale, and the machinery appears to be very perfect. Two hundred looms are moved by one engine, each of which weaves twenty-five yards a day. Nearly all manual labour is saved. A woman can manage two of the looms, and a girl of ten or twelve years old, one. The cloth sells at sixpence sterling the yard, and immense quantities are manufactured at this and other establishments in the vicinity.

We also paid a visit to the Botanic Garden, which is in the western end of the town. It is situated on a declivity looking towards the south, and contains ten or twelve English acres. The grounds are judiciously laid out and well filled with trees and plants of every variety, most of which are labelled. But the soil appeared to me heavy, hard of cultivation, and not the most suitable for a work of this kind. Many of the exotics wear a sickly appearance. A lecture-room is attached to the garden, where instructions are given every day during the summer months, by the Professor of Botany in the University. The whole establishment, which was commenced in 1817, is now complete, having the usual

number of green-houses and other appurtenances. Seats are placed in the alleys and alcoves for the accommodation of musical parties, which are given at stated periods during the warm season, in the same manner as at Liverpool. It is a charming retreat for the citizens, where they may enjoy a pure air and pretty views of the banks of the Clyde, as well as the conversation of their friends, after the cares and fatigues of the day.

From the Botanic Garden we went to another part of the town, in the vicinity of the cathedral, to examine the extensive gas-works, whence Glasgow is splendidly lighted. The superintendent conducted us through the several departments in the large block of buildings, directing our attention to the apparatus and to the process of converting coal into gas, upon a large scale. Two furnaces were in operation, the port-holes of which were opened during our visit, to let in the external air, which kindles as it comes in contact and produces a report not unlike the discharge of cannon. A salute of more than the federal number of guns was fired in making the circuit. There are in all five reservoirs, each containing 30,000 square feet. The gas is purified by passing through a vat of lime-water, before it is drawn off for use. I have been unable to learn with precision either here or elsewhere, the amount of capital employed, or the exact per centage it yields. The profits must be very great, as gas-lights are almost universally used in dwelling-houses, shops, and public buildings.

On the 28th we embarked in the Highland Lad, one of the fifty steam-boats lying at the wharf, and made an excursion to Greenock, the port of Glasgow, on the left bank of the Clyde, twenty-four miles below. As a constant and active intercourse is kept up between the two places, boats run every half hour, occupying about three hours in the passage down, and usually a little longer time on the return. The fare is cheap, being three shillings each way, and the convenience to men of business very great. Steam-boats are also extensively used for freights, and in towing small vessels up and down the river, the depth of which varies from six to twelve feet, according to the tide.

For several miles below Glasgow, the channel of the Clyde is narrow, and confined between artificial stone embankments, which give it the appearance of a canal. Large sums have been expended for improving its navigation. I

was informed that the whole amount of duties collected at the port, being something like £15,000 per annum, is appropriated by the government to this purpose. If the information derived from the captain of the boat be correct, it manifests a munificent and liberal policy. Such a spirit, though it cast its treasures upon the waters, will generally reap the benefit after many days.

Seven miles below Glasgow, and three miles from the left bank of the river, stands the town of Paisley, which it occasioned not a little surprise in me to learn contains 100,000 inhabitants, a population little inferior to that of Edinburgh. With us, I believe, it is hardly known that there is such a place in Scotland—certainly not of such magnitude. A navigable communication connects it with the Clyde. The steeple of the principal church is visible from the river. It is an overgrown manufacturing town, interesting for little else than as being the birth-place of Wilson, the ornithologist, where he spent his early years in that kind of struggle, which genius often wages with penury. The celebrated Dr. Witherspoon also resided in the vicinity of Paisley previous to his emigration to America.

Farther down, the banks of the Clyde assume a bolder and more interesting character. On a rugged promontory jutting from the northern shore, the ruins of Douglas Castle are romantically seated; and beyond them rises the bipartite rock of Dunbarton to the height of three or four hundred feet from the water, and surmounted by an old fortress. The fantastic hill is nearly insulated by the waters of the Leven, which here unite with the Clyde, forming the outlet of Loch Lomond. A charming vale opens towards the north, which has been immortalized by the nativity and the muse of Smollet.

Below Dunbarton, the Clyde becomes a broad estuary, surrounded by lofty hills, and presenting some pretty views of mountain scenery. Port Glasgow and Greenock occupy the southern shore, at the distance of a mile or two from each other. At the latter place we landed, and spent an hour in examining the town, which has fourteen churches, and 26,000 inhabitants. The spirit of the place is entirely commercial, and there is nothing worthy of particular notice, except the large and elegant custom-house, and the docks opening into a spacious basin, forming a safe and excellent harbour. These public works will sustain a fair comparison with those of Liverpool. Amidst the fleet of ships in port, we could



discover but one vessel from our own country, and she was unlading a cargo of lumber from the forests of Maine. The objects of our excursion were accomplished in season to re-embark at 3 o'clock, and return to Glasgow the same evening.

On the 31st, we set out in a post-chaise for New-Lanark, twenty-five miles up the Clyde. Just at the moment of our departure, the establishment of a sprig of nobility or gentry drove up to the door of the Buck's-Head. The carriage and equipage were splendid—four horses, two postillions, and a long train of servants embracing no less than six waiting maids. All the sashes in the neighbourhood of the hotel were raised, and a crowd of people assembled to see the show. It was some time before a humbler vehicle could approach to receive us.

Our ride in leaving Glasgow extended along the right bank of the Clyde to Bothwell Castle, where we lingered half an hour to look at the magnificent ruin, and the seat of Lord Douglas, an infirm old man, who is the proprietor of princely estates, which he must soon leave behind. His mansion is of red free-stone, and occupies a pretty lawn, looking down upon the Clyde, some hundreds of feet below. His grounds are splendid, laid out with taste, beautifully wooded, and adorned with retired walks in all directions. We pursued one of them half a mile, through groves of variegated foliage, and along the margin of the river.

The ruins of Bothwell Castle are situated on a lofty promontory, formed by a bold sweep of the Clyde, commanding an extensive view of the river and its woody banks, as well as the distant mountains. Although time has made many inroads upon a proud pile, which was once the seat of feudal splendour, the outlines yet remain, and show what it was in the day of its glory, when the Bothwells, the Stuarts, and the Douglasses used to revel in its halls. The building is of a dark red sand-stone, between two and three hundred feet in length, and a hundred in breadth, with lofty battlements fast dropping to decay. It is surrounded by a copse of large firs and other forest trees, which have thrown their branches over the walls, and dropped seeds into the crevices, whence springs a growth of hanging shrubbery. Flocks of jackdaws darken the air, and find a home in the deserted abode of luxury. On the other bank of the river, directly opposite the castle, a perpendicular cliff, several hundred feet high, is

crowned with the remains of the priory of Bantyre, adding much to the romantic beauty of the scenery.

Two miles from this place, we crossed the Clyde over Bothwell Bridge, which was the scene of a bloody battle between the Covenanters and the troops of Charles II. under the command of the Duke of Monmouth, in the year 1679. The severest part of the engagement was fought on a little plain north of the river. But the passage of the bridge, which remains entire to this day, was obstinately disputed, and the waters of the Clyde were crimsoned with promiscuous slaughter.

A little farther on, we reached the large and dirty town of Hamilton, built on a declivity, and containing a population of 7000. The only object of curiosity in the vicinity is the palace of the Duke of Hamilton, which stands upon an extensive lawn, stretching between the village and the Clyde. Its situation is by no means eligible, either in point of convenience or beauty; for although it commands a wide view of the lawn in front, the river is not seen, and the prospect on the other side is entirely intercepted by the town. The exterior of the building is at present extremely plain, consisting of an old-fashioned three-story centre and two wings, without any architectural ornament. But extensive improvements are now in progress, and the specimens of the new edifice, so far as completed, are splendid. After all, the mansion from its location, can never appear to advantage, and the expenditure of so much money appeared to me injudicious. The Duke's grounds are much more suitable for farms than for parks and palaces.

In taste and elegance, the interior of the building far surpasses the exterior. An old lady conducted us through all the apartments, which are handsomely furnished, and contain a rich collection of paintings. Among the finest are *Daniel in the Lion's Den*, by Rubens; the *Earl of Denbigh*, in the attitude of going out a shooting, by Vandyke; a portrait of *Napoleon*, by David; and the two *Misers*, by Matsys. The last is an admirable picture, and by far the most striking in the gallery. Besides these, there is the *Whole family of the Hamiltons*, done by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and looking very much alike. One of the most interesting in the collection is the portrait of *Miss Gunning*, the daughter of a clergyman, mother of the late Duke, as also of the Duke of Argyle. She was a dowerless beauty, and in an age more

chivalrous than the present, her charms won both the heart and hand of the nobleman. Some of his descendants are said to have been actuated by a less romantic passion, although a sudden reverse of fortune produced the same result, without the same credit.

Pausing no longer than was necessary to go through the halls of the palace, and to partake of some very indifferent refreshments at the village hotel, we continued our ride up the banks of the Clyde, which are extremely rural, picturesque, and beautiful. The vale is one of the most fertile and best cultivated in Scotland. Large farms, with suitable proportions of tillage, pasture, woodlands, and orchards, give to the country an appearance of substantial wealth. Several pretty seats rising along the borders of the river, and embowered with trees, give variety to the scenery.

Just at evening we reached the falls of Stonebyres, and walked some distance from the road to catch a twilight view. The descent of the Clyde is here seventy feet, in nearly a perpendicular pitch. Rugged cliffs, slightly covered with hanging woods, rise on either side, and a deep chasm opens at the feet of the spectator. There is sufficient water to give an air of grandeur to the falls. Salmon ascend the river as far as the basin below, but are unable to climb the cataract. The whole of this region, including land and water, belongs to Mr. Owen, who has lately established himself in the United States.

Having lingered till nothing save the foam of the torrent could be seen, we returned to the coach, and after crossing the Clyde on a high bridge, arrived at the old town of Lanark, where comfortable lodgings were obtained for the night. Although Lanark has long been a royal burgh, where the Parliament of Scotland once convened, and is at present the seat of justice for the county, it is a dull, uninteresting place, with a population short of three thousand, engaged in manufactures on a small scale. The streets are narrow, dirty, and badly lighted. An ineffectual attempt was made to find the market-cross, on which the Presbyterians posted up a proclamation, excommunicating Charles II. accusing him of perjury, and abjuring his authority.

Early on the following morning we walked three fourths of a mile to New-Lanark, which is beautifully situated on the right bank of the Clyde, close on the margin of the stream. In approaching it from the north, the spectator

looks down suddenly upon the village, several hundred feet beneath him, and descends from the green hills by a steep winding path. The buildings, consisting of manufactories and dwelling-houses for the labourers, are uniform in their appearance, being three or four stories high, substantially constructed of stone, and neatly finished. They were erected at the same time, and the material has assumed the same complexion. There is not a single low or mean structure of any kind in the village, which has an air of neatness, and even magnificence, seldom found at the seat of extensive manufactories.

On arriving at the office of the establishment, we learned with regret that Mr. Owen had sailed for the United States some weeks before. But we were received with great cordiality by the superintendent, who devoted nearly the whole day to us. He first introduced us into a large hall, containing much of the apparatus used in Mr. Owen's system of education. Among other articles were large historical charts, covering the walls of the apartment—a folio volume of topographical delineations of the principal towns in Scotland—a terrestriat globe six feet in diameter—and a suite of emblems designed to illustrate the principles of English grammar. The last invention has at least the merit of being ingenious. It consists in personifying the parts of speech, and in assigning to each its relative importance, according to the military system. General *Noun* figures in his cocked hat, sword, and double epaulettes. By his side stands Colonel *Verb*, and so on down to Corporal *Adverb*.

From this vestibule of the establishment, the superintendent took us up stairs to the large dancing-hall, which opens precisely at 7 o'clock every morning. Here we found some eighty or a hundred children of both sexes at an average age of about ten, paraded on the floor, under the charge of a dancing-master, and moving in measured steps to the music of an orchestra. They were all in uniform—the boys wearing Highland kilts of plaid, and the girls gingham of a different figure. Both sexes met the floor with naked feet. After undergoing sundry drills in marches and counter-marches, they were directed to take partners for cotillions, to which were added strathspeys, reels, and other national dances.

Next came a concert of music. The children were paraded in battalia, and sang half a dozen of the finest of the Scotch

songs in full chorus. So far as I am a judge, they made no discords, and the effect was certainly pleasing as well as imposing. Music is learned upon the Lancastrian plan, from a large roll many yards in extent, containing the gamut, with the addition of select tunes. It is placed in a conspicuous part of the room, where the notes can be distinctly seen at the same instant by every pupil. The words are committed to memory from printed cards, embracing a selection of the best songs. Perfect order, decorum and good feeling seemed to prevail among the children, who are taken promiscuously from the families of the labourers.

From the ball-room we proceeded to the other departments of the school, and heard classes go through with their recitations in geography and botany. The former is taught entirely by maps, and the latter by transparent plates. In both, the children answered with surprising promptness and accuracy. Girls of twelve years old appear to be perfectly versed in the Linnæan system of classification, and able at a glance, not only to give the technical names of the parts of a plant, but to reduce it to its genus and species. How far such a knowledge is acquired by rote; what effect the discipline has upon the mind; and whether some of the branches taught are relatively the most important, are questions upon the discussion of which I am not disposed to enter. My general impression was, that while Mr. Owen's system of education is calculated to divest large manufacturing establishments of their terrors, by removing gross ignorance, vulgarity of manners, and vicious habits, and by substituting in their places the decencies and refinements of good society, it is somewhat deficient in those branches which qualify the young mind for the more serious duties and avocations of life.

Of the admirable financial scheme for the support of the school there can be no doubt. The fund is supplied by the profits of a public store, which belongs to the establishment, and contains all the articles necessary for the consumption of the village or the surrounding country. As the business of the shop is conducted upon an extensive scale, the commodities can be afforded at a cheaper rate than at other places, besides saving a sum sufficient to educate all the children of the workmen in the manufactories, and supplying their families with medical attendance. It is true, each pupil pays a penny a week for instruction; but the pittance is designed

rather as a stimulant than as a bar to education—to remind children and parents of the value of such a school, not to deprive the poorest families of its advantages.

After breakfast, the superintendent conducted us through the principal manufactories, explained the machinery, and exhibited the several processes, from picking the material, to packing the product for market. The whole establishment is appropriated exclusively to the manufacture of cotton yarn. There are in all 35,000 spindles, moved by six water-wheels 26 feet in diameter—7000 lbs of yarn are produced daily.

In going through the various apartments of this establishment, four *Gypsies* of different ages and sizes were pointed out to us, being the first we had ever seen. Few of these now remain in Scotland, and the race is fast becoming amalgamated with other classes of the people. The first that attracted attention was a sprightly little girl in the dancing-room. She is said to be a fine scholar. The second was a girl of eighteen, with a pretty face, but heavy form, observed among the females engaged in spinning. A man of forty, who has the eye of an assassin, but who is said to be clever, honest, and religious, is the only male representative of the race among the workmen. But the most remarkable of the little remnant was an old woman, called Jenny of the Woods, who was employed in carrying bags of cotton. She has an athletic frame, and reminded me of Meg-Merrilies. In one of the workshops, an aged man was busy at the lathe, who was said to have been acquainted with Old Mortality. The latter used frequently to visit Lanark, where he last wrought at his trade of repairing tomb-stones. Our intelligent guide also mentioned that Dr. Smollet resided for a long time in this vicinity, and here found several of the originals in his novels, whose characters were drawn with so much fidelity that they recognized themselves on perusing the sketch.

Among other eccentric individuals in this assemblage of representatives from every part of Scotland, we conversed with a tailor, who has resided thirty-four years at Lanark, without ever having seen the falls of the Clyde, although his shop-board is within the sound of their waters. He walks six or seven miles every Sunday, to attend church, and his indifference to the charms of nature is in part owing to the severity of religious principles. The clergyman under whose preach-

ing he sits denounces the Waverly novels, and prohibits any one of his flock, who is in the habit of reading such profane works, from coming to the communion table.

Having fewer conscientious scruples, and a greater regard for the attractions of nature than the tailor, we walked two miles up the Clyde, to examine the falls of Bonniton and Corra Linn. The former is the commencement of a series of cascades, which terminates at Stonebyres, four or five miles below. Our approach to it was by a foot-path, winding along the high, rocky, and romantic banks of the river, which are richly covered with hanging woods, now wearing the sober livery of autumn. The first pitch is about thirty feet perpendicular, where the current is confined to a narrow channel, by a lofty cliff on one side, and a rocky island on the other. To the latter, a rude, rustic bridge of unhewn timber has been thrown from the shore. It is so fragile as to seem scarcely sufficient to bear our weight, lightly as we trod in crossing it. The little island which stems the torrent is rendered more romantic by a tuft of evergreen and other trees, pendent over the flood. Wicker seats have been made for the accommodation of visitants, where they may recline and watch the eternal descent of the torrent. The rocks are of a dark complexion, and the foam of a rich amber colour, both harmonizing admirably with the variegated foliage at this season.

Leaving the island and the upper fall, we sauntered along close to the margin of the river, in some places creeping upon our hands and knees under the cliffs, to Corra Linn, which in magnitude and grandeur far surpasses Bonniton. Its altitude is eighty-four feet, in a distance of perhaps twenty rods. At the head of the falls is a fantastic, conical eminence covered with a coat of brown heath and moss, and crowned with a few straggling firs. It forms a fine observatory for the spectator. The river here strikes the shore at right angles, and rebounds over the rocks below from an eddy. On the southern side, a columnar rock, rising to the height of perhaps 200 feet, and surmounted by the ruins of Corra Castle, impends over the deep and dark basin, where the stream lingers for a moment before it leaps headlong down the precipice. There are two principal pitches. Above the highest and narrowest a natural arch of trees, springing from the fissures of the rocks, extends nearly across the torrent, almost interlocking their adventurous arms. In its

general character, the scenery of Corra Linn is the same as that about Bonniton.

The best *coup d'œil* of the falls is obtained from the high bank below, where stations consisting of rude railings have been suspended for the accommodation of spectators. On the summit of the cliffs, and embowered by woods, a pretty little tenantless lodge or temple has been erected, furnished with seats, tables, and mirrors hung from the ceiling in such a way, as to present a full view of Corra Linn, increasing the effect too by making the torrent seem to pour from the skies. Several volumes of Albums lay upon the tables, filled with the names of visitants. Among the many from our own country, the neat signature of "John Randolph of Roanoke," and those of some of our New-York friends were recognized.

On the following morning, at 10 o'clock, we took the coach for Dumfries, a distance of fifty-seven miles. The route, which leads up the vale of the Clyde to its source, is without much interest of any kind. At Hyndford a handsome bridge is thrown across the river, the banks of which are in many places rural and pleasant. To the south are Fintock hills, the highest in Lanarkshire, though of moderate elevation. In the afternoon, the weather was so rainy and unpleasant, as to drive us from the top of the coach, and thereby contract the sphere of observation. Descending into Glen Girvel by a terrace on the road, which for the distance of a mile or two winds like a belt round the smooth green hill, and passing the large manufacturing village of Thornhill, we traversed the banks of the Nith, and reached Dumfries at 6 o'clock, after a dull ride, fortunately furnishing few incidents to add to the volume of this letter.

The evening of our arrival was too dark and inclement, to permit us to go out, even to the theatre where Kean first wore the buskin, and commenced his dramatic career. Early the next morning, we walked over a considerable part of Dumfries, which is a large town standing upon both sides of the Nith, and containing a population of about 15,000. The high-tides of Solway Firth reach as far as this place, although at low-water the river is broad and rapid. It is crossed at the head of navigation by a bridge resting on nine stately arches, and erected in the 13th century. The port owns a good deal of shipping, and drives an active trade in a small way.



Having understood from our friends at Irvine, that the widow of Robert Burns was still living at Dumfries, and that she is accessible to strangers without formal letters of introduction, after breakfast this morning, we addressed a note to her, stating that two gentlemen from the United States, who are among the transatlantic admirers of the Scottish bard, and who had just visited his birth-place, as well as the scenes which his muse had consecrated, were anxious to pay their respects to Mrs. Burns in the course of the forenoon, if perfectly agreeable. The request was communicated by our clever and obliging landlady, who lives within a few doors.

In the mean time while this interesting suit was pending, we walked to the village kirk, to visit the tomb of the poet himself. Our old guide was personally acquainted with him, and had passed many a social night before his own hearth. The church-yard contains an unusual number of handsome monuments, many of them being finished with little turrets in the Gothic style. The mausoleum in memory of Burns is creditable to the liberality and taste of the public, at whose expense it was erected. It consists of an octagonal temple supported by Ionic pillars, and surmounted by a handsome dome. In the back part there is a statue of the poet as large as life, with his bosom open, and in the attitude of holding the plough. Above, the muse is seen throwing over him "the inspiring mantle." The design was taken from a passage in the dedication to the Caledonian Hunt, in which the author alludes to his early and subsequent pursuits. There appeared to be a defect in the representation, since the plough is seen, with the poet in the awkward posture of holding it without a team. If there was not room for the whole, a part of the rural implement might have been concealed so as to render the defect less obvious. The monument is enclosed by a neat iron railing, and the little area, perhaps forty feet square, is covered with a profusion of shrubbery, consisting of holly, the wild rose, laurel, yew, and other evergreens which beautifully shade the tomb.

On our return to the hotel, the hostess communicated the compliments of Mrs. Burns, with the gratifying intelligence, that she would be happy to see us at any hour we might choose to call. Being anxious to leave town as soon as possible, we promptly accepted her act of kindness. She lives in a neat two-story house, on Burns'-street not far from

the church. We were received by her at the parlour door with a cordial shake of the hand, and by every mark of hospitality. The apartment is tastefully furnished with all that can conduce to comfort, and is ornamented with an original portrait of Burns, by Naismith, of Edinburgh, whence the other likenesses are derived. In this house the poet died; and in the warmth of Scottish feeling blended with conjugal affection, the surviving partner of his bosom informed us, that she would not exchange it for a palace. She lives comfortably on an income of £300 a year, with a little auburn-haired grand-child, (not yet too old to give each of us a kiss,) to occupy her attention in the hours of retirement. She has three children, all of whom are absent—one in London, and the other two, officers in the army, now in the East Indies.

Mrs. Burns is apparently at the age of between fifty and sixty, retaining traces of those lineaments of beauty, which the poet found in his "bonnie Jean." She has a good form, and her dark full eye is still quick and animated in its glances. Her pretty hand was tastefully set off with rings, and the perfect neatness of her dress left no regret, that in order to show her every mark of respect, something beyond ordinary attention had been paid to our own. Her easy flow of conversation, marked by few of the peculiarities of the Scottish dialect, and embracing a variety of topics, among which were inquiries after her friends in New-York, protracted our call to a visit of more than half an hour. She showed us, with a good deal of apparent satisfaction, an elegant set of silver candlesticks and snuffers, which were "the gift of a few Scots in Sheffield to the widow of Burns." The tray bears the following appropriate inscription from the pen of the poet Montgomery:

"HE passed through life's tempestuous night,  
A brilliant, trembling northern light;  
Through years to come, he shines from far  
A fixed, unsetting polar star."

Having received at parting the same warm pledge of kindness, which bade us welcome, with the addition of many good wishes, we stepped into a post-chaise, which drove us off to the borders of Scotland with all possible despatch, a distance of about twenty miles from Dumfries, but embracing few objects which could interest the reader. Curiosity,

as well as the necessity of taking some refreshment, prompted us to call at the large hotel standing on Gretna Green, in which all the clandestine marriages in England are celebrated; and such were the quiet comforts it afforded, that we concluded to take lodgings for the night, in preference to riding a part of the way to Carlisle in the dark.

In the course of the evening, Davie Lang, to whom an English Lord, after the celebration of his nuptials, gave the title of "Bishop of Gretna," was introduced to us, and disclosed a volume of anecdotes, relating to the various fortunes of those, whom this "*blacksmith*" had welded in wedlock. Some of the stories were extremely interesting, abounding in the adventures of a romantic passion, and the consequences of good or ill to which it led. The bishop, as he is familiarly called, but who seems to have few qualifications to entitle him to the appellation, has married between nine hundred and a thousand couples, of all ranks and characters, whose names, with the place of residence and other circumstances, are registered in a book kept for that purpose. In the volume of facts which he has collected, the novelist might find materials enough for the wildest tales of romance. The last of these secret marriages took place but a day or two before our arrival, and was between a servant and his master's daughter, who deepened the story of their loves by running away on foot.

This veteran in illicit practices, who has now arrived at the age of three score and ten, gave us one of his printed certificates of marriage. The whole authority rests upon no better foundation than an ingenious quibble. Bishop Lang ascertains in the first place from the parties themselves, in what parish and county they reside, with other circumstances, and then makes out a certificate exactly corresponding, stating that he and two others were *witnesses* of the marriage, according to the forms prescribed by law. He informed us, with what claims to credibility I know not, that he has lately met successfully one or two suits brought against him in Ireland, and that the court of chancery has decided his marriages to be so far valid, as to form a legitimate descent of property.

It so happened that our last night in Scotland, after a satisfactory and agreeable visit of six weeks, was on the anniversary of what is denominated, in the legends of superstition, *Halloween*, and its mystic rites were duly observed by

a group of rosy-cheeked lassies at Gretna. Near the witching time of night, half a dozen of them groped their way into the garden to pull cabbage-stalks. But a description of the ceremonies would be too long for the end of a sketch already prolix, and if any of my readers are curious to revive their recollections on the subject, they have only to recur to the graphic poem of Burns :

"Some merry, friendly countra folks,  
Together did convene,  
To burn their nuts and pou their stocks,  
And haud their *Halloween*.  
Fu' blythe that night."

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## LETTER XXX.

RETURN TO LIVERPOOL—LANCASTER—PRESTON—RIDE TO STAFFORDSHIRE—NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LINE—ETRVRIA—PORCELAIN MANUFACTORIES—LICHFIELD—REMINISCENCES OF DR. JOHNSON—BRACEBRIDGE HALL—BIRMINGHAM.

*November, 1825.*—On the 4th, we left Gretna Green in a post-chaise for Kendal, where we arrived the same evening at eight o'clock. Nearly the whole distance had been traversed on our way to Scotland, and the country had been examined with so much attention, as to occasion not a moment's delay on our return. The hills and lakes and streams were recognized as old acquaintances, although they had assumed a very different garb from that which they wore at the time of our departure. The tops of the mountains around the English lakes were mantled with snow, and the foliage of the forests had been tinged by the frosts of autumn.

Next morning we took the coach for Liverpool. The distance is seventy-two miles ; but the route presents few objects of much interest to the traveller—fewer perhaps than the same distance in any part of England. It leads through Lancashire, which is a substantial but heavy county. Glimpses of the Irish sea, along which the road runs for the whole distance, the banks of the Lon and Ribble, two pretty streams which fall into it, and a curious rock, said to bear a striking resemblance to that of Gibraltar, are almost the

only interesting features in the scenery. The country is uniformly flat, with marshes and long tracts of sandy beach alternately bordering upon the coast. Some of the land is good, and the most is made of it by an industrious agricultural people.

The towns are as dull as the country. Burton, Lancaster, Preston, and Ormskirk are all considerable places, but possess few attractions either in point of architectural beauty, or moral association. Even the Castle of Lancaster, which crowns a picturesque eminence upon the banks of the Lon, from a proud residence of feudal chivalry and regal ambition, has been converted into halls for the administration of justice, and the dark cells of a prison. A circuit judge now dispenses law with the scales, where John of Ghent used to expound it with his sword. The town of Lancaster is built of a dark coloured stone, with contracted and gloomy streets, which give it an antique appearance. It seems to have little trade of any kind, and is in all respects a dull, unpleasant place.

At Liverpool we remained a few days, entirely absorbed in business, with the exception of one evening, which was both usefully and pleasantly passed in dining with an intelligent friend, residing a mile or two from town. The extent of his mercantile relations has rendered him familiar with the commercial interests of England, and his hours of leisure, employed in reading and observation, have supplied an intimate knowledge of the political state of the country, as well as of public characters, from the king downward. Wide as had been the sphere of our inquiries since parting with him in July, his disquisition over a surloin of beef and a bottle of generous port was not less instructive than agreeable. To the many favours which had been experienced at his hands since our first acquaintance, he added the gift of a volume of *Essays*, containing an interesting biographical sketch of Mr. Canning, with a collection of the early productions of his pen, while he was yet a student at Eton School. The juvenile lucubrations of the Secretary gave promise of the talents, which he has since displayed in the cabinet.

Having satisfactorily accomplished our errand to Liverpool, on the 11th we took seats in the coach for Newcastle-under-Line, a distance of fifty-six miles. Our ride to-day extended across the counties of Lancaster, Chester, and a

part of Stafford, through Prescot, Warrington, Knutsford, and Congleton, which are large manufacturing towns, offering no temptations to induce the traveller to linger. Between Liverpool and Prescot, we passed a handsome white monument, erected at the public expense, to the memory of William Pitt. At Warrington the road crosses the Mersey, and runs for some distance along its banks. Near this place we rode under an aqueduct on the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal, and saw boats navigating the channel over our heads. Thanks to the enterprise of our own country, there was nothing new in the picture, which is in all respects much less interesting than may be witnessed at a dozen places between the Hudson and Lake Erie. At 7 o'clock in the evening we reached Newcastle. This town is situated in a vale, and its brilliant gas-lights were observed from the hills of Lime several miles beyond.

Next morning, we walked to the village of Etruria, two miles from Newcastle, for the purpose of examining the Porcelain Manufactory, belonging to a son of the celebrated Wedgewood, inventor of an ingenious pyrometer for measuring high degrees of heat. His wares are known the world over. The manufactory is situated upon the bank of a canal, which communicates with London and Liverpool. Immense quantities of porcelain of the finest quality are here made and sent to the metropolis. Five hundred persons are employed in the business.

Mr. Wedgewood was not at home, but his agent conducted us through the manufactory, and explained the various stages, from grinding the materials to giving the last polish to the ware. The processes are very nearly the same, as in the large establishment of a similar kind at Derby, mentioned in a former letter. In some departments, I should think Mr. Bloor's manufactory superior to Mr. Wedgewood's. The materials for both are obtained in Cornwall. A steam engine of a twenty-eight horse power was here examined, which moves with such exactness as to regulate the hands of a clock. We saw several inventions in the useful arts, which were new to us, although they may not be to others. Among these was a churn, the piston or paddle of which is moved by a bow, like that used by a batter in cutting fur, or by a watch-maker to turn his drill. But the improvement which appeared to me most worthy of imitation, was a new kind of steps for the exterior of buildings, made of cast

iron, with half of the superficies open, like wrought muslin, to let the rain through.

Having examined whatever there is worth seeing at New-castle, which is a pleasant town, with a population of 10,000, we took a post-chaise for Lichfield, distant about thirty miles. The intermediate country is both rich and beautiful. Even at this late season, the landscape was not without its charms. The fields were yet green, and large tracts of woodland retained a splendid foliage. As the road was as good as it possibly could be, and the day bright with a comfortable autumnal sun, our ride was unusually pleasant, embracing a sufficient variety of objects to make it interesting.

At the junction of the river Lyme with the Trent, the banks of which are fertile and picturesque, we passed the seat of the Earl of Stafford. In rural splendour, it will sustain a comparison with the finest in England. The beautiful eminences covered with forests of a large growth, and the stream flowing quietly by, render it a delightful retreat. A little island was observed, which, like another Delos, rose from the bosom of the water during the last summer—at the command of a more sordid divinity than Neptune. The seats of Lord St. Vincent and Lord Anson are in the same neighbourhood. In this vicinity there is also a Lunatic Asylum, which is charmingly situated, surrounded with woods, fountains, and *jets d' eau*, for the recreation of its unfortunate inmates. It is a private establishment, and the proprietor is said to make it profitable.

At 7 o'clock in the evening, we reached Lichfield, the birth-place of Dr. Johnson, who, following the etymology of the word and the authority of antiquaries, defines it in his dictionary "the city of the dead," adding by way of allusion to his nativity, "*salve magna parens!*" Although it hardly seemed to merit the epithet which his partiality bestowed, the streets were brilliantly lighted up, and the appearance of the town was by no means contemptible. We took lodgings at the George Inn, which was formerly kept by Harrison, alias "Boniface," and was the scene of the "Beau Stratagem," written by Farquhar while he was a recruiting officer at Lichfield. The waiter showed us into the very room which was occupied by the author, and gave us a glass of ale as smooth as that by which the former jolly landlord acquired his celebrity.

The day after our arrival, we attended church at the Cathe-

dral, which is a magnificent and venerable pile of buildings, with three lofty steeples, one in the centre, and the other two at the south end. It covers a large area, standing upon an eminence, with handsome blocks of houses around it, placed however at such a distance that the edifice shows to good advantage. The principal entrance is finished with tabernacle work, and double rows of statues extend across the façade. Modern improvements are making bold innovations upon the simplicity of the ancient structure, rendered perhaps in some measure necessary by its great age and the inroads of time. The inside corresponds with the exterior in grandeur of design, and the richness of its ornaments. There are many sepulchral monuments, some of which are embellished by the chisels of the first masters.

In the service of the Cathedral there was nothing very peculiar, except that the young clergyman who officiated, chanted or sung out the conclusion of each prayer, in the manner of the Romish Church; and the responses were given in the same formal manner. A large audience appeared to be intent on the religious duties of the day. The music was remarkably fine, and the mellow tones of a powerful organ reverberated from the vaulted ceiling, and echoed through the long aisles.

The interest of Lichfield lies within a narrow compass, and depends almost entirely upon its literary associations. There is a cluster of houses about the Cathedral, consecrated by the residence of celebrated personages, the catalogue of whom is too long for enumeration. But the most sacred of the antique buildings is that in which Dr. Johnson was born, and which yet remains unaltered. It is an old-fashioned house, three stories high, with a projection in front supported by two pillars. The material was originally a light-coloured stone, which has grown dark with age. Its window shutters were closed, and the interior could not be visited, owing to the insanity of its present tenant, who is at times furious. We dined at the Three Crowns, the next door but one, in the room which Johnson and his friend Boswell occupied on their visit to the birth-place of the former. The hotel is kept by an old Frenchman, who came from the continent in the train of an English nobleman, and bound himself to Lichfield by the ties of marriage. He was personally acquainted with Dr. Johnson, and gave us a fund of anecdotes, besides a good dinner.



In the same neighbourhood stands the old town-hall, (profusely ornamented in the antique style,) in which Mrs. Siddons first made her appearance as an actress; and near by are the houses in which "Dame Oliver," the elder Addison, David Garrick's father, Dr. Darwin, and other celebrated persons resided. There is scarcely a street in this ancient town, which is not consecrated by interesting recollections. Here Bishop Newton, the eminent divine, was born: here Major Andre, whose misfortunes form an episode in the history of our revolution, spent his early years: and here Brook who gave *half* of the name to the town (Saybrook) at the mouth of Connecticut river, whither he intended to emigrate, was massacred in the streets. The school-house in which Dr. Johnson taught David Garrick, with one or two other pupils, before the two penniless adventurers set out for London together, is several miles from town, and could not conveniently be seen.

On our way to Stowe Hill, we visited the aged willow, to which Johnson's early attachment and subsequent fame have imparted celebrity. Its branches formed his favourite shade in the days of boyhood, and a seat for meditation in his riper years. If it was not planted by his hand, he nursed it with parental fondness. Its trunk, which is four or five feet in diameter, is a mere shell, with an aperture so large, that I went in at one side, and out at the other. It is tottering with the infirmities of age, and like its former admirer, must soon sink beneath the weight of years. Most of the branches within reach have been broken off as relics by visitants; and following the example of others, we plucked a few slips, with the hope that they may hereafter be seen flourishing in the United States.

Our last walk was to Abbenhalls, to visit the site of Dr. Darwin's Botanic Garden, which was the original of his poem. Its location was not far from the Cathedral. Few traces of it now remain. The compartments are visible, enclosed by hedges of hawthorn, between which there are straight narrow walks. More substantial crops now supply the places of shrubbery and flowers. Here the author of the Botanic Garden spent many years of his life, and wrote some of his principal works.

Next morning, we took the coach for Birmingham, in Warwickshire. The only object which arrested particular attention during the ride, was Aston Hall, the seat of Mr.

Watt, a son of the distinguished gentleman of the same name, who made so many improvements in steam-engines. It is three or four miles from Birmingham, situated upon a sloping lawn, twenty rods from the road. The grounds are beautifully shaded with woods, and the house has a palace-like appearance. It is the scene of Washington Irving's Bracebridge Hall, a name by which it was once called.

We reached Birmingham at 10 o'clock, and took lodgings at the Royal Hotel, in Temple Row, near St. Philip's church, which is one of the finest parts of this over-grown manufacturing town, denominated with a great deal of truth "the toy-shop of Europe." Although it is situated upon an eminence, with a suitable proportion of public buildings, it has few handsome streets, and no architectural beauty. Every thing is calculated for a money-making utility. The houses are generally substantial, but none of them elegant. Were it otherwise, the town could not possibly appear to advantage, since it is eternally enveloped in a cloud of coal-smoke, so dense as to be scarcely respirable. It has a population of nearly two hundred thousand, engaged almost exclusively in the manufacture of hardware.

Immediately after our arrival letters of introduction were despatched, which made us acquainted with one of our own countrymen, who is connected with an extensive commercial house in New-York. He devoted himself to us during our stay of a few days, and rendered us essential service, by gaining admittance to manufactories, the doors of which are barred against strangers, and but for his aid would have been impregnable.

On the afternoon of our arrival, we called at Mr. Thompson's show rooms, which are ten in number, filled with every variety of wares of the highest finish. It is an amusing spectacle for the mere visitant, and an hour was spent in looking at articles, a description of which would fill a volume. Among the most curious is a copy of the famous Warwick vase, seven feet in diameter, made of bronze, and elegantly finished. The labour of a full year was expended upon it. Mr. Thompson's assemblage of imitation coins and medals is also extensive. His rooms are the most splendid in town, with the exception perhaps of those of Mr. Jones, to which he has given the classical name of Πανθεσναθνα—repository of all the arts. These apartments are as much visited by both sexes as public museums.

The next two days were busily occupied in going the rounds of various manufactories, details of which would not be interesting to my readers. The people of Birmingham appear to entertain liberal feelings towards our country. With the single exception of the man who draws wire and makes frying-pans, and who seemed to entertain fears that we would steal his trade, the manufacturers treated us with great kindness and attention. The proprietor of one of the principal establishments invited us to dine with him at Pike Hall, two miles from town. He has a rural and beautiful retreat, with extensive grounds and gardens. His house is elegantly furnished, and among its ornaments are paintings which cost him £30,000. As his manufactory has supplied most of the arms for the East-Indies, his table has long been the resort of military officers. He gave us one of the best dinners that had been found in England, with a speech and a round of sentiments, breathing a spirit of liberality towards the United States. One of the guests informed me, that he dined twice with the celebrated senator of Roanoke, when he was at Birmingham, and found him pleasant over a bottle of old port. On our way to and from Pike Hall, we passed the ruins of Dr. Priestley's house, which was destroyed by the formidable mob at the commencement of the French Revolution, and drove its tenant to our own shores.

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## LETTER XXXI.

COVENTRY—KENILWORTH—WARWICK—STRATFORD-ON-AVON  
—BIRTH-PLACE AND TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE—RIDE TO OX-  
FORD—THE UNIVERSITY—ETON SCHOOL—WINDSOR CASTLE  
—RETURN TO LONDON.

*November, 1825.*—On the morning of the 18th, we took seats in the coach for Coventry, seventeen miles from Birmingham. The approach to the town, which the muse of Shakspeare has immortalized by making it the scene of Sir John Falstaff's military adventures, is not uninteresting, independently of its associations. Three lofty and well proportioned steeples, rising to the height of about three hundred feet, give an imposing aspect to the place, which boasts of great antiquity, and has enjoyed its day of celebrity. It

was once encompassed by a strong wall, and was entered by twelve gates. Its present population is about 14,000.

After breakfast, an intelligent and polite citizen who appeared to feel some pride in the place of his residence, accompanied us without solicitation to St. Michael's Church, and directed our attention to such objects as are interesting to the stranger. It is an old and venerable pile. The spire is a beautiful model of architecture, and was much admired by Sir Christopher Wren.

From the Church, we were conducted to another part of the town, to look at a curious figure called "Peeping Tom." The image of a tailor, dressed in a cocked hat, and ornamented with a profusion of lace and ribbons, is seen peeping from a niche in the exterior wall of a house, standing at the corner of the streets. Tradition says that Godiva, Marchioness of ancient Mercia, consented to ride through the streets of Coventry, more slightly clad than even Falstaff's ragged regiment, for the purpose of propitiating her lord, who had consented to relieve the citizens from a heavy tax upon such conditions. An edict was issued, that the shops and houses should all be shut during the ceremony. The curiosity of a certain tailor triumphed over his regard for the ordinance, and prompted him to peep from his window at the passing spectacle. As a retribution for such an act of indecorum, he was instantly struck blind; and some editions of the legend add, that his eyes dropped from their sockets. By the unanimous voice of the citizens, he was "damned to everlasting fame." The heroic exploit of Lady Godiva is gratefully commemorated once in two or three years, when some gallant female volunteers to ride through the streets at the head of a procession, personating as nearly as possible the great patroness of the town. On such occasions, Peeping Tom enjoys the benefit of a new hat, a new coat, and other decorations. The next anniversary will be celebrated in a few months. In an age of refinement, this Eleusinian ceremony might perhaps be advantageously commuted.

At Coventry we took a post-chaise for Kenilworth, a small brick town, situated upon a sandy plain. The road between the two places is bordered by large trees, which are the remains of an extensive forest once infested by robbers. Our sole object at Kenilworth was to see the ruins of the Castle, seated on a little eminence to the west of the town. Something more than half an hour was spent in rambling over the

enchanted spot, and in tracing out its associations. The proportions of the Castle, plainly discoverable by the fragments which remain, are upon a gigantic scale. - Massive walls, arches, and columns cover a large area, and were calculated for great strength, having been surrounded with a moat and furnished with draw-bridges. A luxuriant growth of ivy, intermingled with mountain-ash, hawthorn, and the wild brier, mantles the ruins, climbing the broken pillars, and hanging around the grey battlements, in the richest and most fanciful festoons.

After pausing for a few minutes at the lodge to look at the antique ornaments, composed half of oak and half of marble, which decorated the old fire-place of the Castle, and have been dug from the ruins, we resumed our journey and rode to Warwick, six miles beyond. Passing under a lofty arch of the old wall, surmounted by a tower, we entered the village, which is pleasantly situated and has several handsome streets hewn from the cliffs. It contains a population of eight or ten thousand, with a large proportion of public buildings. To our regret it was ascertained on arriving at the hotel, that the Castle would not be opened until the next day at 1 o'clock, a delay which our arrangements would not justify. Our view of it was therefore confined to the exterior, from the bridge of the Avon, on the rocky bank of which the Castle is prettily seated. Its battlements look immediately down upon the stream, which flows peacefully by, and is bordered by copses of forest trees. The lodge and entrance are in bad taste, looking more like the approach to a stable, or any other building, than the seat of a nobleman.

The remainder of our short stay at Warwick was employed in a visit to St. Mary's Church, which contains a great number of sepulchral monuments. Its interior is spacious, with a lofty Gothic ceiling, highly finished. The section of it called the Lady's Chapel, is a splendid specimen of architecture, enriched with a profusion of ornaments, and containing the tombs of the Earls of Warwick. That in memory of Beauchamp is peculiarly striking. He lies in state, clad in ancient armour of double-gilt brass, with a bier of the same material above him. Numerous other groups sleep around, imparting to the chapel an air of solemnity.

After taking some refreshment at the hotel, for which an exorbitant price was charged, amounting to about twice as

much as is paid for the same fare in the north of England, we again took a post-chaise for Stratford-on-Avon, distant eight miles. Our minds the whole way were filled with the recollections of Shakspeare. On the left side of the road, at the distance of a mile or two, stands the mansion of Lord Lucy, from whose park the young bard stole the deer, and on whom he subsequently wrote a lampoon, which had the effect to drive its author instead of its subject from the village. It however proved to be the source of his fame and fortune.

At six o'clock in the evening, we arrived at the Red-Horse, and took lodgings for the night. A copy of Washington Irving's sketch of Stratford-on-Avon was lying upon the table in the parlour of the hotel. It was presented by a Virginian,\* on condition that when it is worn out, another will be substituted at his expense. The essay was written in an adjoining room of the same inn, and we had the pleasure of occupying the author's bed-chamber. A poker in one of the rooms is inscribed with the words—"*Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre.*" This compliment was paid by a traveller, who astonished the landlady by requesting the loan of the instrument for a day or two.

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, we did not feel like going to bed, without having first paid our respects to the birth-place of Shakspeare, and a guide was accordingly procured to conduct us to the memorable spot, at the distance of less than half a mile from the Red-Horse. The old-fashioned two story house, with a wooden frame, filled in with brick and mortar, and a white plastered front, stands upon one of the principal streets of Stratford. It has two small rooms on the ground floor. The one in front is occupied as a butcher's stall, which was lighted up and hung with meat. Back of this is the kitchen, which is much more classical in its appearance. It has remained without alteration since the days of the poet, who used to play when a child upon the hearth of the large fire-place. One of the old chairs stood in the chimney corner till within a few years, when it was borne away by sacrilegious hands, and carried to the continent. The lady who is the present tenant of the house, conducted us up a narrow flight of steps, to the chamber in

\* I subsequently saw much of this estimable gentleman at Paris, where he is diving into the depths of mathematics and the science of engineering, laying the solid foundations of his future fame, and qualifying himself for an extended sphere of usefulness in his own country.

which the favoured child of genius was born. This apartment is of a piece with the rest of the mansion, small in dimensions, and antique in its construction. The walls are entirely covered over with the names and inscriptions of visitants, among whom are numbered kings and dignitaries of all descriptions—a proud compliment to literary eminence. There is no other furniture in the room than a solitary table, on which lies an Album containing the residue of signatures and sentiments, which the walls would not hold. It appeared from an inspection of the pages, that a large proportion of the visitors were from our country; and the names of several of our friends were recognized. But pilgrims from all parts of the globe have come hither, to bend at the shrine of the divine bard.

He was buried in the village church, half a mile from his birth-place, in a retired part of the village. The pretty Gothic edifice, ornamented with antique turrets, stands within a few paces of the right bank of the Avon. It is approached by an avenue, leading through ranges of trees, forming in summer an arch of foliage. At this season, the walk was strewn with the leaves of autumn, which rustled beneath our feet, and perhaps deepened the solemnity of the cemetery.

The church was locked, and it was too late to think of the key till morning. A most delightful hour was passed in rambling over the church-yard, and along the rural banks of the Avon, which is a much finer stream than I had anticipated. Its width is perhaps fifty yards, bordered with rich meadows, which still retained much of the verdure of summer. It winds silently by the church and cemetery, as if unwilling to break the repose of the dead. The shore is shaded with a curtain of trees and wild shrubbery. Just below is a water-fall, the murmur of which returns softened upon the ear. The evening of our visit was perfectly tranquil; and while reposing under aged yews, or reclining upon tomb-stones, we could exclaim with as much truth as poetry—

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps on yonder bank”—

for her orb was nearly full, and shed a mild radiance, better suited to the objects around, than the glare of day. It scarcely requires the dust of Shakspeare to give interest to such a scene; but with the wide range of associations, which his name awakens, the charms of the place are absolutely enchanting. Proud as is the monument to the memory of the bard in Westminster Abbey, this rural and sequestered spot,

upon the margin of his native stream, and hallowed by his ashes, is worth more than the most splendid decorations of art.

The remnant of a long evening was passed at a museum, kept by the same old lady who is described in Irving's Sketch. It is filled with relics of various kinds, which are said to have belonged to Shakspeare; but the authenticity of the articles is so doubtful, and the cabinet has been opened under such suspicious circumstances, as to destroy the pleasure of the visiter. A sudden rise in the rent of the house where the bard was born, compelled Mrs. Hart, who claims to be a descendant of the family, to quit it and set up for herself. She took with her all the articles in her possession, and has since made copious additions, some of which have very strong marks of being apochryphal. Her manner is not the most winning, admitting of no sceptical suggestions, and challenging the admiration of the spectator in every particular. She is also too much in the habit of decrying the merits of her rival, who holds what may be called the homestead of the poet, and between whom there is a strong competition. Mrs. Hart is on the whole rather an original character. To increase the profits of her establishment, and to strengthen her claims to relationship with the great poet, she has written a drama called "the Battle of Waterloo," a copy of which she seemed anxious to palm upon us.

We slept merely to dream of Shakspeare, and woke at 6 o'clock the next morning to revisit his tomb. A bookseller in the village, who is familiar with all its localities, was so polite as to obtain the key and accompany us to the church. He has become acquainted with several of our countrymen in their visits to Stratford; and his devotion of two or three hours to us, who were entire strangers to him, furnishes additional evidence, that a laudable spirit of hospitality prevails in England, and that many of the people entertain the kindest feelings towards the United States. He remarked, that the Americans generally who had visited the place, appeared to take a more lively interest in its associations, than even the English themselves.

The church in which the great poet of nature sleeps, has a goodly number of monuments; but the eye involuntarily passes over all others, and rests upon one alone. Noblemen and kings might slumber unnoticed by his side. His



tomb stands against the northern wall, near the altar. It is a handsome marble structure, supported by Corinthian pillars, and surmounted with the figures of two children, one of which holds a spade, and the other a funeral torch. At top is a death's head, in the taste of the age when the monument was erected; and below, a bust of the poet, which is said to be an admirable likeness. The inscription is too familiar to my readers to bear a citation. Malone undertook to improve the tomb, by giving a complexion to the marble image of the poet, and by clothing it with the costume he used to wear. His eyes were painted of a hazel colour, and his locks and beard auburn. The public taste soon corrected these ill-judged alterations, and the original simplicity of the monument has as far as possible been restored. In front of the tomb, a plain slab in the pavement, with a half obliterated inscription, covers the dust of the bard; and near him repose the ashes of his wife and family. A delightful tranquillity reigns around, and the sleep of the grave is unbroken, save by the gentle murmurs of the Avon, which die in faint echoes among the columns and arches of the church.

At 9 o'clock we took places in the coach for Oxford, the seat of the University. In leaving Stratford, the great road from Birmingham crosses the Avon on a handsome stone bridge. The banks of the river are in both directions extremely rural and quiet. In ascending a hill for several miles, the village and little church of Stratford continue in sight, to which the traveller bids a reluctant farewell.

The whole of our ride this day was through a rich and beautiful country, forming parts of Warwickshire and Oxfordshire. Numerous streams flow through fields highly cultivated, and bordered by forests, presenting a great variety of scenery, to which a bright autumnal day imparted an additional charm. Ten or twelve miles from Oxford, we passed through Woodstock, which was once a place of importance, the scene of interesting transactions, and the resort of many of the nobility. At present it is remarkable only for the manufacture of gloves of the best quality, materials for which covered all the fences in the neighbourhood. The town is pleasantly situated on a steep and rocky declivity. Many of the houses are built upon the cliffs and upon the terraces, which are better suited to the ancient magnificence than the present condition of the place.

Near Woodstock, we had a view of Blenheim House,

the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, whose ancestor received it from the government, as a reward for his distinguished services. It is seated on an eminence, at a little distance from the road, whence it appears to good advantage. The grounds are rich and beautiful, and the exterior of the building is imposing. It is reckoned one of the "lions" of England; but so many shows of the kind had already been examined, that Blenheim was passed without a visit.

At 2 o'clock we reached Oxford. Immediately after our arrival a guide was employed to conduct us over the University. We commenced the tour of observation by going through the Bodleian Library, which is one of the largest in the world, containing five or six hundred thousand volumes. It is peculiarly rich in rare and valuable manuscripts. The books occupy three spacious halls, a centre and two wings, which are neat and convenient, but have little to boast of in point of architectural beauty, furniture, or ornaments of any kind. A few portraits decorate the walls at the entrance. Connected with the library is an extensive picture gallery, which occupies three other large halls filled with paintings, statues, architectural models, and other curiosities. The superintendent of the department is an intelligent, clever man, with a good deal of taste in the arts, and very polite to strangers. He detained us more than an hour in pointing out the best pictures and the most interesting objects committed to his charge. Of these, a bronze statue of the Earl of Pembroke, which occupies a conspicuous situation, and half a dozen models of Greek and Roman edifices, are most attractive to the eye of the visitant. Some of the pictures are by the first masters; but generally speaking, the collection cannot be considered very rare.

Our next visit was to the Radcliff Library, which is in the vicinity. It is a magnificent rotunda, eighty or a hundred feet high, and forming the most prominent object about Oxford. Its architecture is as beautiful as its proportions are grand. It was founded by Doctor Radcliff, at an expense of £100,000, and is appropriated to natural history and medicine. An observatory is connected with it. The inside corresponds in grandeur with the exterior. A succession of round rooms rise one above the other from the bottom to the top of the building. Alcoves for the books are arranged in a circle about the open area. Statues, portraits, and antique curiosities are among the ornaments. In the handsomest

of these apartments the Prince Regent, Alexander of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the other great characters accompanying them, dined during their visit to Oxford in 1814.

A spiral flight of steps ascends to the dome, which we climbed, and had a fine view of the city just before sunset of a bright evening. One of the students accompanied us, and designated the localities of Oxford, which is beautifully situated at the junction of the Isis and Charwell, the head waters of the Thames. The banks of these streams furnish charming promenades, which were the favourite haunts of Addison, Johnson, and other eminent men, who have imparted a classical character to the scenes of their meditations. In picturesque beauty, the environs of Oxford certainly surpass those of Cambridge. The town is also far superior in the style and taste of its buildings. Its streets are wide, and many of its edifices magnificent. On the top of the Radcliff Library, the spectator finds himself in the centre of nineteen colleges composing the University, and a great number of churches, which lift their domes and Gothic towers around him, affording a *coup d'œil* of architectural grandeur seldom equalled. But after all, I should prefer the Cam to the Isis. In the antique piles, the venerable halls, and secluded walks upon the banks of the former, there is an air of retirement and classical dignity, which cannot be found in the more modern, stately, and fashionable city of Oxford.

On descending from this point of observation, our guide conducted us to the Collegiate Theatre, appropriated to the literary exercises of the University. Two rostrums in classical style are erected on opposite sides of the hall, whence the prize poems are delivered. The walls are adorned with a splendid likeness of his present majesty, in his royal robes, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence; as also with portraits of Alexander and the king of Prussia, who in this room received the degree of LL. D. at the time of their celebrated visit. The same honour was conferred on Blucher and others, who were probably unable to construe their diplomas.

In the vicinity of the Collegiate Theatre are the Schools of Philosophy and the Museum, containing the Arundel Marbles, which we had a strong desire to see, but found the doors closed. The guide took us to the chapel of New College, chiefly for the purpose of examining the splendid Gothic window, which is one of the finest specimens of stained glass I have yet seen. The painting itself, on a dif-

ferent material, would reflect the highest credit upon the artist. Our tour of observation for the day was concluded by a visit to Christ Church College, which is the largest and most celebrated of the group composing the University. It was founded by Cardinal Woolsey, at the time of his wealth, and influence at court. In construction, it is similar to all the colleges at Oxford, which, like those of Cambridge, are situated round open areas. The centre of the court is ornamented with a large and beautiful fountain, affording a copious supply of water, and imparting a refreshing coolness to the air in summer. We were conducted to the Chapel, which has a bell weighing several tons, classically denominated *Magnus Thomas*, or Great Tom; to the dining-hall, and other departments of the institution, which are upon a large scale, but do not differ materially from those that have already been described. In short, the government, professorships, modes of education, and the whole internal police of the two Universities are so nearly allied, that after our very satisfactory visit to Cambridge, Oxford presented few novelties; and nothing except the exterior of the place excited a remarkable degree of interest.

On the 20th, we rode to Windsor, forty miles down the Thames, the banks of which were charming even at this season, affording all the richness and variety of the English landscape. Judging from our own observations, Oxfordshire is one of the finest agricultural districts in the country. The road is bordered with wide fields of tillage, and the hills in many places are clothed with a luxuriant growth of wood. Large manufacturing villages rise at intervals along the way; but none of them possess much interest. On arriving at the summit of a moderate eminence, it occasioned in us not a little surprise to be assured, that we were then upon the highest ground in England, over-topping Skiddaw and Scawfell. A pole has been erected to mark the apex. The ascent from the Irish Sea and the British Channel to the top of this swell is so gradual, as to be scarcely perceptible.

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at the village of Slough, and thence set out on foot, to pass the remainder of the day and night at Windsor. On our way thither, a call was made at Eton School, which is situated upon the left bank of the Thames. It is an old two-story building, with broken windows, and in appearance little worthy of its celebrity. A glance was taken at the court, the grounds, the

chapel, and some of the rooms; but there is nothing in the exterior which can interest a stranger.

Crossing the river on a pretty bridge, we entered Windsor, and climbed the steep hill, on which the town is built, to the Castle. Here a guide took us in hand, and showed us all the wonders which the Palace affords. He conducted us through a long suite of apartments, filled with beds, furniture, statues, and pictures, calling them all by name, and singing out his song, in the usual style of showmen, to a gaping crowd of spectators. State beds, crimson cushions, and galleries of family portraits had become an old story with us: besides, the favourite palace of his majesty is in all respects far inferior to the houses of many of his subjects. Neither the Castle itself, nor the furniture, will bear a comparison with the seats of several of the noblemen that had been examined.

Its location is extremely beautiful, being seated upon a rock elevated several hundred feet above the Thames, and commanding an extensive view of the meanders of the river, through the fertile meadows by which it is bordered. A single turn upon the terrace, constructed at an immense expense for a promenade in front of the Castle, and a peep into the green elysian vale stretching below, and enriched with all the luxuriance of nature, far surpasses in interest the assemblage of the works of art, which regal wealth has accumulated. So true it is, that in the dispensations of providence, those objects which are the sources of the purest and most lasting enjoyment are equally open to all—free as the air we breathe, the stream that refreshes, and the sun that warms.

After a delightful promenade upon the terrace, we went to the Chapel Royal, where the king attends public worship. It is a beautiful Gothic edifice, situated upon the declivity below the Castle. The lofty pillars, arches, and ceiling, as well as the decorations of the interior, are scarcely surpassed by any thing of the kind that has met our observation. It was brilliantly lighted up for evening prayers. The porter showed us into the seats of two of the noblemen, who were both absentees. There are no striking peculiarities in the service, except the same sing-song in reading and responding, as was remarked at Lichfield. At the conclusion of the exercises, the choir chanted an anthem, extracted from Handel's Creation. A great number of voices, accompa-

nied by a powerful organ, gave a fine effect to the music, the peals of which seemed almost sufficiently loud and animating to break the repose of the royal group, who sleep the sleep of death in the vault below.

It is a singular fact, that the sovereign and court of a nation, which professes to be ultra christian in its sentiments, and has been free in its censures upon other countries for an opposite tendency, should pay so little regard to the Sabbath. At Windsor, Sunday is the fashionable day both for business and amusement. The king sometimes attends church; but he generally selects the Sabbath for inspecting the public works which are going on for his accommodation, at an expense of several hundred thousand pounds—for reviewing military parades—for fishing in his favourite Virginia waters—and for giving splendid dinner parties. On this day the gates of the Palace are flung open, and crowds from London, as well as from the neighbouring country, rush in, to indulge in scenes of gaiety and pleasure, imitating the example of the court.

It was our intention to have visited the Cottage, where his Majesty resides, at the distance of a few miles from Windsor, as also Virginia Water, whither he is fond of resorting in his "Pony Phaeton," for exercise, and to forget the cares of state, in the pleasures of angling. But a violent November storm, which beat all night against the windows of the White Hart, and had not entirely subsided by the next morning, changed our plans and determined us to set out for London as soon as possible, leaving the remainder of Windsor, the Forest, Twickenham, Richmond Hill, and the banks of the Thames between the Castle and the metropolis, to be traversed at a more favourable season.

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## LETTER XXXII.

SECOND VISIT TO LONDON—AMERICAN LIBRARY—COVENT GARDEN—DRURY LANE—LITERARY DINNER—RIDE TO DOVER—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN AND CLIFFS—PASSAGE OF THE STRAITS.

*November, 1825.*—A return to the little circle of our acquaintances in London, after an absence of several months,

was not without its pleasures, suggesting to the mind a slight image of home. The literary rooms of Mr. Miller were calculated to deepen the impression; for besides the permanent decorations of his apartments, among which are busts of Washington and Franklin, the Declaration of Independence, and an extensive collection of American books, we here found files of papers from every part of our country, containing the body of the times since our departure. In sentiment and feeling, the proprietor of this extensive establishment is American; and his liberality has done more than that of any other individual to make the literary character of the United States better understood in England. Possessing a discriminating taste, he is in the habit of perusing such books as originate with us, and of selecting those that will bear a re-publication. He has generally been judicious and fortunate in his choice of the numerous productions which issue from the American Press; and to his efforts, rather than to any new era in our literary history, may be ascribed the increased estimation in which transatlantic works are now held. As such instances of liberality are yet sufficiently rare in Great-Britain, I take very great pleasure in commending the exertions of this gentleman to the favourable notice and patronage of my countrymen.

One evening during our second visit to London was passed at Covent Garden Theatre, to see Kemble personate the character of Charles the Second, in the *Merry Monarch*. Expectations raised so high as ours had been, by the reputation of this actor, are seldom answered, and a single exhibition of his dramatic talents certainly left not a little disappointment. His person is good, but by no means commanding; and though his acting is chaste, it cannot be considered powerful. Some parts of his performance were tame, falling short of the spirit of the author. In my estimation Cooper is decidedly his superior—in person, port, voice, gesture, and diction. I could not perceive that his entries or exits were marked by any extraordinary applause of the audience. He is nevertheless a favourite with the public, and his histrionic merits are well established. The rest of the company acquitted themselves in a creditable manner; but Covent Garden on that night was as starless as the smoky canopy of London. The theatre itself is a magnificent building, finished much in the style of the Italian Opera House, with splendid furniture, decorations, and scenery.

On another evening, we visited Drury-Lane, more for the sake of completing the rounds of the Theatres, than on account of any extraordinary attractions that the entertainment offered. It is by far the handsomest theatre in London, and probably one of the finest in the world. Its arches, pillars, and saloons, its crimson curtains and gilded decorations, resemble a palace rather than a play-house. A new piece, called "The Wager, or Midnight Hour," was brought out. It is one of those high-wrought, showy, noisy dramas, depending more upon the eye than the ear for eclat, and better suited to draw forth the plaudits of the multitude than to stand the test of criticism. Neither the play itself, nor the awkwardness of a first representation, was calculated to afford a fair specimen of the talents of the actors—at least I should be sorry to think so. Downton personated an old man to some advantage; and Miss Kelly, another of the triple sisterhood of actresses, evinced a sprightliness of manner, which made us forget that she has few personal accomplishments. With these exceptions, the performance was intolerably dull.

But what shall I say of the after-piece, which was nothing less than the celebrated "Jocko?" Many a baboon has doubtless trod the stage; but it is uncommon to see one without some disguise, and without at least attempting to enact a human character. In the present instance, an actor assumes the port and bearing of a monkey, skipping about on all-fours, scratching his ear with his paw, climbing trees, and "playing such fantastic tricks," as would make the spirits of Shakspeare, Garrick, Addison, Goldsmith, Sheridan and Johnson weep for the degeneracy of the age, and the degradation of the English stage. What must be the literary taste of an audience, who can witness with complacency the antics of a player, in the guise of an ape?—Yet the fashionables of London applauded Jocko to the skies.

It is sincerely to be hoped, that such buffoonery may never reach our own shores; for I should view the introduction of these unnatural spectacles, these gross departures from the legitimate drama, as one of the greatest curses that could befall our country, having a direct tendency to corrupt the public taste and undermine the simplicity of our manners. In government, religion, and laws, in the useful arts and the modes of education, we have had the good sense to analyze the institutions of the old world, and to separate the chaff



from the wheat. So let it be with our literary and public amusements. A plain republican people want no gladiators nor boxers, no rope-dancing, bull-baiting, nor ballad-singing—none of those dramatic exhibitions, which pervert the design of the stage, and which have sprung up like excrescences from the luxurious and effeminate habits of other nations.

The lapse of a few days convinced us of a truth which might have been learned from the *Spectator*, that the month of November is not the time for seeing London. Neither sun, moon, nor stars are visible through the dense cloud of smoke, which envelopes the city. At this season there is not more than four or five hours of imperfect daylight. The lamps are lighted in the shops by about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Add to these circumstances incessant rains and muddy streets, with the impossibility of moving without a coach. Several attempts were made to visit Westminster Hall, the Museum, and other public places, but the inclemency of the weather, or the sudden approach of night prevented.

Such a state of things compelled us to relinquish the idea of completing a survey of London for the present, and to prepare for our departure from England immediately. With one or two exceptions, the civilities of those acquaintances, who on the strength of letters of introduction had invited us to dine or offered other attentions, were declined or deferred till our return from the continent, and the two or three remaining days of our visit were occupied with the social and fireside enjoyments, which the politeness and hospitality of our friends afforded.

On the evening of the 24th, I rode from London to Clapham, a distance of four or five miles, to dine with an eminent literary gentleman, to whom a mutual friend in New-York, had been so kind as to give me a letter of introduction. He has two brothers in the United States, and his own heart appears to be there also. His halls are decorated with the busts of Washington and Franklin, and with other memorials of our Republic, of the rising greatness of which he delights to speak. To the Americans who come recommended to him, he manifests the kindness of a friend and parent, receiving them with a generous hospitality, and affording by his influence in society the most valuable facilities. He is the medium of connexion between our countrymen and the great

institutions of the British metropolis ; and his good offices as well as his liberal sentiments have done much to break down the barrier of prejudice and soften the asperities between the two nations.

In person he is an aged, venerable looking man, whose white locks, mild countenance, and dignified deportment at once command respect and esteem. His suavity of manners and easy politeness make the stranger perfectly at home by his fireside ; while his flow of conversation is an unfailing source of entertainment and instruction, enriched as it is with anecdotes of the great men of his time, with whom he is familiar, and of the public institutions of the capital, of which he is a prominent member. His house is remote from the bustle of the town, and furnished in elegant though not extravagant style, its embellishments consisting chiefly of choice specimens of the fine arts. I almost envied the retirement, literary ease, and quiet enjoyment, which reign in in this dwelling, and could not but contrast its tranquil pleasures with the gay, giddy, and noisy round of the fashionable world.

I was delighted with this visit, and regretted that my arrangements compelled me to decline a pressing invitation to pass the night with the family. In addition to all the civilities which hospitality and kindness could dictate, I was favoured with a letter of introduction to the celebrated sculptor, Chantrey, from his intimate and estimable friend ; as also with an invitation to attend a meeting of the Royal Society, on my return to London.

On the 26th, we took our seats in the coach for Dover, which is seventy-one miles from London, and which was reached at 7 o'clock in the evening, with few incidents to vary the ride, and a sight of still fewer objects of interest to swell the contents of this sketch. It so happened that the whole of the interior of the carriage was occupied by four Americans, all from New-York. Our companions were both physicians—one of them a surgeon in the navy, on his way to join the United States squadron in the Mediterranean ; and the other was going to Paris, for the purpose of attending medical lectures. As they had left our country at a much later period than ourselves, and were familiar with all that had transpired in the interim, our thoughts would occasionally turn from foreign scenes to inquiries and conversations about the affairs of home. The inclemency of a raw,

misty day, and the necessity of closed windows, increased this propensity.

Our exit from London was over Westminster bridge, and by Deptford, Woolwich, and Dartford, down the right bank of the Thames. For the first ten or twelve miles, the road extends through a part of Surrey, and thence, for the whole way to Dover, through the large county of Kent. It runs parallel with the Thames for about half the distance, and affords extensive views of its windings, as well as of the towns and villages situated along its banks. The most considerable of these are Gravesend and Rochester. The former is a great rendezvous for vessels and boats navigating the river. To the latter, which is a large town situated on the Medway, a principal branch of the Thames, a handsome bridge six hundred feet in length, resting on eleven arches, and the venerable ruins of the castle, crowning the summit of a cliff just above, give an imposing appearance. But we were hurried along through these and other places, with such rapidity, as to be able to catch only a glance at the most prominent objects they contain. The natural scenery of Kent, with the exception of the immediate banks of the Thames, possesses little interest, consisting of sandy plains and banks of chalk, filled with nodules of flint. Most of the soil is appropriated to the cultivation of hops.

At Canterbury the coach stopped only long enough for the passengers to dine ; but more than half of that time was employed by us in taking a hasty view of the Cathedral. Canterbury is the seat of one of the Archbishops of England, and the venerable Cathedral is in a style of grandeur and magnificence corresponding with its ecclesiastical distinction. Its architecture is extremely rich, and the ornaments of its interior are suited to the dignity of its character. Several stately towers crown the edifice, and are visible for a great distance. Numerous sepulchral monuments and the dim light of Gothic windows impart an air of solemnity to the aisles and chapels. Edward the Black Prince was here interred ; but his tomb was at the moment undergoing some repairs, and we were only permitted to take a peep through the railing which encircles it.

Soon after leaving Canterbury, night came on, and little else was seen, till the lights of Dover flashed through the windows of the coach. It was the evening of the annual Fair, and the town was brilliantly illuminated. An immense

crowd of people thronged the streets. Drums, trumpets, horns and fiddles—the cries of the showmen, and all sorts of noises saluted our ears in passing through the multitude to the Ship Inn, where excellent accommodations were obtained for the night. The hotel is spacious, and fitted up in a style of elegance unusual for such buildings. Its doors are ornamented with fine specimens of stained glass. The remainder of the evening was occupied in attending the theatre, mingling with the crowd, and looking at the shows, of which there was a great profusion. The drama for the night was “the Vision of the Sun”—a gratifying spectacle after so many rainy days. Little was observed worth noting, except two Albiness girls, with red eyes and white hair, and a Malay dwarf, who sang and danced for the amusement of the audience. Some of my companions attended the Masquerade, which was held in a hall erected *pro tempore*, and covered with an awning.

On the following morning we all rose at 7 o'clock, and commenced a round of observations while breakfast was preparing, in order to complete a survey of the town before crossing the Channel. Dover is situated upon three principal streets, beautifully cradled under the white cliffs, which rise perpendicularly to the height of several hundred feet, and crowned by a large castle, looking down upon the sea. A deep ravine opens towards the west, watered by a small stream, down the banks of which the road from London descends. The harbour is capacious, but has little navigation except what is necessary for crossing the Channel.

The morning was bright, and we extended our walk to the highest of the cliffs, at the distance of a mile from the hotel. It is arduous of ascent, but the prospect from the summit is an ample reward for the toils of the traveller. The eye takes in a wide circuit of the sea, the green waves of which break and murmur upon the rocks below, while its more distant surface is covered with white sails glittering in the sun. On his left, the spectator sees the town of Dover far beneath him, reduced in appearance to the size of a hamlet. The shores of France were distinctly visible, at the distance of about thirty miles. One of the party read, for the edification of the rest, Shakspeare's celebrated description of this eminence, in the Tragedy of King Lear.

We were just descending from the rocks, through a shaft ten or twelve feet in diameter, and by a spiral flight of steps

of several hundred feet in height, when a servant from the hotel came running to us out of breath, to communicate the information that the steam was up and the boat on the point of departing. Breakfast was out of the question, as hardly time remained for paying the bill of expenses already incurred; but each of us took the precaution to put a roll of bread in his pocket, as nothing is to be had on board. To increase our embarrassments and toils, a drawbridge had been taken up to let a vessel out of the dock, which compelled us to go round the harbour, making a circuit of a mile or more.

But notwithstanding these delays, we reached the dock in season to embark on board the steam-boat *Medusa* at 10 o'clock, and to hear for the last time at present, the importunate claims of English servants—"please to remember the waiter—please to remember the porter—please to remember the person who saw your baggage safely on board," and half a dozen other demands in the same style. One of the men at the wharf carries the joke so far, as to put in a claim of sixpence for every passenger, who walks over his plank laid upon the side of the boat. This circumstance reminded me of a little incident, which occurred in our ride from Limerick to Dublin. As the coach drove up to the door of a small inn, a female placed a flight of portable steps reaching to the top of the vehicle, and the passengers thoughtlessly walked down, thinking the people at the hotel very accommodating. But on reaching the ground, the good woman presented a charge of an Irish sixpence for descending by her ladder.

The steam-boat *Medusa* has a name not more classical than appropriate; for she is clothed with as many terrors as her Grecian prototype. She is a mere cock-boat in size, of about thirty-five tons burthen, and of course without any convenient accommodations for passengers. Her construction is extremely rude, awkward, and uncomfortable. It occasioned not a little surprise to find such a packet at one of the most frequented points in Europe. In our country, the vessel would be condemned as unseaworthy, or if she attempted to run, the number of passengers would not pay for her fuel. But here no alternative offers, and the traveller is compelled to submit to such inconveniences. Fortunately our voyage of about thirty miles was accomplished in three or four hours. Had the boat met with adverse winds, and

been compelled to remain on the water during the night, as is frequently the case, our situation would have been intolerable. The preceding packet which left the French shore did not arrive at Dover till 11 o'clock in the evening, being driven about the Channel all day and a part of the night, without provisions or refreshments of any kind. The duty on a boat is £10 sterling a trip, levied by the French government—fare, half a guinea.

The day on which we crossed was perfectly clear, and comparatively tranquil. There was, however, a heavy swell coming in from the south-west, occasioned by a severe gale on the night previous, from the agitations of which the sea had not yet subsided. For the first mile or two, the receding view of the English coast, and of the white cliffs of Dover, with the town and harbour at the base, was charming. But it was of short duration to a great majority of the passengers, who thronged the deck; for no sooner had the *Medusa* reached mid-seas, than she began to dance and roll about upon the waves like an empty cask.

The geological formation of the French coast is similar to that of the English about Dover. Bold chalky cliffs and promontories rise from the sea in the same manner. The two shores appear as if they had been divided by what geologists, with all the vagueness of Cowper's sticklers for primary causes, denominate "some great convulsion of nature." By the time two thirds of our passage had been accomplished, the boat was in the lee of the Gallic hills, and the water became less agitated, resuscitating our crew, and rendering their condition more comfortable. The Castle of Dover is just discernible above the surface of the sea from the opposite side; and it is possible there was no exaggeration in the picture, which the itinerant orator, Ogilvie, was fond of drawing, and in which Napoleon was represented as casting a wistful eye upon the white cliffs of Albion. There is much less probability in the vulgar belief, that the steam-guns of Perkins will be able to send shot across the Channel, and that the two quarrelsome neighbours may hereafter have a kind of national cannonade from their respective hills, over the narrow frith that divides them.

## LETTER XXXIII.

ARRIVAL AT CALAIS—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN—CUSTOM HOUSE—DESSEIN'S HOTEL—REMINISCENCES OF STERNE—ROUTE TO PARIS—FRENCH DILIGENCE—BOULOGNE—ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY—MONTREUIL—ABBEVILLE—BEAUVAIS—ST. DENIS—MONTMARTRE—ARRIVAL AT PARIS.

*November, 1825.*—At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th, we arrived at Calais, which is situated upon a patch of alluvial ground, reclaimed from the dominion of the sea, and susceptible of being restored to its former allegiance at any moment, by opening the flood-gates of the dikes. This is one of the defences of the place, and if my memory serves me, it has been used with success. The harbour is small and inconvenient, being entirely artificial; and the town, owing to its sunken position, does not appear to any advantage from the water, although it is not wanting in a due proportion of churches, steeples, monuments, and other architectural ornaments.

The wharf on which we landed is one of the greatest works at Calais, and would do credit to a port of more commercial importance. It is faced with hewn stone, and rises several feet above high-water mark, possessing all the usual conveniences for embarking and debarking. The Custom House fronts upon it, near which is the light-house, as also a monument to commemorate the landing of Louis XVIII. on his return to France after his exile. A strong barrier, with a handsome iron gate, separates the port from the town, and prevents the entrance of strangers, until they have undergone the requisite examinations.

At the arrival of the steam-boat, the wharf was covered with a great crowd of spectators, all jabbering with the usual French loquacity, and producing a curious jargon. A laughable incident occurred in two minutes after setting foot upon the strand of another country. One of our party, who had not taken the precaution to fix on the hotel to which he would go, was beset at the same moment by a dozen waiters and runners from the various inns, all extolling their respective accommodations, and urging their claims to a preference in the

most obstreperous manner. As he had not made up his mind what to say, he at first stood mute, and endeavoured to elude the clamours of the mob by a profound silence ; but this was construed into indecision, and the importunities of the circle around him were carried so far, as to take hold of his garments and pull him different ways. Such treatment produced a degree of irritation, and he dashed through the throng like a second Sampson.

Our baggage was all taken to the Custom House, where it underwent another examination, although on inspecting our trunks afterwards, we could not find that a single article had been moved from its place, or in any way molested, either here or on the other side of the Channel. It has been our good fortune thus far to escape all those vexations arising from a rigid inspection of baggage and a demand of exorbitant fees, to which other travellers have been subjected. On landing in Ireland, and subsequently in England, our trunks were not examined at all ; and in the present instance, the business was accomplished in a few minutes, without any trouble, and for a very moderate fee. The present peaceful state of Europe has undoubtedly produced a relaxation of the system regulating the intercourse between nations. Our passports were delivered in at the police office, and substitutes handed to us, which were taken to Paris, where the originals were restored.

After going through with these ceremonies, we were permitted to enter within the walls of Calais, and to take lodgings for the night at Dessein's Hotel, in the Rue Royale. Our reasons for selecting this in preference to a multitude of others, were grounded on the celebrity it has received from Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. The chamber which the eccentric author of this work occupied yet remains unaltered, and was pointed out to us. It is on the second floor of the hotel, fronting upon a pretty flower-garden, which in the season of its bloom might inspire taste and sentiment, especially of the description in which Sterne most delighted. The door of the room bears his name. I suppose we saw the very "Remise" that contained the "Disobligeante," in which the preface to the *Sentimental Journey* was written, and where Yorick held high colloquies with the fair brunette, the monk, and Monseieur Dessein. The latter has been dead many years though the establishment he left behind has been enlarged, and is kept up in good style. It is a spacious



house, standing round two open courts, and presenting a showy exterior.

The apartments of this hotel, which is above the ordinary standard of French inns, are handsomely finished and furnished, with the exception of the floors and fire-places, both of which are uncomfortable in cold weather. Count Rumford's philosophy does not seem to have reached the firesides of France. There is a want of system and economy in the mode of constructing chimneys and warming houses—a fact the more remarkable, since fuel, consisting almost entirely of wood, is scarce and extravagantly high. In winter it costs a family more to supply the hearth than the table.

At Dessein's we met with good fare, and at comparatively moderate prices, although it is the most expensive house at Calais. Of French cookery and French dishes, I shall say little at present. The science of gastronomy has been carried to what gourmands consider the utmost perfection. Innumerable dishes are placed upon the table, many of them so disguised as to puzzle one to know whether they are composed of fish, flesh, or fowl. Every thing is eaten separately, meat by itself, and potatoes and other vegetables by themselves. The bread is generally excellent, being of a fine quality, light, and palatable. It is done up in rolls, some of which are several feet in length, and six or eight inches in diameter. Each person cuts off a section of the cylinder for himself. Ordinary red wine is set upon the table both at breakfast and dinner, without any extra charge to the traveller. It is drunk out of tumblers in the same manner as cider with us. Coffee and chocolate are universally good, far surpassing what is to be found in the best hotels in England or the United States.

One article of the furniture at all public tables in France, however humble may be the inn, appeared to me particularly worthy of imitation at the hotels in our own country, where it has not been generally introduced. Every plate has a napkin, which is sufficiently large to shield the lap, and supersedes the use of a handkerchief, or a more vulgar resort to the table-cloth. On retiring, each person rolls up his cloth, and thrusts it through a wide ring to keep it in place, and containing a number corresponding with that of his chamber. Finger-cups are seldom used, as at the better hotels in England.

Our stay at Calais was occupied in looking at the scanty

supply of objects it furnishes to attract the eye of the traveller, among which are several churches, with oddly shaped steeples, and a proper share of antique embellishments; a town hall, ornamented in front with statues of St. Pierre and Cardinal Richilieu, and containing the balloon, in which two aeronauts crossed the English Channel; a theatre which is open only on Sunday evening; and a fortress, seated on an eminence, which commands the harbour. It is said that the print of Louis XVIII's foot may still be seen upon the beach, where he landed upon his return from England; but we expected to see traces enough of the legitimate sovereignties of France, without stepping out of our way to look at this sacred impression. The town of Calais is built of stone, with confined dirty streets, and a population of seven or eight thousand. There is an open area in the centre, called the *Place d'Armes*, around which the public buildings are situated.

Next morning we took seats in the Diligence for Paris, a distance of 173 English miles, by the new route through Abbeville and Beauvais. Our vehicle and its equipments looked more like a caravan, destined to Mecca or the Holy Land, than like a stage coach for the metropolis of France. Its construction is in all respects unique and amusing. The body is fifteen or twenty feet long, and divided into three compartments, separated from one another by partitions, which cut off all intercourse between the passengers. Of these sections, the one in front, which is before the wheels, is called the *cabriolet*, formed like the top of a chaise, and sufficiently wide to hold three or four persons. Behind this, and between the wheels, is the body of the Diligence, called the *interieur*, fashioned with protuberant sides, like a stage coach, and capacious enough to accommodate six passengers. The rear division, behind the wheels, is termed the *derriere*, resembling the body of one of our hacks, and large enough for half a dozen persons. In addition to these grand divisions, there are places for a few odd passengers aloft, among the baggage. The wheels of the vehicle are massive and strong, in proportion to the other parts, exceeding in clumsiness the heaviest of the Pennsylvania wagons. Behind each of them a scraper is placed, to clear off the mud at every rotation, and to keep the tire clean.

The team is as odd as the carriage. It consists of five, six, seven, and sometimes eight horses, harnessed together

in the most curious manner. Two of them are fastened to the pole, and the remaining three travel abreast in front, with traces so long as frequently to drag upon the ground. The animals bear upon their shoulders a kind of pack-saddle, covered with blue shaggy cloth, and armed with tall horns of wood branching out on each side, to hold the reins. Their heads are ornamented with blue and red tassels, with other finery, and a string of bells, giving them a most fantastic appearance. The harness generally is of the cheapest and most ordinary kind, made more of hemp than leather, and presenting a striking contrast to the burnished equipments of an English coach. A postillion, clad in his long boots frequently made of wood, and reaching above the knee, rides the near horse behind, guiding the team more by dint of his long whip, than the cords which serve for reins. To shield him from the inclemency of the weather, he often wears the skin of an animal, with the hairy side out, giving him a savage aspect. Every Diligence has an agent called a *conducteur*, corresponding with the guard of an English coach. He is an important personage, seating himself in good weather on his throne aloft, and directing the whole movements of the caravan. To his charge is committed the baggage of the passengers, as well as their passports, and he relieves them from the vexation of paying a fee to the coachman at the end of every stage as in England. At the inns, it is his province to preside at the table, and in short, to afford every accommodation and facility to the traveller.

Comfortably seated in the rear department of such an establishment, the same group of Americans who had monopolized the interior of the coach from London, made a sortie through the royal gate of Calais, by the canals of St. Omer, Gravelines, and Dunkirk, the suburbs of St. Pierre, and the fortress of Nieulay, thus commencing their travels in France under circumstances rather inauspicious, since a severe storm of wind and rain rendered it necessary to keep the windows of the vehicle closed. A peep through the glass at a very circumscribed horizon discovered to us, that we were alternately climbing and descending smooth, rolling, gravelly hills, of moderate elevation, destitute of wood, without fences, bleak and barren, with a sparse population.

The road between Calais and Paris has for the greater part of the way been M'Adamized, and looks as if it might be good in summer; but at this season, it was extremely

muddy, and the Diligence lumbered along like a great baggage-wagon. Fortunately it was impossible, amid the multifarious and complex modes of measuring roads in France, to ascertain with much accuracy at what rate we travelled. There are three kinds of computation in vogue, which appear to be used indiscriminately. The first is by *posts*, which have been established by the government all over the country, at the distance of about five English miles from one another. Here, post-horses and other facilities of intercourse are always to be obtained, at prices fixed with the utmost precision. It is a very perfect and excellent system. The tourist has only to purchase or hire a carriage, and at these points he is sure to find relays to expedite his passage. From these establishments has arisen another mode of measuring distances by the *hour*. The French say so many hours, instead of so many miles, from one place to another. With a good team, on a good road, and in good weather, distances may be very accurately computed by time; but it must of course in most instances be extremely vague. The remaining mode is by the *league*, which is about two and a half miles.

Finding ourselves only perplexed by the responses to our inquiries, and that taking the motions of the Diligence for a standard, one French hour was as long as two by our watches, we adopted the comfortable maxim of the poet, that

“When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,”

and resigning all the cares of a toilsome march to the conducteur, we beguiled it of tediousness by the Journal of Yorick, conversation, and the few objects which claimed attention along the road. Several villages were passed, prettily situated upon the hills, but presenting nothing very striking, except the cross which every where meets the eye of the traveller. The buildings are uniformly constructed of stone, generally in a rude state, covered with a thick coat of plaster, and exhibiting nothing of that neatness, which is visible in the villages of our country.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at Boulogne, a large town, twenty-one miles from Calais, situated upon a declivity, and containing 13,000 inhabitants, many of whom are English, attracted hither by the cheapness of living and the advantages of trade. It has a port whence tradition

says that Julius Cæsar sailed in his expedition for the conquest of the Britons. The town is divided into two sections, called the upper and lower. The former is much the most pleasant, containing a wide avenue with handsome houses, and several stately edifices. On the summit of an eminence near the entrance, stands a lofty Corinthian column, 155 feet in height, and 12 or 14 in diameter. It was commenced by Napoleon, as it is said, to commemorate his meditated conquest of England; but a change of fortune in the Emperor left the monument to be finished by his less ambitious successor. It is used merely as an ornament, and an observatory for taking a view of the harbour and surrounding country.

Our stay at Boulogne was only long enough for dinner, which was served up in the usual French style, with a great variety of made dishes, a dessert of nuts and fruits, and a bottle of red wine—the whole for three francs, or about sixty cents each. The afternoon of this day was bright, and afforded us a much better opportunity of examining the country. In its general features, the landscape bears a much stronger resemblance to the United States than to any part of Great-Britain. Hills of moderate elevation are clothed with extensive forests of natural wood; consisting of oak, hickory, and birch. By the side of the way are large fields, appropriated to various kinds of tillage; and most of the farms have orchards, resembling those that are seen in our country. Several vineyards were observed; but at this season they add nothing to the scenery. The vine is planted in rows of about the same width as Indian corn, and rises to the height of three or four feet. Stacks of dry bundles of twigs, pruned off every year, and used in kindling fires, are the only ornaments of the fields, after the charms of the vintage have disappeared.

There are few fences or hedges in France, so far as my observation has yet extended. The country all lies common, and each proprietor guards his own flocks and herds. The number of domestic animals appears to be much smaller than in England or the United States—particularly of cattle, which are seldom seen covering the hills in droves. From what I can learn, the country is badly stocked. The French make but little use of oxen, except in particular districts, and every body knows they are no beef-eaters. Nearly all the labour of tillage and transportation is done by horses,

which are generally of a small breed, ill-looking, but strong and docile. They are emphatically the drudges of life, doomed to hard fare, and cruel treatment. I have seen the poor animals shamefully abused for falling down, where it was so slippery, that they could not stand, having no corks on their shoes; and for not pulling burdens too great for their strength. Such instances of inhumanity are frequent, and have sometimes strongly tempted us to interfere in behalf of the dumb beast.

Early in the evening we arrived at Montreuil, an antique town, romantically seated upon a rock, strongly fortified, and containing four or five thousand inhabitants. A full moon afforded us a glimpse of its castellated walls, and of its narrow, close streets. Our entrance as well as exit, was by a strong gate, guarding the only avenue by which it can be approached. After leaving this place, the road traverses the forest of Cressy, celebrated in the wars between England and France; but if it possesses any objects that can interest the traveller, they were all lost to us, except perhaps an occasional dream of the Edwards and Hotspurs of other times.

At half past one o'clock in the morning, the Diligence reached Abbeville, a town with a population of eighteen or twenty thousand, situated upon the river Somme. Here the conducteur mustered all his passengers to take supper, as there would be no other opportunity of eating for the next ten or twelve hours. The fare was hard, and it was dull work to eat soup, and drink sour wine at the witching time of night, immediately after being aroused from sleep. One of the most serious inconveniences of travelling in Diligences arises from the arrangements for eating, drinking, and sleeping. They uniformly travel all night. Even on short excursions, they commonly set out just after dark, and arrive as soon after daylight the next morning as possible.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, we reached Beauvais, a large manufacturing town, situated on the river Therain. The tapestry made here is among the finest in France. There are some peculiar properties in the water, which render it excellent for dying. The town has a very antique appearance. It is remarkable for never having been captured, though often besieged. Jeane Hachette, like another Joan of Arc, aided by her heroic female compatriots, compelled the Duke of Burgundy to retire in disgrace, in the

year 1472. Her exploits are commemorated by an annual procession on the 10th of July, somewhat resembling that at Coventry in England. The Cathedral and one or two other buildings are said to be worth examining; but we remained only long enough to take a postmeridian *breakfast*, and to catch a glance at the exterior of the place.

The weather continued fine all day, and as long hills frequently compelled us to walk many miles, a fair opportunity was enjoyed of seeing every thing worthy of notice upon the road. From the tops of some of the eminences, our horizon embraced a wide circuit. Chateaux, corresponding to the houses of the nobility in England, are frequent along the way; but they are generally in a shattered condition, and in point of taste and elegance cannot be compared with the seats of British noblemen. The Revolution gave a shock to this description of property, from which it has not yet recovered since the restoration of the ancient regime. As far as I could judge at this season, the lands are tolerably well cultivated; but there are few marks of that substantial wealth among the peasantry, which may be seen in every part of our country. The labouring classes appear to be poor, holding their small parcels of ground by a kind of feudal tenure, which has a tendency to check agricultural improvements.

At 10 o'clock in the evening, the Diligence reached St. Denis, a large and celebrated village five miles from Paris. It has a church, which boasts of great antiquity, and is distinguished as the cemetery of many of the royal family. Here sleep the ashes of Louis XVI. and his Queen Maria Antoinette, the Duke de Berry, Prince Conde, and Louis XVIII. The edifice was demolished in the time of the Revolution, and the dust of the dead, as well as numerous relics and curiosities, were scattered to the winds. It was rebuilt by Napoleon, who enriched it among other ornaments with the splendid altar before which his nuptials with Maria Louisa were celebrated, as also with the bronze gates that were designed to form the entrance to his tomb.

Another hour took us by Belleville and Chaumont to Montmartre, whence was obtained the first view of the lights of Paris. Entering by the northern suburbs, and descending rapidly through a labyrinth of narrow streets, under lamps suspended from ropes extending from side to side, twenty or thirty feet above the pavement, we at length reach-

ed the *Messagerie Royale*, the rendezvous of public coaches, in a central part of the city. It is an immense establishment, where Diligences are seen arriving and departing at all hours to and from every part of the kingdom. Here our passports were again demanded, and our baggage underwent another examination. It was however very slight. The officer merely unlocked our trunks, and thrust his hand down each side, in our presence.

A swarm of runners and waiters from the hotels, still more numerous and importunate than the host on the quay at Calais, besieged us, with cards in their hands, and all jabbering at the same moment. After a train of vexatious circumstances, accommodations were obtained for the night; and in a day or two, a fine suite of apartments in the Rue Montmartre, a central part of the city, were rented on moderate terms, where we went to lodgings, and lived very pleasantly during our visit to Paris.

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## LETTER XXXIV.

PARIS—FUNERAL OF GENERAL FOY—PERE LA CHAISE—MORGUE—POLICE—NOTRE DAME—VIEW FROM ITS TOWERS—OUTLINES OF THE CITY—CORONATION ROBES OF NAPOLEON AND OTHER REGALIA—HOSPITALS—HOTEL DIEU.

*November—December, 1825.*—We found the city of fashion, gaiety, and dissipation, dissolved in tears and clad in the habiliments of woe—a spectacle, which probably is not witnessed once in half a century. The death of General Foy, distinguished as a soldier and a statesman, esteemed for his talents, but still more for his integrity, his public and private virtues, created a sensation in the French metropolis, which I had supposed nothing short of a recurrence of the scenes of the Revolution, or another visit from the allied armies could produce. His funeral obsequies were attended on the day after our arrival. All classes of an enthusiastic people, from the nobility down to the humbler walks of life, appeared to participate in the tribute of respect to the remains of a man, who was universally known and as universally beloved. Every street through which the procession was to pass, in its progress from the church of Notre Dame,



in which the funeral rites were solemnized, to the cemetery of Pere La Chaise, where the General was buried, a distance of two or three miles, was thronged with spectators, of both sexes, in carriages and on foot, who remained all day in the rain, to witness the military parade and pompous ceremony.

Our little party took a *fiacre*, (answering very nearly to a hackney coach in London or New-York,) and joined the multitude, whose different equipages, costumes, customs, and manners, afforded much more interest, than the mere interment of a great man, who was comparatively unknown to us, and whose death could therefore occasion nothing more than a general sympathy for another instance of the common lot. A remarkable degree of order and decorum prevailed throughout the immense crowd, whose feelings seemed hallowed by the solemn occasion. There were no riots—no quarrels for places—none of that noisy and boisterous confusion, observable among the populace of England, and sometimes amidst large collections of people in our own country. While the procession was passing, not a voice was heard above a whisper, in the innumerable concourse, and if there chanced to be the least movement or bustle, a hiss soon checked the breach of decorum. The only confusion arose from the struggles of a company of young men, belonging to one of the public institutions, who were ambitious of carrying the corpse of General Foy, and were so enthusiastic, as to resist the arrangements for the ceremony, and to press their claims to the honour, till the hearse had arrived at the very gates of the cemetery. Every few minutes, they would rush up to the coffin, whence they were driven back by the military escort, but without any act of violence.

The whole day, from 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, was occupied in the solemnity. We rode to Pere La Chaise at an early hour, and there waited till dark, expecting every moment the approach of the procession. Just in the dusk of evening, the flambeaux were seen to glare along the avenues, and upon the multitude of faces thronging the sides of the way. A long array of the military, carriages, and citizens on foot followed the nodding plumes of the hearse, occupying nearly half an hour in passing the gates of the burying-ground. It was impossible for us to make our way through the crowd, and approach near enough to witness the

ceremony at the grave. Gleams of the funeral torches were alone distinguishable. The interment was not completed till 7 or 8 o'clock.

A temporary monument was erected over the grave, and hung with garlands of flowers in a few days after the burial; and the sum of eight or nine hundred thousand francs has since been raised by subscription, to defray the expense of a public mausoleum to the memory of the General, and to provide for his family. La Fitte, a rich banker, set the example of liberality by subscribing 50,000 francs, or 10,000 dollars. The day after the funeral, portraits, prints, and biographical sketches of General Foy, as well as the elegiac effusions of the Gallic Muse, were for sale at all the shops in Paris. The papers were filled with eulogiums; pocket-handkerchiefs were struck off, bearing likenesses of the deceased; and in short, his name met you at every turn in the streets. He was of the liberal, or rather moderate party in politics, agreeing in sentiment with General La Fayette, of whom he was a personal friend. His death has produced a strong sensation in the public mind, not only at Paris, but throughout France, giving strength to the republican cause, in the guise of honours to his memory.

Our casual attendance at the interment of General Foy, and a subsequent visit on a day more favourable for observation, afforded us a full opportunity of examining the cemetery of Pere La Chaise, which is the great repository of the dead at Paris, and reflects infinite credit upon the city, as well as upon the character of the French people. In all respects it very far surpasses any thing of the kind I have ever seen, and the design strongly recommends itself to the imitation of all great cities.

Pere La Chaise is in the eastern suburbs of Paris, situated upon the declivity of Mont Louis, about three miles from the centre of the city. Its appellation is derived from a Jesuit of the same name, who was confessor to Louis XIV. and at one time presided over the ecclesiastical affairs of France. As a recompense for his arduous services, his sovereign gave him this beautiful eminence, and built him a chateau near its summit, which was once the seat of the intrigues of his powerful order. Its site is at present occupied by a large and handsome chapel, approached by a lofty flight of steps, lighted at top by a dome, and surmounted by a cross, forming a conspicuous object at a distance. The

edifice has recently been erected, and is destitute of any ornaments, or interesting associations, other than those that have been named.

The cemetery itself was commenced in 1804, under the auspices of Napoleon, and the superintendence of M. Brongniart. Its location is charming, commanding a full view of Paris and its romantic environs. The enclosure comprises an area of about seventy acres, on a surface so broken and diversified, as to embrace a great variety of natural scenery—rocks, hills, and deep vales. In many places the acclivity is so steep, as to render terraces and flights of steps necessary. The whole is encircled by a substantial and handsome fence. In front, there is a semi-circular recess, with lofty portals conducting to the principal avenues, which are wide gravel walks, and extend by the chapel to the extremity of the grounds. The gate is finished in a style of architecture, and with ornaments suited to the place, bearing over the top a Latin version of the following passage from the book of Job :—“ *For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that I shall rise from the earth in the latter day.*” On the right, are inscribed the words of the Evangelist—“ *For he that believeth in me, though he were dead, shall live :*”—and on the left of the gate is another inscription equally appropriate—“ *Their hope is full of immortality.*”

Such is the entrance to this great receptacle of the dead : and surely nothing can be more chaste in design, or more consonant with the spirit of the christian religion. Here are no altars erected to the “unknown God”—no evidences of those atheistical or deistical notions, which French philosophers have been accused of entertaining. The area of the cemetery is beautifully shaded with cypress and other evergreens, amidst the lively verdure of which the white marble monuments and tomb-stones, in every possible form, and wrought with much elegance, produce the finest and most picturesque effect. In some cases a solitary shrub hangs its sombre tresses over a grave ; while in others, the monumental marble is completely embowered by the green branches. Every stone, every plant, every turf is adjusted with perfect taste. But the most striking and interesting features in the cemetery are the little marks of remembrance, feeling, and affection which the French manifest for their departed friends. Every variety of ornament has been devised to decorate the tombs. Most of them are enclosed by a

neat railing. Some times miniature temples have been erected at the heads of the graves, and at others, bouquets of flowers are placed under glass covers, like those used for the ornaments of mantel-pieces. A profusion of garlands strew the consecrated sod, and are entwined among the cypress.

So vivid is the image produced by a multiplicity of these little decorations, composed perhaps of the pledges of mutual affection in life, as to seem almost to form a medium of communication between the living and the dead. Not a single grave, however humble it may be, bears the marks of dilapidation or neglect; and what will appear still more remarkable both in the United States and Great Britain, all these fragile ornaments are daily exposed to crowds of people, high and low, old and young, without being in the slightest degree molested. In a word, this cemetery furnishes throughout, the most striking monument of a refined and delicate nation, that has ever fallen within the sphere of my observation. Something no doubt is to be ascribed to the influence of a popular and splendid faith, which enjoins it upon the living to visit the tombs of the dead at stated periods, and which sanctifies the humblest offerings, in the estimation of the multitude. On All-souls day, immense crowds perform a solemn pilgrimage to Mont Louis, bearing garlands and decorations of every description, to be strewed upon the graves of their departed relatives, recollections of whom are annually revived, and sacred oblations poured forth to their manes.\*

As Pere La Chaise is decidedly one of the most interesting objects we have met in our travels, I trust my readers will pardon me for subjoining a few additional particulars,

\* In November, 1826, I again visited Pere La Chaise, to witness the rites of the Fete des Morts, in company with the author of the *Pioneers* and his family. We saw along the road many pilgrims, bound to Mont Louis, and bearing garlands for the graves of their departed friends. The cemetery was filled with a crowd of both sexes, who had come to make their annual offerings, and renew the pledges of affection. Nearly all the inhabitants of the faubourg adjacent to Pere La Chaise are employed in the manufacture of sepulchral monuments, and of little ornaments for the tombs. Since my last visit, Talma, whom I left treading the stage in the fulness of his dramatic fame, had made his final exit, in a style strictly tragic, amidst the tears and the plaudits of his enthusiastic countrymen, adding another distinguished shade to the great congregation of the dead. A severe gust of wind and rain drove us from the cemetery, before we had time to pay a tribute to his grave.

especially as some of our own cities may hereafter think proper to adopt something of the same kind. In our country, where beautiful forest trees and shrubbery of all descriptions are so abundant, it is the easiest thing in nature to convert the church-yard of the humblest village into an attractive object, without any expense. Every person of taste and of feeling would prefer, that his grave should be shaded by a cypress or a willow, planted by the hand of affection, rather than decorated with the proudest marble that wealth and art could erect. But the two ornaments may be united, as they have been at Mont Louis; and although the ashes of the dead may regard none of these things, which are of little moment in comparison with the other concerns of the grave, yet reason does not restrain us from extending our cares to the unconscious dust:

"E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

The income arising from the settled price of interments in Pere La Chaise has been amply sufficient to defray the whole expenses of the cemetery, without imposing any public tax upon the city. There are three kinds of graves: First, those denominated *fosses communes*, in which the poor are gratuitously buried in coffins placed near each other. The trenches are four and a half feet deep, and are opened once in five years, which is a sufficient time for the body to be decomposed. Secondly, *temporary graves*, which are held for the term of ten years, on the payment of 50 francs. By paying 200 francs more, before the expiration of the time, the tenure may be rendered perpetual; otherwise, they must be given up, though monuments may have been erected. Thirdly, permanent graves, which are purchased at 250 francs the metre, and are secure from disturbance. About 100,000 persons have been buried here since the 21st of May, 1804, on which day the first funeral took place. There are two or three other cemeteries upon the same plan, in the suburbs of Paris; but they are small in comparison with this. The catacombs or subterranean repositories of the dead, extending for miles under the city, and running even beneath the bed of the Seine, are now undergoing repairs to prevent the roof from falling, and cannot on that account be visited.

This sketch of the abodes of the dead, which to some of my readers may be less interesting than the dwellings of the living, has already been protracted to such length, as to leave me little space to speak of some of the more remarkable monuments. The most conspicuous, as well as the most attractive of these, is the lofty tomb in memory of Abelard and Heloise, the two unfortunate lovers who have been immortalized by the beautiful poem of Pope. It is in the form of a Gothic Chapel, formed out of the ruins of the Abbey of Paraclete, over which Heloise presided, and where she died in the 12th century. The mausoleum is 14 feet in length, 11 in breadth, and 24 in height, surmounted by four pinnacles at the corners, and one in the centre, rising 12 feet above the roof. Ten arches rest upon fourteen beautiful columns, six feet in height. This chapel contains the tomb built for Abelard at the Priory of St. Marcel, near Chalons, where he died. He is represented in a recumbent posture, with the statue of Heloise by his side. There is no doubt, that the real dust of the two lovers, after being removed from place to place, alternately united and divided, is at last here commingled. The monument is very complex, and loaded with a profusion of ornaments, with a number of historical inscriptions, and an epitaph in Latin from the pen of Marmon tel. One of our native artists, now prosecuting his professional pursuits at Paris, has made a very accurate sketch of the tomb, a print of which may perhaps hereafter be seen in the shops of Broadway.

Among the numerous other tombs of distinguished persons, chiefly grouped together in what has been denominated the classical department of the cemetery, are those of the poets Moliere, La Fontaine, Delille, and Chenier; St. Pierre, author of the *Studies of Nature*, and of Paul and Virginia; Haüy, the mineralogist; Fourcroy, the chemist; Delambre, an eminent astronomer; Sonini, the naturalist and friend of Buffon; Madame Blanchard, the celebrated aeronaut and a hundred others too numerous to be mentioned. Delille's grave is surrounded by a beautiful little garden, and the marble in memory of La Fontaine is ornamented with the images of some of the animals, that formed the *dramatis personæ* of his Fables. One of the most interesting monuments is a stately mausoleum of black marble, erected in 1823, to commemorate the fame and philanthropy of the Abbé Sicard, who signalized himself by his successful efforts for the in-

struction of the deaf and dumb. Near the top of the column six hands are portrayed in different positions, so as to spell his name, according to the signs manual adopted in his system of education.

In another part of the cemetery, along the brow of the eminence, are the tombs of many of the celebrated Marshals of France ; Massena, Davoust, Lefebvre, Decres, Perignon, Beauharnais, Ney, and others. Many of them have lofty columns of marble, sculptured with emblematic representations of their achievements. Marshal Ney, who was shot by a file of his own soldiers in the garden of the Luxembourg, giving to them himself directions to fire, once had a splendid monument, which has been barbarously demolished since the restoration, and he now sleeps without even the record of his name. His grave is enclosed by an iron railing, and four beautiful cypresses raise their little pyramids of verdure at the corners.

On the declivity below the Chapel, and amidst the thickest copses of evergreen, stands a charming little cottage or hower, woven of reeds and thatched with turf. It is just large enough for a chair and small table, which still remain, though the door is locked, and the tenant has gone, I believe, to another world. Its history, as derived from the old man who conducted us through Pere La Chaise, is so romantic, that I was not very anxious to inquire into its authenticity. As the story runs, another Abelard in enthusiastic, though not criminal love, was strongly attached to an accomplished lady, who suddenly died, and was here buried. Crossed and crazed by a hopeless passion, he erected this little rustic shrine over her grave, where he used to pass whole days in writing letters to the departed spirit of his Heloise, leaving them upon the table, and fancying that she came each night to peruse the messages of his unchanging affection.

Towards the northern side of the cemetery, and on the most elevated point of Mont Louis, is a section of the enclosure devoted chiefly to the interment of foreigners. In this silent assemblage of the dead, may be found representatives from every nation on the globe, who died at Paris, and here rest side by side. The graves of the English, Scotch, and Irish, are most numerous ; and next to these, Spaniards, Germans, and Italians. Too large a group of our own countrymen add to the number and variety of the mixed congregation. A beautiful marble pyramid attracted us to the spot where sleep the remains of Adam Seybert, formerly of Phila-

delphia, a member of Congress, and author of a valuable work on the statistics of the United States. He died at Paris in May, 1825. The monument was erected by the piety of his son, and does credit to his taste as well as to his filial affection. Near by is the grave of Mr. Miller, of New-Jersey, an eloquent and eminent young lawyer, who fell a victim to the ardour of his professional pursuits. He came out to France for the benefit of his health the last summer, and died soon after his arrival. In the same vicinity, are the graves of Richards of New-York, a promising young gentleman, educated at West Point; and of Tucker, from Boston, who died, and were buried on the same day. Their premature deaths in a foreign land, far from their friends and country, produced a lively sympathy even among strangers. A monument was observed in memory of Mr. Smith of New-York; as also a remarkably neat column, erected by paternal affection, to commemorate the death of Louisa Butler, a young lady from the United States, who died at the age of seventeen. With a tribute of sympathy for the fate of so many of our countrymen, we concluded our survey of Pere La Chaise, as I now conclude the prolix sketch of my observations.

On the second day after our arrival, we commenced a regular examination of the little world embraced within the confines of Paris, by paying a visit to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the mother church of France. The guide, on our way thither, took us into an establishment upon the banks of the Seine, called *La Morgue*, where the dead bodies of persons, who have fallen victims to accidents and murders, or have committed suicide, are exposed to be examined and recognized by their friends. A strong grate separates the public room from that in which the unfortunate individuals are deposited. The corpses of two men were stretched out upon boards, with pillows under their heads, and their clothing by their sides. One of them was shockingly mangled, and the other was supposed to have put an end to his own existence by jumping into the Seine, which is the general mode of committing suicide at Paris. An average of about four hundred persons are annually exposed in this receptacle, most of whom are found in the bed of the river. This number, I believe, is comparatively small for a population of 800,000, crowded together within narrow limits, and exposed to all the temptations and vices which Paris affords.

As it was in our way, the guide also conducted us through



the Police Office, which is an immense establishment, giving employment to a regiment of clerks, and constantly thronged with people. Its regulations are rigid and exact beyond any thing that is to be found in any other country. Not only the names of strangers, but also those of all the citizens are here registered, and they are obliged to take out passports or permits before they can reside at Paris. The shelves covering the walls of a large hall are filled with records, labelled with the month and year. An anecdote was related to us, illustrative of the exactness and utility of such a police, beyond that of affording facilities in detecting the commission of crimes. A stranger, who was wholly unacquainted with Paris, had stepped out without taking observations, and was soon so bewildered in the labyrinth of streets, as to be unable to find his way back to the house, the name of which had escaped his memory. After wandering about for a long time to no purpose, he hit upon the expedient of making application at the Police, the officers of which told him at once where he lived, and gave him directions for finding his way home !

The day was very favourable for our visit to Notre Dame, which is situated on the Isle du Palais, in a central part of the city. We began by climbing to the top of its two gigantic towers, forty feet square and upwards of two hundred in height, whence a satisfactory bird's-eye view of Paris and its environs was obtained. Could I succeed in delineating the features of the splendid panorama with as much clearness as they were beheld from this point, through the medium of a transparent, blue atmosphere, and under the influence of a bright sun, my readers might almost ramble with me through elysian fields, and gaze upon the hundred palaces of the metropolis, lifting their domes and towers and turrets above the waters of the Seine. The outlines are marked by striking peculiarities, and the *coup d'oeil* far surpasses that of London from St. Paul's, though in my opinion much inferior in every thing but extent to that of Edinburgh from Salisbury Crag.

Paris occupies a broad, deep basin, three miles and a half in breadth from north to south, and extending about four miles and a half along the banks of the river from east to west. On all sides, the hills and woods in the suburbs rise above the city, sloping towards its centre in some places by a rapid declivity. These eminences, forming the environs

and bounding the horizon of the spectator, sometimes swell to the height of several hundred feet, and are of a dark, gloomy complexion, contrasting finely with the white châteaux, which occasionally crown their summits and sides, as well as with the dazzling magnificence of the city, covering the plain below. The peaks which elevate themselves at intervals along this natural, though not lofty rampart, have assumed different names. Towards the east, is Mont Louis, to the summit of which my readers have already been conducted. To the north rises Montmartre, which is a picturesque hill, with houses and terraces climbing nearly to its top. To the west is the barrier of Neuilly, and beyond it the rocks of St. Cloud, crowned with the palace, appear in the distance. Towards the south-west, Mont Calvary, the loftiest of the group, and surmounted by a white chapel dedicated to the Virgin, forms the extremity of the chain, which encircles the city. The south and south-eastern environs are lower, though sufficiently prominent to limit the range of the eye to the distance of a few miles. From all points of the compass, great avenues lead into the metropolis, on which lofty barriers are erected, some of them discernible from the towers of Notre Dame. The most conspicuous of these is the magnificent portal of Neuilly leading into the Champs Elysées, through which the Duke d'Angouleme entered in triumph, on his return from Spain.

Through the centre of the natural basin I have described, runs the Seine in nearly a direct course for four or five miles, dividing the city into equal parts, and of course forming a very prominent feature in its topography. The river is about the size of the Mohawk, with a bold strong current, sweeping down with a good deal of grandeur, but of such moderate depth as to be navigable only for large batteaux which constantly cover its surface. Its waters are extremely, turbid bearing down the ruins of a clayey soil above, and deepened in complexion by floods of filth from the city. Its banks for the whole distance of four miles and a half are artificial on both sides, consisting of walls of hewn stone, rising eight or ten feet above the water, to the level of the pavements, and forming a long succession of quays, which go by different names. At suitable intervals, roads in the form of terraces lead to the surface of the river, for the accommodation of the boats. The current divides, and forms three natural islands within the limits of the city. Of these,

the upper one is called Louvier, the second St. Louis, and the lower Isle du Palais. The first is small, and used merely for a depository of wood: the other two are larger, and covered with buildings.

Between the extremities of the town, twenty bridges are thrown across the Seine, all of which except one are free of toll and passable with carriages. The Pont des Arts which is a beautiful structure, is designed only for foot passengers, each of whom pays something like half a sous for crossing. Although none of these bridges when taken singly, can boast of a remarkable degree of magnificence or grandeur, yet the assemblage of them over-arching a bold stream, and extending from ranges of palaces, which rise along both banks, contributes essentially to the beauty of the city. The effect is much increased by the richly wooded gardens of the Tuilleries and Champs Elysées on the right shore, and the Champ de Mars on the left, upon which the eye rests, as it glances down the Seine.

It would be an endless task to describe all the prominent objects, which even from this one point, present themselves to the view of the spectator. The whole of a vast metropolis stretches itself at his feet, and dome after dome arrests his attention, as he makes the circuit of the horizon. Churches, hospitals, and public edifices of every description, displaying the loftiest proportions and richest orders of architecture, appear without number, overtopping the houses, and resembling the towers of one immense castle. The aspect of the city is entirely different from that of London. Nearly all the buildings are of a light complexion, some of them being built of marble or white stone, and the remainder stuccoed; with dark slate roofs and oddly shaped chimneys in the form of pipes. I believe that most of the structures are less substantial and durable, certainly less comfortable than those of England; but the exterior is more showy, and the absence of coal-smoke, with a climate less humid, gives to Paris a much more light, clean, and cheerful appearance.

On descending from the towers of Notre Dame, we devoted an hour or more to an examination of the church, which in its architecture, ornaments, and historical associations is full of interest. It is the most ancient religious edifice in Paris, and occupies the site of a heathen temple, erected in the reign of Tiberius, and dedicated to Jupiter, Castor and Pollux. Its proportions are grand, and strike

the mind with awe, as well as with respect for its venerable age, which dates back as far as the commencement of the 11th century. It is upwards of 400 feet long, 144 wide, and 100 high, with massive walls, and supported by 120 colossal columns. Two of the three portals are of antique architecture, and loaded with a profusion of ornament. On one of them the signs of the zodiac are delineated. The choir is extremely splendid, abounding with decorations of elegant workmanship, and enriched with paintings from the pencils of the first masters. In the centre is a brazen eagle measuring several feet from wing to wing. The altar and steps leading to it are of Languedoc marble, variegated with stars of gold, and all the embellishments are in the costliest and most superb style, corresponding with a religious faith, which appeals to the heart rather through the medium of the eye than of the ear or the understanding.

Thirty chapels extend quite round the walls of the church. Some of them are handsomely finished and decorated with paintings and statuary. Of the former, are several large and showy pictures by David; and among the latter, the mausoleum of Lord Harcourt, and the splendid pile of marble in memory of Cardinal du Belloy, Archbishop of Paris, are the most distinguished. To these may be added busts of Louis XIII. and XIV. presented by the late incumbent of the throne, as a tribute of respect to the memory of his ancestors.

In this church, the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon took place in 1804. By a singular and unpremeditated coincidence, our visit was on the 2d December, the anniversary of that splendid ceremony. What changes had taken place in the twenty-one years which had elapsed since the imperial pageant was celebrated!—A colossal empire crumbled into dust—the triumphal arches, chariots, and throne of the conqueror demolished—his trophies of victory and the spoils of war vanished—his temple of glory converted into the church of Magdalene\*—and himself, after having been twice an exile, wrapped in the ceremonies of the grave, instead of the re-

\* In 1807, the anniversary of the coronation and of the battle of Austerlitz was celebrated by the Emperor and his triumphant army upon the banks of the Vistula, on which occasion he issued a solemn decree, instituting the "Temple de la Gloire" at Paris. It is a colossal pile, with colonnades of massive pillars, situated on the Rue Royale, and destined when completed to contain expiatory monuments to Louis XVI. and his queen Antoinette.

gal purple! The robes worn at the coronation by Napoleon, by the Empress Josephine, by Pope Pius VII. and the retinue of priests, are deposited in the cathedral, and were all exhibited to us by one of its officers. They were made by the express orders of Bonaparte, to give splendour and éclat to the ceremony, and were subsequently presented to Notre Dame. In richness of figure, colour, and ornament they baffle all description. Some of them are blue and others purple, massive with gold, and embossed with the most dazzling devices. They are preserved in a case of drawers, ten or twelve feet square, which are swung out one by one and display the robes full spread, without the necessity of handling. At extraordinary fetes, the corps of ecclesiastics attached to the church sometimes put them on, to increase their importance in the eyes of the multitude.

In the same room are deposited the other regalia used at the coronation, consisting of vases, chalices, and the usual furniture of kings, of the purest gold, studded with the richest gems. Some curious antiques, forming a part of the regalia of Charlemagne, were shown to us; as also the sacred relics of the church, comprising among other things a portion of the crown of thorns, worn by the Saviour, and a *veritable* fragment of the cross. The most modern article in the collection is a golden image of the sun, of large dimensions, presented to the Cathedral by Louis XVIII. in commemoration of the *glorious* campaign in the Peninsula, in 1823.

On going out from an examination of these regal gew-gaws, which cost the nation something more than a *hundred millions of francs*, we were beset at the doors of the sanctuary by a host of beggars clothed in rags, and shivering with cold, who besought us in God's name for the charity of a sous! Such are the extremes of poverty and splendour, of imperial pomp and abject penury, which every where strike the mind of the American traveller, and draw forth a benediction on the blessed condition of his own country. As there are no poor laws in France, and the lower classes are proverbially gay, heedless, and improvident, seldom looking beyond the wants and pleasures of the present moment, the number of paupers and street mendicants is far greater than in England.

It is not perhaps very surprising, that such a mass of floating population, breaking loose from all moral and religious restraints, oppressed by the extravagance of the government, goaded on by hunger, and seduced by false ideas of liberty,

should have burst forth into the excesses and licentiousness of the Revolution. The wealth of palaces and churches presented allurements, and it was reckoned a virtue to demolish every vestige of royalty, as well as every monument of religion, however valuable as specimens of art. An ignorant and infuriated mob wanted in the work of destruction, both as it regards property and life. Nothing was sacred—nothing was spared. The public edifices of Paris resemble a forest shaken and shattered by the violence of a tempest. In the whirlwind of the Revolution, innumerable monuments of the arts were irrecoverably lost. Notre Dame experienced the fate of all other churches. Its statues were prostrated, its altars demolished, and its treasures pillaged. Royal and ecclesiastical munificence has since furnished it with the same temptations, destined perhaps at some future day to produce the same scenes of licentiousness.

Contiguous to Notre Dame, and standing immediately upon the bank of the Seine, is the Hotel Dieu, one of the thirty or forty hospitals which are to be found in Paris. They are of two kinds, denominated *hopitaux* and *hospices*. At the former, the sick alone are admitted: at the latter, the aged, infirm, and needy are received. Both classes are maintained by the government, and are under the superintendence of a general council, consisting of the principal magistrates. Upwards of 15,000 beds are made up in these charitable institutions, and the annual expenditure averages more than a million of dollars. In the hospitals alone, 50,000 sick are annually accommodated, at an expense of two and half a millions of francs. The number of deaths is on an average about one in seven. The hospices generally contain about ten thousand inmates, with an annual disbursement of three millions of francs. Besides these extensive charities, a million and half of francs are annually distributed to the indigent at their own houses.

As the Hotel Dieu is a fair specimen of the arrangements and accommodations of the Parisian hospitals, and as it would be impracticable for us to go the rounds of all of them, we went through its several wards, its kitchen, its medical department, and in short, gave it a full examination. Although its location is extremely injudicious, being in the most crowded part of the city, with a confined air, these disadvantages have been obviated as far as possible, and the

apartments manifest a remarkable degree of neatness. The floors are as spruce and clean as those of a palace. Most of the bedsteads are of iron, placed at convenient distances, and the couches bear the marks of the strictest attention. The culinary utensils also appear to be kept in good order, and the articles of food palatable and wholesome. We saw about 800 inmates stretched upon their beds of pain and sickness ; but rendered as comfortable as the nature of their diseases would permit. Connected with the hospital, is a large and convenient amphitheatre, where one of the most eminent surgeons of the age gives lectures to a numerous class of students, accompanied by anatomical dissections, and by practical illustrations derived from the wards. This system of medical education is as perfect, and attended with as many advantages, as can be effected by science, skill, and industry.

The Hotel Dieu is indebted for much of its cleanliness, neatness, and comfort, to the *Sisters of Charity*, a society of nuns, whose industrious habits and assiduous attentions to the sick extremely interested us. They are uniformly clad in black robes, with pretty white caps, and a silver cross suspended at their breasts. In their manners they are modest, polite, and affable. The whole of their time is gratuitously devoted to the unfortunate inmates of the hospital, at the side of whose beds they are constantly seen sitting with their needle-work, watching all the little wants of the sick, and administering comfort and consolation. Whatever may be the faults of their creed, the heart pays a voluntary tribute to that practical and operative faith, which instead of relying solely on correctness in speculative doctrines, manifests its sincerity by a spirit of active benevolence and charity, seeking out the abodes of wretchedness and distress, and imitating the example of the great Author of our religion, who went about doing good.

## LETTER XXXV.

PARIS CONTINUED—BOULEVARDS—FAUBOURGS—OLD PART OF THE CITY—HACKNEY COACHES—PUBLIC SQUARES—CHAMPS ELYSEES—COURS DE LA REINE—PLACE DE LOUIS XV—GARDEN OF THE TUILLERIES—PLACE VENDOME—PLACE DU CAROUSEL—PALACE OF THE LOUVRE—ROYAL MUSEUM.

*December, 1825.*—Three or four of the first days after our arrival, which were remarkably pleasant, being a lingering remnant of autumn, were actively employed in completing a topographical survey of Paris, and in fixing in our minds its great outlines. With this view, we threaded its thousand intricate streets, and traversed its Boulevards. The latter constitute a peculiar and conspicuous feature in its topography. They consist of broad avenues planted with double rows of stately trees, well paved, with wide convenient side walks, and bordered with ranges of handsome buildings, four, five, and six stories high. This belt of spacious and beautiful streets designated by different names, extends quite round the city, being built upon the ruins of its old walls. Louis XIV. who, with the exception of Napoleon, did more than any other monarch for the improvement of the capital, directed these promenades to be adorned with trees, and at intervals erected triumphal arches, enriched with numerous devices in bas-relief, which remain entire, and are among the most splendid embellishments of the city.

The Boulevards make a circuit of four or five miles, and for the whole distance present a constant scene of activity, bustle, business, and pleasure, being filled with carriages and thronged with pedestrians, from the most fashionable belles and beaux of the metropolis, down to apple-women, pastry-cooks, and paupers. Both sides of the way are lined with shops, boutiques, and open stands, where goods, articles, and trinkets of every description, embracing a variety which nothing but French ingenuity could devise, are ostentatiously exposed for sale. All possible modes of attracting attention are resorted to, from the vender of gewgaws who vociferously cries his wares, to some pretty brunette, who throws the glances of her dark eye from the door



or window. I have seen a seller of jack-knives draw a circle of customers, by playing with a live snake ; and there is a boot-black who has made money, by availing himself of the services of a monkey. The animal will use the brush with great dexterity, and go through with the whole operation of cleaning shoes, which is every where done by Frenchmen in the open streets. Even mendicants have recourse to tricks, and contrive to make their share of the bustle. One of them, perhaps, will attempt to charm the ear of the passenger by the music of his violin, while another has a dog by his side, holding a hat in his mouth to catch the sous. A person might linger whole days about this extensive panorama, where every thing is in motion, in looking at the ten thousand little nothings, which he had never before witnessed, and would never care to see again. But I have already perhaps allotted too much space to this noisy world of trifles.

Between the Boulevards and the new ramparts of the city, which are fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, and concentric with the ancient walls, is a wide belt of ground called the *Faubourgs*. They are intersected by the great avenues, leading from the barriers into the centre of the town, which form the principal streets. The population of this district is less dense, than in that which has been longer settled, and in the outskirts, the buildings are scattered. Some of the most beautiful parts of the metropolis, as well as a number of the principal institutions, are in this section, which is fast filling up, and rapidly improving.

Within the circle of the Boulevards, the streets form a perfect labyrinth, and are uniformly narrow, dark and gloomy, assuming in some places, on account of the castellated roofs, a degree of wildness. They are almost universally constructed with an inclination towards the middle, where there is a gutter to carry off the mud and water, frequently rushing down in torrents. There are no side-walks, and the width is generally so contracted, as to admit of none. These circumscribed limits often leave but little space for the pedestrian between the constant throng of carriages, and the walls of the buildings, against which he is liable to be pinned, or to be run over. His least calamity is a certainty of being bespattered with mud, which is thrown up so as to darken the shop-windows. The rules regulating the hackneys and cartmen are very strict: they are obliged to sing out in turning corners, and if they run over a person,

they are instantly reported to the police, and lose their license. Trusting to these rigid regulations for security, and with the satisfaction of knowing, that if their necks are broken, the coachman must suffer, foot-passengers are extremely adventurous, walking or crossing at their leisure directly in front of the horses. Strangers are more timid, and often fly to the shop doors for refuge, or, like the rustic upon the bank of the river, wait in vain for the stream of carriages to run away.

The great thoroughfares in this part of the town are Rue St. Honoré, running parallel to the right bank of the Seine, but at some distance from it, in an easterly and westerly direction; and Rue St. Martin, extending from north to south through the whole extent of the city. These are incessantly thronged with crowds of an active and bustling people, always in motion, and intent either on business or pleasure. With the exception of Rue Rivoli, forming the northern boundary of the garden of the Tuilleries; Rue de la Paix, extending thence through the Place Vendôme, and one or two others, there are no handsome streets within the Boulevards. The buildings are often six or seven stories high, with fronts projecting so near to one another, that the sun, especially from the low level of his winter declination, seldom peeps into the deep and cheerless avenues; and there is very little in stucco walls, or the dim twilight of the shops to reconcile us to the loss of his beams.

For the greater part of the time since our arrival in Paris, the streets have alternately been covered with snow and ice, or deluged with torrents of mud and water. In either case, it is extremely uncomfortable walking or riding. The public coaches are of two kinds, called *fiacres* and *cabriolets*—the former drawn by two horses, and the latter, in the form of a chaise, by one. Both are cheap, safe, and commodious conveyances in good weather—just the time when they are not wanted. The French to our great annoyance, as well from feelings of humanity as from a regard for our own necks, never cork their horses; and when it is slippery, the poor animals fairly skate along the inclined pavements, upon their smooth shoes, being frequently unable to keep their legs. One of our countrymen and his lady were a few weeks ago thrown from the coach, at the imminent risk of their lives, by the fall of the horses; and my friend met an adventure of the same kind, in riding half a mile to dinner, but fortunately

without injury. In such cases you will see a group of a dozen Frenchmen stooping to the burden, and lifting up the beast with as much sang froid, as they would smoke a cigar. With all their ingenuity and taste, displayed in the invention of bonbons and articles of luxury, which were never dreamed of by any other people, they appear to be deficient in that faculty, expressed by the yankee word contrivance, so useful in procuring the substantial comforts of life.

One of the most prominent features in the topography of Paris is the great number and beauty of its open areas, denominated *Places*, *Promenades*, and *Gardens*. There are between seventy and eighty in all, scattered through every part of the city, with which they are co-existent, serving to purify the air, to afford space for exercise, and to relieve the eye by breaking the long ranges of monotonous buildings. Some of them exceed in splendour and elegance any thing of the kind I have seen in Europe; though in my opinion there is not so fine a promenade about the whole metropolis of either France or England, as the Battery at New-York. The confined and muddy currents of the Seine and Thames, covered with small boats and choked with filth of every description, will bear no comparison with the junction of the North and East rivers, and the blue waters of our own bay, studded with islands, and varied by ships under sail, dancing upon the tides of the sea.

A full description of all the public places at Paris, with their ornaments and historical associations, would occupy a volume. I shall mention only a few of the most celebrated. On the right bank of the Seine, and at the extreme western limits of the city, are the *Champs Elysées*, or Elysian Fields. They are about a mile in length, and something more than half a mile in breadth, extending from the Place Louis XV. to the Barriere Neuilly. The broad and magnificent avenue, leading from this barriere under a triumphal arch, passes in a direct line through the whole extent of the *Champs Elysées*, on a slight declivity, so as to be distinctly seen for the whole distance, forming one of the finest vistas imaginable. On either side, the grounds are covered with large trees, shading the smooth green turf, and embowered seats for the accommodation of parties of pleasure. Walks, lawns, and cottages, furnishing rural retreats, open to the eye in all directions, and invite the passenger to ramble amidst enchanted scenes. In the summer, these grounds are

thronged with the inhabitants of the metropolis, who resort hither for exercise, and to indulge in various amusements.

Between the Champs Elysées and the Seine, is another wide avenue, denominated *Cours de la Reine*, or the Queen's Course, which was laid out and planted by Mary de Medicis, in 1628. It winds along close to the margin of the river, and is adorned with four rows of trees, forming a central path much used for riding, and two beautiful side-walks for promenades. From this avenue, there are extensive views of the Seine, both above and below, of several bridges thrown across it, and of the distant domes and palaces of the city.

At the eastern extremity of the Elysian Fields and the Queen's Course, is another large public area, called the place of Louis XV. bounded by the Seine on the south, and by lofty ranges of palaces on the north. It is of an octagonal shape, with statues at the several angles. On many accounts, it is a memorable spot. Here the nuptials of Louis XVI. were publicly celebrated in 1770, on which occasion several hundreds of people were crushed to death by the crowd. Here too originated the first spark, which kindled the flame of the Revolution. On the 12th of July, 1789, an old man was wounded, as it is said by the carelessness of one of the noblesse. The combustible materials were ready to take fire, and the next day the volcano burst forth, which shook Paris and the whole empire to its centre. In the middle of the area once stood a statue of Louis XV. which in 1792 was dashed from its pedestal, and an image of liberty substituted in its stead. At the foot of this altar, Louis XVI. fell a victim to his own subjects, and many of his adherents were executed upon the same scaffold. In the midst of these scenes of civil strife and bloodshed, the name of the place was oddly enough changed to that of *Concorde*; but the original appellation has now been restored.

Adjoining upon this area to the east is the Garden of the Tuilleries, which derives its name from the humble origin of a *brick-yard*, but which has been metamorphosed by imperial wealth and luxury into a little paradise. It is bounded by the Seine on the south, and on the north by the Rue Rivoli, which was the favourite street of Napoleon, and is certainly one of the most magnificent I have ever seen. It was his intention to have extended it through the city, parallel with the river; but this design perished with all his other schemes for aggrandizing and embellishing the capital. The

garden is bounded on the east for its whole width by one façade of the Palace of the Tuilleries, several hundred feet in extent, two stories high, of three or four different orders of architecture, crowned with turrets, and richly ornamented with vases, statues, and decorations of every kind. Age and the original complexion of the material, the columns being composed of red and brown marble, give to the long range of connected pavilions a venerable aspect, far surpassing in grandeur and magnificence any of the numerous residences of his Britannic Majesty, in the vicinity of London. From the centre of the pile, under which there is an arched passage to the court-yard on the other side, a broad avenue opens in a straight line through the garden, and thence through the Place Louis XV. and the Champs Elysées, to the Barriere Neuilly, a distance of a mile and a half, skirted the whole way with the most splendid pleasure grounds.

The borders of the Garden of the Tuilleries, lying in the form of a parallelogram, stretching nearly half a mile along the immediate bank of the Seine and Rue Rivoli, as also the western end, are elevated by wide and lofty terraces shaded with rows of trees, and adorned with a great number of classical statues by the first artists. In the central and lower portions are extensive and beautiful groves of lime-trees and horse-chestnuts, interspersed with little enclosures and parterres, fringed with the orange, and at the proper season, blooming with flowers. At either end, a large fountain spreads a crystal sheet of water, in which we saw shoals of gold-fish, playing upon the pearly bottom, and appearing to enjoy the beams of a winter sun, as much as the Parisian belle, or some self-enamoured Adonis, who hung over and found a mirror in the glassy wave. The whole of these grounds are in the very highest state of artificial embellishment, being adorned with numerous groups of statues by the great masters of different ages, forming as general an assemblage of the gods and goddesses, as ever frolicked on the Grecian mountains. Here Apollo may be seen in pursuit of his fugitive Daphne; here the huntress Diana gives chase to the wild boar in the woods; the hand of Flora scatters the blossoms of spring; and the symmetry of Venus invites to love, while the circle of the Muses lend the sweet enchantment of the lyre. A still more animated scene may be witnessed on the afternoon of a bright day, when the whole area is thronged with the living beauty, taste,

and fashion of the metropolis, enlivened by the buoyancy of French feeling, exhibiting all the gaiety of Parisian manners, and printing the turf with light, airy, and heedless footsteps. We passed through the gardens at least a dozen times, and never without seeing a crowd. A degree of cold scarcely surpassed by the severest weather in our climate, and sufficient to choke the Seine with ice, did not produce a desertion of the public walks. Even the ladies seemed to delight in a frosty atmosphere, which set off the fur trimmings of their habits to advantage, and deepened the rouge of the cheek, without the necessity of resorting to artificial means.

Midway between the Garden of the Tuilleries and the Boulevard Capuchin, on the Rue de la Paix, is the Place Vendome, of an octagonal form, surrounded by lofty, uniform ranges of buildings, which are among the handsomest in Paris, being adorned with Corinthian pillars and arcades in front. In the centre of the area, a splendid column, in imitation of that of Trajan at Rome, to which it is but little inferior, rises to the height of 140 feet, resting upon a pedestal 12 or 15 feet in diameter. It occupies the site of an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. which was removed, and this pillar erected, to commemorate the events of the campaign of 1805, under Napoleon, terminating with the battle of Austerlitz. The square basement is ornamented with numerous devices in bas-relief, with four eagles at the corners, holding crowns of laurel in their beaks; and the whole column is encased with plates of brass, made of the cannon taken from the Austrians, rising from the bottom in spiral belts, and engraven with the records of military achievements. It was originally surmounted by a colossal statue of Napoleon, which, like the hero himself, in 1814 was hurled from its conspicuous station overlooking the city. To add to the indignity, it was swung from the top by a rope fastened round its neck, instead of being taken down by the spiral flight of steps in the interior.

To the east of the Palace of the Tuilleries, and between its court-yard and the Louvre, is the place called the Carrousel, which is a large area, used as a parade for the king's guards, who were frequently seen undergoing the daily drill, as well as on the march through the streets of the metropolis. The corps consists of every species of troops, with an excellent band of music. In a nation emphatically military, it may be expected of course that the system of tactics

is very perfect, and the discipline rigid. All the men wear mustaches, and the pioneers are rendered in appearance still more fierce by full-grown beards, and the ancient battle-axe, forming a part of their equipments. Some parts of the uniform of the French troops appeared to me extremely inconvenient and burdensome. They wear upon the head bear-skin caps about two feet in height. Grenadiers sustain the load tolerably well; but a small man appears to stagger under it, his body being out of all proportion to his cap, which becomes as ridiculous as the six-story head-dresses of the ladies in the age of Elizabeth. Grecian helmets of polished brass, and ornamented with tresses of horse-hair, are worn by the cavalry, and have a less savage, if not a more martial aspect. The winter uniform of the common soldiers is extremely slovenly and unbecoming, consisting of a loose frock coat and trowsers, which often look as if they had been made for men of twice the size.

The chief ornament of the Place Caroussel is a splendid triumphal arch, erected by Napoleon, over the passage, leading from the square into the court of the Tuilleries. It is sixty feet wide and forty-five high, built upon the model of that of Septimius Severus at Rome. The central entrance is fourteen feet, and the two side passages eight or ten feet each. Both fronts are decorated with Corinthian columns of Languedoc marble, richly finished and surmounted by military emblems. Branches of laurel and palm, and figures of children bearing garlands adorn the roof of the arch. Over the centre formerly stood a triumphal car, guided by a statue of Napoleon. The bronze steeds were brought as trophies from Venice, and once adorned the arch of Nero at Rome. Many spoiliations were committed upon this superb structure by the allied armies in 1815; and since the restoration of the Bourbons, the Venetian horses have been led back across the Alps, the triumphal car removed, and the image of the conqueror dashed to the ground.

On the south of this square is the long gallery, which connects the Palace of the Louvre, to the east, with the Tuilleries, to which it is similar in the style of architecture, and general appearance. The basement story contains a numerous suite of apartments, occupying the long range between the two palaces, which is a distance of 1400 feet. Above is an immense hall of the same dimensions, the whole being thrown into one room, and appropriated to the fine arts.

Bonaparte formed the splendid design of connecting the two palaces on the north by a co-extensive pile of buildings, which were commenced and finished for about one third of the way, previous to his dethronement. The work is still in progress, and when it is finished, the Carousel will be converted into a court, enclosed by four magnificent façades of regal edifices.

The Palace of the Louvre itself, to which one of our earliest visits was paid, surrounds a square four hundred feet in diameter. It is two stories high, and built of light coloured stone, which preserves its complexion, notwithstanding its great age. Three of the sides, presenting exterior walls between five and six hundred feet in extent, are of the Corinthian order of architecture, and the remaining one of the composite. That which faces the Seine, including the gallery connecting the Louvre and the Tuilleries, presents a noble front, stretching for about a quarter of a mile along the right bank of the river, from which it is separated only by the street, and without any objects to intercept the view from the opposite shore, or from the bridges, for a long distance above and below. The eastern façade is reckoned the most splendid monument of the reign of Louis XIV. ; but owing to the obstructions of the adjacent buildings, no view of it can be obtained, equal to the one just mentioned. It is celebrated for the magnificence of its arcades and the richness of its ornaments, among which is a bust of the monarch under whose auspices it was erected, and dedicated to himself. The whole immense pile is profusely decorated with allegorical devices, which in some instances require an interpreter to explain. It is the most ancient of the numerous palaces at Paris, and once had a tower, commensurate in its proportions with the rest of the edifice, in which the feudal chiefs of France were compelled to assemble at stated periods, and do homage to the king. Those who were refractory were confined in a gloomy dungeon beneath, the horrors of which gave rise to frightful tales, and eventually caused the tower to be demolished.

My readers need not be informed, that Napoleon consecrated the Louvre to the fine arts, and made it the great depository of all the paintings, statues, and antiquities, which he had collected in his campaigns in almost every state upon the continent of Europe, considering them as the legitimate trophies of victory, and making use of the plausible argu-



ment, that they would be more secure from destruction, as well as accessible to a larger number of persons at Paris, than in the countries over which they were scattered. His gallery contained twelve hundred pictures, comprising specimens of the great masters of every nation and every age, and embracing a large majority of the most celebrated in the world. His collection of statuary was equally extensive, being enriched by the finest models, which either the ancients or moderns had produced. The Louvre was in fact the great Temple of the Fine Arts, to which subjugated empires had contributed, and which became the admiration of the world. But the splendour of such a work was destined to be as transient as the power of the imperial conqueror; and "*Ilium fuit*" might be inscribed upon the portals of the Palace. After the downfall of Napoleon and the pacification of Europe, the Royal Museum was in turn stripped of its ornaments, which, sharing the fortunes of war, were restored to their former proprietors. Notwithstanding the efforts of the French government to negotiate an exchange of articles, and to retain as many of the pictures as possible, the number in the gallery was reduced from twelve hundred to two hundred and fifty. The collection of statuary suffered still more severely, and several of the rooms were left entirely naked. Much as these spoliation may be regretted by the artist and amateur, they seemed to be based upon the principles of retributive justice, and cannot therefore furnish grounds of complaint.

Having parted with nearly all the rare and valuable works in the Louvre, the French set about filling the vacancy with productions of their own. With this view, the better paintings at the Luxembourg, Versailles, and other palaces were removed, and accessions from all quarters have since been made, till the number is again raised to upwards of a thousand, forming by far the most extensive collection we had ever seen, though but a shadow of what it had been. The gallery was visited by us on one of those public occasions, when it is open to the whole city, and crowds of both sexes fill the spacious halls. There is a lodge at the entrance, where it is necessary for visitants to divest themselves of their loose garments, over-shoes, umbrellas, walking-sticks, and other incumbrances, depositing them with the portress, who gives to each person a number as a security for the articles on coming out, and who expects a sous or two for her

trouble. This is the sole expense of attending the exhibition. In France no exorbitant fees are extorted from the traveller, as in Great-Britain, for gaining admission to objects of curiosity. A person may see the whole of Paris, for a less sum than he is obliged to expend in going through the Tower of London, or Holy-Rood House. The churches are always open, and at the other public places, a moderate fee is gratefully received by the attendants, who have too much politeness to ask for more, however small it may be—the very reverse of the English servants, who are sure to ask an addition to the utmost stretch of liberality.

The paintings of the Louvre, or Royal Museum, occupy four contiguous apartments, approached by a grand staircase, which is ornamented with twenty-two marble columns of the Doric order, and the whole richly embellished with sculpture. Allegorical devices in fresco, representing the revival of the fine arts, cover the ceiling. The first saloon contains a collection of the earliest productions of the French and Italian schools, which are no otherwise interesting, than as furnishing illustrations of the progress of the art. To the battle pieces of Le Brun, the next saloon is almost exclusively appropriated. These rooms are of moderate dimensions, forming the mere vestibule to the temple.

On passing the latter, the long vista of the great Gallery opens on the eye of the spectator, for the whole extent of fourteen hundred feet, and cannot fail to strike him with surprise and admiration. By the natural effect of perspective, the farther extremity is contracted to narrow limits; and throngs of ladies and gentlemen in full dresses, moving along the varnished floor, and reduced to a diminutive size in the distance, together with columns at suitable intervals, splendid mirrors, busts, altars, antique vases, and other embellishments of the hall, present a scene more like enchantment than reality. The gallery is lighted by double rows of windows, which sometimes throw a disadvantageous glare across each other; and the walls from top to bottom are lined with pictures, which challenge attention and distract the mind of the spectator.

The hall is partially and rather nominally divided, by arches erected along the sides, into nine compartments, three of which are appropriated to the French, three to the Flemish, German and Dutch, and the remaining three to the Italian schools. Among the great masters, whose pencils have con-

tributed to enrich the gallery, are Corregio, Guido, Raphael, Salvator Rosa, Titian, Paul Veronese and Rubens. The marked difference in the leading characteristics, and particularly in the colouring of the several schools, will strike the most superficial observer. In anatomical exactness, and in boldness of perspective, the French perhaps surpass any other artists; but in some instances their gaudy and glaring colours appear to be laid on with a trowel, and are wanting in that harmony, softness, and delicacy, which characterize the schools of Italy. They also generally fail in expression, particularly in the milder affections of the human face, "o'erstepping the modesty of nature," and throwing something showy or fantastic upon the canvass, as if to challenge admiration.

But I make no pretensions to the taste or nice discriminations of a connoisseur, and will therefore abstain from criticisms. Among the most celebrated pictures in the collection are reckoned the Holy Family, by Raphael—the entombment of the Saviour, by Titian—Jupiter and Antiope, by Corregio—the Witch of Endor raising the ghost of Samuel, by Salvator Rosa—the Marriage at Cana, by Paul Veronese—Hercules contending with Achilles, and killing Nessus, by Guido—Æneas bearing on his shoulders his father Anchises, and accompanied by the boy Ascanius, by Domenichino—a portrait of Charles I., by Vandycke—Diogenese looking for an honest man, by Rubens—St. Ambrose, by Philip de Champagne—the Ports of France at sunrise, sunset, and in a tempest, by Vernet—the Judgment of Solomon, the Institution of the Eucharist, and the Deluge, by Poussin—and several Landscapes, by Claude Lorraine.

After gazing for an hour or two at the contents of the galleries, we were conducted through the labyrinth of apartments appropriated to sculpture. The halls are upwards of twenty in number, designated by classical names—gods, goddesses, and heroes, from Hercules down to the Duke d'Angouleme. Although they have been robbed of their most interesting and valuable antiques, they still contain more than I shall attempt to describe, or my readers would have the patience to read. The catalogues of the Royal Museum comprise three volumes, containing merely an exposition of the curiosities to be seen. In this part of it, there are about fifteen hundred articles, embracing specimens of every sculptor, from Phidias and Praxiteles to the scarcely less

celebrated Canova. Several exquisite relics of the two former are among the antiques; and two beautiful groups of white marble, from the chisel of the latter, adorn the modern hall bearing the name of the Duke d'Angouleme. Both of them represent Cupid and Psyche. The proportions, finish, and expression of one of them are inimitably fine. In the other, the god of love is in the attitude of rescuing Psyche, while sleeping, and ready to fall from the brink of a precipice. The design is not more beautiful than the execution. Of the antiques which have acquired the most celebrity, are the groups of a Gladiator combating with an enemy on horseback, ascribed to Agasias of Ephesus—a statue of Pallas—Silenus and the infant Bacchus, said to be found in the garden of Sallust—and a colossal figure of Melpomene. The mosaics and various specimens of ancient marbles are extremely rich and interesting. Additions are daily making to this extensive collection, to supply the places of those which have been removed.

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## LETTER XXXVI

PARIS CONTINUED—THE NEW EXCHANGE—PALAIS ROYAL—COFFEE-HOUSES—RESTAURATEURS—FRENCH WOMEN—GAMBLING HOUSES—PASSAGES—PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG—MANUFACTORY OF TAPESTRY.

*December, 1825.*—The *Palais de la Bourse*, or the Exchange, is one of the most magnificent structures I have ever seen, and is perhaps unequalled by any thing of the kind in Europe. Its location, however, is very bad, being in the centre of the old part of the city, surrounded by a swamp of buildings; and although particular pains have been taken to elevate it from the low, circumscribed area which it occupies, no distant glimpse of it can be obtained. Were it situated upon some of the open squares on the banks of the Seine, the grandeur and classical simplicity of the edifice could not fail to strike the mind with admiration. It is surrounded with sixty-four columns of the Corinthian order, rising to the second story, and forming a most splendid colonnade. In front is a porch, with fourteen additional pillars, the ascent to which is by a lofty flight of sixteen steps. The

principal hall is 116 feet long, and 75 wide, being sufficiently spacious to accommodate two thousand persons. In the upper story, the Tribunal of Commerce holds its sessions. By a whimsical inconsistency of taste, it has been deemed necessary to label the Bourse, with large letters, such as would be placed upon a grocer's sign, reminding one of the painter's specific designation—"this is the man, and this the horse." This building was commenced by Napoleon, and is not yet entirely finished.\*

The *Palais Royal* is in all respects a perfect unique, and baffles description. It is emphatically a little world in itself, *sui generis*, comprising every possible variety of character, occupation, and amusement, from the highest to the lowest, from the gravest to the most trifling, from the most refined to the most brutal. Its history is not less curious than its present condition. In the year 1629, the celebrated Cardinal Richelieu commenced building him a palace in a style proportioned to his means. While the work was in progress, he was gradually and unexpectedly making accessions to his wealth and power, which enabled him to increase the splendour of the edifice. He kept on building in this way for seven years, at the end of which the palace, then bearing his own title, exhibited a perfect history of his fortune, displaying all sorts of architecture, from the most modest to the

\* To save repetition and the necessity of recurring again to the same subject, it may be as well here to add, that the Exchange is now completed, and was opened by a speech from the King, a few days after our return to Paris, in the autumn of 1826. An immense crowd assembled to witness the ceremony, and for a month or two, throngs of both sexes were daily seen upon 'Change, to examine the magnificent edifice, of which the Parisians are very justly proud. I paid it several visits. The inside is as rich and beautiful as the exterior. Notwithstanding the boasted architecture of Italy, it is, taken as a whole, the most chaste and perfect building I have ever examined. The material is substantial, the designs classical, and the workmanship finished. A flight of marble steps, worthy of the taste of Bramante, leads to the second story. Splendid corridors open from the galleries into the principal room. Over each of the arches is inscribed the name of some prominent commercial city; and in the corners of the hall are medallions, emblematic of the four quarters of the world, as also of commerce, science, and the arts. The painting is so admirably executed, that on my first visit, the figures were mistaken for bas-relief. An oblong dome, co-extensive with the apartment, admits a perfect light, and exhibits the superb mosaic pavements to the best advantage. Several elegant chambers open into the corridors. The removal of rubbish and many improvements in the public square have added greatly to the appearance of the exterior. A friend was so kind as to give me a folio description of this edifice, with a set of plates illustrative of its architecture.

most gorgeous. It subsequently fell into the hands of Louis XIII. after whose death it was inhabited by his queen, Ann of Austria, with her two sons, Louis XIV. and the Duke of Anjou. Hence the name of the Royal Palace.

\* By descent it came into possession of the celebrated Duke of Orleans. To him the immense pile owes its present magnificence, as also the vile uses to which it is in part appropriated. His career was the reverse of Cardinal Richelieu's. Possessing a princely fortune, he rebuilt and adorned the palace in the most splendid style of architecture; but by the time he had completed it, his funds were exhausted, to replenish which he resorted to the novel plan of cutting up the whole range of buildings into small shops and of letting them to the highest bidder. The expedient succeeded to a charm, and the Duke derived an enormous revenue from the rents of his establishment. As he had no great veneration for ancestry, rank, or title, it occasioned in him no compunctious visitings of conscience, to see boot-blacks, pastry-cooks, rope-dancers, gamblers, fiddlers, and courtesans occupying saloons intended for noble personages.

The Palais Royal is in the form of a parallelogram, half a mile in circumference, and standing round an open court, which contains six or eight acres. The area is handsomely laid out, planted with trees, and adorned with a garden which has a large fountain in the centre, together with *jets d'eau* constantly throwing the water in fanciful forms to the height of twenty or thirty feet. Originally the whole court from end to end was unobstructed; but necessity or cupidity induced the proprietor to extend across the middle of it, several ranges of small buildings, filled with boutiques or hucksters' shops and forming a kind of market. The proportions of the palace itself are grand and rich in architectural ornament. Lofty arcades, forming a covered walk, extend the whole way round the interior. They are about two hundred in number, enclosed by an iron railing, and lighted in the evening by a lamp to each pillar. Many of the shops in the basement story are occupied by jewellers and other trades equally showy, whose wares are tastefully displayed at the windows, and present a spectacle seldom equalled in brilliancy. Every article which ingenuity has been able to devise, or the wants and luxuries of man require, is here exposed for sale, though generally at a higher price than is asked in other parts of the metropolis.

The description of tenants is as various as the commodities of the market, or as the motley multitude that throng the arcades from morning until midnight. In one end of the palace the noble family of the proprietor resides, and splendid equipages of Dukes and Dutchesses are seen at the door; while at the other end, theatrical buffoons, blind fiddlers, and dancing automata amuse the crowd, or debauchees and harlots hold their subterranean orgies. The intermediate regions are inhabited by all classes of society, good, bad, and indifferent, high and low, learned and illiterate. A lecture on the abstract sciences is liable to be disturbed by the rattling of dice, or the concussion of billiard-balls in the next room; and the voice of the female calling from the boutique for purchasers of books is drowned in that of her neighbour, who cries bonnets or bonbons. Such is the variety and confusion which this busy, bustling scene forever presents.

In the first and second stories of the Palais Royal, are almost innumerable *Cafés* and *Restaurants*, or coffee and eating houses. These form one of the peculiar features of Paris. There are nine hundred or a thousand of each kind in the city, a large proportion of which are concentrated about the palace. A breakfast may here be obtained for ten or fifteen sous, and a dinner for any sum, from two francs to a Napoleon. Crowds of both sexes daily resort hither for their meals, a majority of whom dine at those houses, where they pay forty cents for three or four dishes, with a dessert and a bottle of wine. The fare is generally good, and sufficiently abundant. A person has his choice out of *two hundred and fifty* dishes placed upon the bill, any one of which will be ready in five minutes after it is called for.

The coffee-houses are entirely distinct from the restaurants. Both are furnished in a style which would not disgrace a palace of more elevated character than that of the Duke of Orleans. The whole walls are frequently covered with large mirrors, in elegantly gilt frames, and the windows hung with crimson curtains. In some conspicuous part of the room, a throne is erected to the height of several feet from the floor, ornamented in the most tasty manner, and furnished with silken or velvet cushions. Here the presiding goddess sits in state, dressed with all the showy elegance of the French women. On entering and leaving the room, each person takes off his hat and bows to her with as much

reverence, as he would manifest in approaching or taking leave of a princess. She returns the salute, and sometimes deigns a smile, or whispers a soft word to those whom she recognizes. But generally she sits in silent and motionless dignity, overlooking the tables beneath her, and frowning at any impoliteness. It is a great point to procure the prettiest women for these places, who never fail to attract company. Some of them have held their thrones much longer than eastern monarchs, and received more marks of homage than any of the Bourbons. The Mille Colonne, so called because its mirrors reflect a thousand gilded columns, has long been celebrated for the beauty of its incumbent. Every pretty girl is an heir-apparent to this species of dominion.

But the office, unlike that of many other sovereigns, is far from being a sinecure. The presiding female, besides doing the honours of the coffee-houses and restaurants in receiving company, has more serious duties to perform. It belongs to her to superintend the whole establishment; to keep all the accounts; to make out the bills, and receive the money at the hands of the waiters, in the train of whom her husband is frequently found, forming one of her undistinguished and most submissive subjects. The French women are extremely clever in the transaction of business; and possessing perhaps an innate fondness for supremacy, increased by education and habit, they exercise a controlling influence in all the departments of life. They are the undisputed mistresses of nearly all the shops in Paris, and manage them with great financial skill. I was surprised to find among them so much industry, patient drudgery, and laborious attention to business. They are up early and late, absorbed in the cares of their families, whose support depends chiefly upon their efforts, while their husbands are lounging at the theatre, coffee-house, or gambling-table. This responsibility is voluntarily assumed, and arises from a propensity to rule in every thing. They know nothing of the lessons of obedience inculcated by Milton, and cheerfully commute the exclusive but invisible empire of the heart, for the more tangible demonstrations of power. This feature may be traced through all classes of society; and among the lower orders, females become the drudges of life. I have seen them engaged in almost every species of servile employment, even to the use of the spade in turning up the soil, and to still more masculine occupations, such as in our country are uni-



versally thrown upon the other sex—a singular inconsistency in a nation, proverbial for gallantry and politeness. If the females of France have their faults and foibles—if they are fond of show and addicted to pleasure, they certainly possess many redeeming virtues ; and my respect for their character has been much increased since crossing the Channel.

But I have not yet quite done with the Palais Royal. As our object was general information, we went the rounds of the gambling-houses, which are accessible to well-dressed and well-behaved persons, without the necessity of adventuring. At Frascati's, in the Rue Richelieu, which is the most fashionable in Paris, the visitant must put on his shoes and a white cravat. In the anti-chambers, servants are in waiting, who take charge of hats, cloaks and other outer garments ; and there is as much parade in an *entree*, as in entering a parlour filled with a select party of ladies and gentlemen. No loud talking or noise of any kind is allowable. A long table covered with green baize stands in each of the suite of apartments, on either side of which sits one of the managers, with the group of adventurers of both sexes about him ; some with smiling countenances, and others with anxiety or distraction depicted upon the brow. A spirit of gambling appears to pervade all classes. The labourer who has toiled all day for a franc or two will play it away or double it at night. This vice however is not attended with its usual concomitant of intemperance. No other kind of drink is taken in the room, than a glass of lemonade or of light table beer, which is furnished gratuitously.

The games of chance are—*rouge et noir*, *roulette*, *trente et un*, and *par et impar*—played with cards, and with balls thrown into a wheel set in motion. With one slight exception, the chances appear to be exactly even, and the play is doubtless managed with fairness. The gains of the table are calculated on chiefly from the natural operations of the human passions. Novices will come in, and after losing all their money, are obliged to quit ; or if they at first chance to win, the intoxication of good fortune leads them on, till her favours are reversed. Large banks, which are licensed by the government and form a lucrative source of revenue, enable the managers to make their calculations independent of temporary losses. They are however susceptible of being exhausted of their funds. It is said that Mr. Baring of London went to one of the tables with £20,000, and did not

quit it till he had broken the bank.\* Others have tried the experiment to their sorrow, and immense fortunes have been lost in a single night.

One of our earliest visits was to the Palace of the Luxembourg, embracing the Chamber of Peers, situated half a mile from the south bank of the Seine. It has some interesting historical associations. During the Revolution, it was converted into a prison, in which were confined many of the celebrated public characters of that period. It was afterwards occupied by the Republican Senate, and is now appropriated to the Chamber of Peers. In extent, architecture, and magnificence, it is among the first edifices in Paris. The length of its principal front is 360 feet, and of the other sides, 300 feet, standing round a spacious court. It is crowned by a lofty and beautiful dome, which is visible from all parts of the city. The garden and grounds attached to it, are scarcely surpassed by the Tuilleries in dimensions and artificial embellishments, forming one of the hundred delightful promenades in the metropolis. They are laid out in wide gravel walks and parterres, and adorned with fountains, groves, and statues.

Our excursion was extended from the Luxembourg to the Gobelins Manufactory of tapestry, situated on the bank of a small branch of the Seine, near the southern limits of the city. The establishment took its name from Gobelin, the founder, an emigrant from Flanders. The whole process of weaving the tapestry is slowly and silently performed by hand. Several years are required to complete a single piece. The webs are suspended vertically from the ceiling, and the workmen sit by them like so many painters at the palette patiently weaving in a thread at a time, in imitation of the pattern before them. Both the figures and colours of the finest pictures are accurately transferred from the canvass to these fabrics ; and the two arts are in fact very nearly allied.

\* The author of *Lacon*, who wields the *rateau* with as much dexterity as the pen, and who finds gambling more profitable than authorship, is said to have carried away 55,000 francs, or \$11,000, won at a single sitting at Frascati's, in the course of the last winter.

## LETTER XXXVII.

PARIS CONTINUED—CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES—HOTEL DES  
INVALIDES—CHAMP DE MARS—PASSY—MANUFACTURE OF  
CARPETS—ROYAL EXHIBITION—GARDEN OF PLANTS.

*December, 1825.*—On a sunny, pleasant day, near the close of the year, we made a pedestrian circuit of five or six miles, passing down the left bank of the Seine, and returning on the other side through the Elysian Fields, taking in our way a variety of objects. The first of these was the Chamber of Deputies, a lofty and showy edifice, standing within a few paces of the river, at the south end of the bridge Louis XVI. and opposite the Place Louis XV. whence its noble front, ornamented with twelve Corinthian pillars of white stone, appears to the greatest advantage, the view being unobstructed for a mile or two up and down the Seine. A handsome flight of steps leads to the porch, at the bottom of which, seated on pedestals, are colossal statues of two Grecian divinities, who look extremely weather-beaten, and appear to be far from immortal. Aloft are several allegorical emblems, representing Law resting upon the Charter, and supported by Strength and Justice, with personifications of the Seine and Marne, pouring plenty from their urns. A label or two upon the foreheads of some of these figures would be a much greater convenience than those upon the Exchange. In truth, a distant view of the Chamber of Deputies is much more interesting than a closer examination.

The keeper of the keys conducted us through the interior, and showed us every thing worth seeing, with something besides, such as busts and portraits of the Bourbons, which stare you in the face, at every turn through the streets of Paris. In all respects, the legislative hall of France is superior to that of England, but every way inferior to our own. The apartment appropriated to the sittings of the Deputies is in the form of an amphitheatre; with the seats rising one above another before the speaker's chair, which in point of elegance will sustain but a poor comparison with

that in the hall of representatives at Washington. Near it stands the Tribune, which every member formally mounts, when he wishes to address the house, although he has not above five words to say—a custom which cannot be too severely deprecated, as destroying the ease and freedom of debate, as well as retarding the transaction of business by studied harangues. The seats for the accommodation of the ministers of the government are covered with green morocco, and the other furniture is convenient, but common. A group of half a dozen antique busts, representing the great orators of Greece and Rome, are among the decorations. The gallery will convene 300 spectators, and is open to the public during the sessions of the house.

Around this central hall extends a suite of rooms, that go by different names, and contain a scanty show of paintings, statues, and other curiosities, numbering among the rest the chair in which the king sits at the opening of the session, and which Napoleon used for the same purpose. On the mantel-piece of one of the apartments called the King's Saloon, is an ingenious clock, made by Lapaute, in the form of a globe, and indicating the hour by the rotation of the earth under the hand, and by lines of longitude.

Leaving behind the Palace of Bourbon, which is contiguous to the Chamber of Deputies, but in appearance has little to recommend it, save a magnificent terrace 300 feet long, with gardens and walks, commanding an extensive view of the opposite shores of the Seine, we continued our rambles to the *Hotel des Invalides*, corresponding in design with the great institution at Greenwich, near London, for the relief of decrepid mariners, and if possible surpassing even the latter in conveniences and comforts. Its extent, arrangement, and internal police reflect infinite credit upon the humanity and munificence of the French nation, dispensing more real happiness than all the palaces for noblemen and kings, which Paris can boast. Here the invalid soldiers of France, like the sea-worn and shattered sailors of England, find not merely a comfortable, but sumptuous asylum, ending their days in peace and plenty, after all their arduous campaigns, and the hardships of the field, with perhaps the loss of a leg or an arm in the service of their country. I have long been of the opinion, that the most liberal provision should be made for common soldiers and common sailors, who at best have a hard time of it, participating largely

in the toils and dangers of war, but sharing moderately either its benefits or its glories.

The Hospital of Invalids is worthy of the memory of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. who projected and brought it to completion, and of whose greatness it forms a more substantial and creditable monument, than all the canvass and marble, which perpetuate their military achievements. As a work of art merely, which is the least of its merits, it ranks among the most extensive, boldest, and most magnificent edifices, that adorn the capital. Parts of it are unequalled in architectural grandeur and beauty. The whole range of connected buildings covers an area of more than seven acres, standing round five courts of equal dimensions. A lofty arch in the centre of the pile forms the entrance. The principal front is upwards of 600 feet in length, and three stories high besides the basement. Arcades surround the interior, affording spacious covered walks for exercise. The chapel is surmounted by the largest dome in Paris, bearing a cross at top, three hundred feet from the ground. It is sheathed with lead, and highly gilt, sending back at evening the beams of the sun, and rearing itself as a splendid beacon to all parts of the metropolis.

But the grandeur and beauty of the Hospital are nothing in comparison with its utility. One of its officers conducted us through all the apartments, beginning with the Library, which contains 20,000 volumes for the use of the inmates. Tables and seats are fitted up for the accommodation of each person, round which sat a group of grey-headed veterans, reading perhaps the history of their own campaigns, and looking as happy as ease and quiet could render them. Others were hobbling about the arcades, or basking in the rays of a wintry sun, forgetful of the turmoils of the camp and the dangers of the field. One of the more ingenious of them had amused his leisure and exercised his talent at engineering, by making an exact model of the Hospital, which is deposited in the Library. The whole number of inmates is 7000, consisting of officers and men, from colonels downwards. Distinctions of rank are still kept up, and they are almost as well organized, as when in actual service, the whole corps being under the government of a Marshal of France, whose arrangements are systematic and precise.

We went through the dormitories, eating-rooms, and kitchens, and were delighted with the order, neatness, and

comfort, which pervade the whole establishment. The several divisions of the corps dine at different hours, from long tables, furnished with porcelain, and in some instances with plate for disabled officers. But what is of still greater importance, the board is crowned with plentiful dishes of well cooked and wholesome food. As if to preserve a miniature of the outer world, a *café* and *restaurant*, labelled in the Parisian style, have been erected within the court whither the inmates may resort, to quaff their favourite beverage, or read the news. These of course form a part of the Hospital, and are under rigid regulations.

The walls of the Council Chamber and of the two adjoining rooms are covered with portraits of the dead Marshals of France, who are here enrolled by an edict of the government, as soon as they have paid the debt of nature. But the greatest ornament of the establishment is the Chapel, which is said to be the grandest piece of architecture in France, and which certainly transcends any thing of the kind that I have seen. No person can stand in the centre of the dome, and lift his eye gradually from a splendid mosaic pavement to a circle of lofty and massive pillars around him, and thence up to the vaulted and painted ceiling several hundred feet above his head, without experiencing an emotion of sublimity, which few buildings can excite. To this thrill which comes suddenly across the brain, the half dozen chapels opening around the rotunda, the superb altar over which the spectator looks, through a vista of columns beyond, and the monuments of the distinguished dead rising from the arena, all materially contribute. The dust of marshal Turenne sleeps beneath the pavement, and a monument to his memory, sculptured with a figure of the hero expiring in the arms of Victory, and bearing no other inscription than his untitled name, adorns one of the chapels.

Our visit to this institution afforded us a high degree of interest and satisfaction, which continued unabated till we were without the spacious enclosure, spreading in front of the Hospital, and opening towards the Seine. These grounds display a great deal of taste; but they possess a charm beyond what an ordinary portion of walks, trees, and fountains can impart, arising from certain peculiar circumstances. Round the margin of the area an innumerable series of little gardens have been enclosed, and one of them appropriated to each of the inmates, constituting his only

real estate, of which he is the tenant for life, and which would be scarcely large enough for his grave. A tiny gate leads into the narrow domain, and is susceptible of being placed under lock and key. As the day was pleasant, many of the veterans were at work in their gardens, and we lingered half an hour, to see with what assiduity and emulation each plied the spade, in planting some new shrub or flower that shall put forth its blossoms in due season, and rival the beauty of some neighbouring parterre. Napoleon had it in contemplation to convert these grounds into a military elysium, by placing among the trees and around the fountain, (out of which his bronze lion from Venice once drank,) a collection of all the statues of ancient and modern heroes; but in my view, the beautiful picture I have attempted to describe is worth more than the whole group of military busts, from Alexander down to the Duke d'Angouleme. Bonaparte's plan evidently smelt of the shop; and his ancient heroes, as for any resemblance to the originals, might as well have been cast in the same mould, and christened per catalogue. How much more agreeable is it to witness the display of industry, taste, and quiet enjoyment in these old soldiers, whose dotting cares remind one of the boots and bastions of Corporal Trim!

From the Hospital of Invalids, we continued our walk to the Champ de Mars, which forms a part of the plain of Grenelle, on the left bank of the Seine, at the south-western extremity of the city. It is about half a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth, lying in the form of a perfect parallelogram, slightly inclining towards the river. The area is a hard, smooth gravel, sufficiently spacious for a parade of 10,000 troops. It is surrounded with a moat, and with mounds, where thousands of spectators may stand with safety, and overlook the military exercises, or the races of horses and chariots below. Double rows of trees extend quite round the beautiful square. At the southern end stands the Military School, presenting a noble front towards the Seine, and crowned by a lofty dome. It cannot be examined without a formal permit from the government. This institution is appropriated to the education of young men of good family, but small fortunes, whose fathers have fallen in the service of their country. The students were seen at play upon the plain, in classes under the eye of their instructors.

Opposite to the Champ de Mars is the bridge of Jena,

the lowest on the Seine near Paris, which we crossed, and visited the village of Passy, prettily situated upon the declivity of a high hill, on the right bank of the river. Terraces, hanging gardens, and several handsome houses give it a picturesque appearance. It has associations peculiarly interesting to an American. Here our celebrated countryman, Dr. Franklin, resided for some time, while minister to the court of France. The house in which he lived is still standing, and the villagers have paid a tribute of respect to his memory, by calling one of their principal squares and streets *Franklin*. It must certainly be accounted a high honour for a man to acquire such prominence and popularity, as to impart his name to any portion of a foreign territory. The Wood of Bologne, which is a beautiful forest in the vicinity of Passy, was a favourite haunt with the American philosopher, probably reminding him of the sylvan scenes of his native country. There is a chateau in the midst of the wood, where he for a time resided.

On our return along the bank of the Seine, just at evening, we called at the Royal Manufactory of Carpets, called *La Savonnerie*, at the Quay Billy. It is under the superintendence of the government, and the internal arrangements of the establishment, as well as the process of weaving, are in all respects similar to those of the Gobelins. Ten years are sometimes occupied in completing a single web. We saw one that had been in progress four years, and it would require three more to finish it. The fabrics are wrought with the richest figures, equalling the most splendid paintings, of which they are little more than copies. Some of them are valued at 60,000 francs, or 12,000 dollars. None but regal feet are allowed to tread them.

During the Holidays, we attended a general exhibition of the royal manufactures of France displayed in a suite of rooms at the Louvre. Among the articles were carpets from the Savonnerie, tapestry from the Gobelins and Beauvais, and porcelain from the celebrated manufactory at Sevres, near Paris. Some of the commodities were rich and beautiful beyond what England, or perhaps any other country can produce. Nothing can be more splendid, or in better taste, than the finest of the French wares. Every device and every colour are blended in the ornaments, executed in the most delicate manner.

On another pleasant day, we made a circuit in a different quarter of the city, embracing a great variety of interesting



objects, the first of which was the Corn Market. This curious structure is situated in a central part of Paris, not far from the Palais Royal. It is in the form of a rotunda, with a dome of cast iron, the diameter of which, at the bottom, is 131 feet. The light is admitted by a lantern in the centre. Its whole construction is perfectly unique. On the area of the interior, immense quantities of grain and flour, in bags and casks, are exposed for sale. This is only one of the hundred markets, whence the capital is plentifully supplied with provisions of every kind. The buildings erected within the last twenty years for the accommodation of the public have cost the state fifty millions of francs; and the money has been well expended, though not perhaps in a very economical manner. Most of the improvements were commenced under Napoleon, and have since been completed. These have added not less to the cleanliness and beauty of the city than to its convenience.

On our way to the Garden of Plants, we passed through the *Place de Greve*, on the right bank of the Seine, and in front of the *Hotel de Ville*, or town-house, which is an antique building, celebrated only for being associated with the sanguinary scenes of the Revolution. On the area in front, most of the executions took place, during the Reign of Terror in 1793, when the pavement was literally deluged in blood. Here the guillotine is still erected, and all public executions take place. The head of one criminal was taken off during our visit to Paris; but the show was over, before it came to our knowledge. The loss of such a spectacle did not occasion much regret. Those of our countrymen who witnessed it, are of the opinion, that this mode of execution is less barbarous and decidedly preferable to hanging. In a moment the business is finished. The head and body are tumbled into a basket, and removed from the sight of the multitude, the whole operation occupying less than five minutes.

Just above this place, a broad and deep canal, extending from the site of the old Bastile, opens into the Seine, and is crossed at its mouth by a handsome bridge. It forms a spacious basin for boats, and its banks would seem to be a convenient place for a deposit of heavy articles, although they are not used for such purposes to any extent. This channel was formerly subterranean, and communicated with the gloomy dungeons of the Bastile, being sufficiently spa-

cious for the passage of troops. The prison itself, so celebrated in history, is now in ruins. Napoleon formed the plan of a colossal elephant, to stand upon the site. I examined the monster, which is fifty feet long, and forty high, with a brood of young ones, as models, about him. The animal appeared to be badly proportioned, and the whole project unnatural, grotesque, and in bad taste, unworthy of the genius of the Emperor. This beast was to supply the city with water issuing from his trunk, drawing it from the aqueduct called the *Ouercq*. The work will probably never be completed. A large wooden shell of a building rises over the contemplated fountain.

Crossing the beautiful bridge of Austerlitz, which is the uppermost over the Seine, opposite Paris, and the arches of which are of cast iron, we arrived at the Royal Garden of Plants, on the left bank of the river. It is one of the greatest ornaments of the French metropolis. It is chiefly indebted for its inestimable treasures, as well as for the beauty of its design, to the efforts of the celebrated Buffon. Cuvier, Haüy, and Humboldt, scarcely less distinguished in their respective departments of natural science, have followed the footsteps of their great predecessor, and made this museum every thing which either science or taste can require. A student might pass not only days, but months and years to advantage, in the gardens, the halls, and schools comprised within this great temple of nature. It contains a botanic garden, a menagerie, a museum of natural history and anatomy, together with numerous apartments, in which public lectures are delivered. These several compartments are all upon a large scale, and rendered as complete as possible; whence some idea of the extent of the whole establishment may be obtained.

The location of the Garden of Plants is admirable, not only in point of soil and other advantages, but of natural scenery and picturesque beauty. A broad and magnificent esplanade opens from the bank of the Seine, rising by a gentle acclivity towards the south, and presenting a full view of the halls at the farther extremity. Above these, a charming spiral walk ascends to the top of an eminence of considerable altitude, overlooking the garden, and commanding an extensive prospect of Paris and its environs. Below, the Seine rolls quietly on beneath its numerous bridges, and by its splendid palaces. The sloping sides of the hill are beautifully shaded with forest trees and evergreens, such as love a

mountainous country. Among these, the most conspicuous is a veteran cedar of Lebanon, planted by the celebrated botanist Jussieu, whose system of classification has been adopted in the arrangement of the plants. His favourite exotic from the Holy land lost its head during the stormy period of the Revolution, the monarch of the woods sharing a common fate with the sovereign of the nation. It was subsequently in danger of being cut down, to boil the camp-kettles of the Cossacks. The allied armies had the barbarity to threaten to *bivouac* in this splendid garden; and nothing but the spirited remonstrances of Baron Humboldt prevented a measure, which would have rendered it a scene of desolation.

Half way up the eminence, beneath the overarching branches of a copse of trees, is a bust of Linnæus, the presiding genius of the place, and near it the solitary grave of one of his disciples. The former was hurled from its base, amidst the wanton excesses of the Revolution, but has since been restored. On the summit of the hill rises a little Grecian temple, supported by eight pillars, and furnished with seats around the circumference, where visitants may repose. It has a sun-dial on the top, accompanied with a lens, by which a gun is discharged at 12 o'clock.

The Botanic Garden contains upwards of seven thousand plants, which are all classed and labelled. They are arranged in beds bordered with box or other shrubs, exhibiting not less taste than scientific accuracy. The Seine affords every facility for watering the garden, and supplies little lakes for the cultivation of aquatic plants. A range of green-houses six hundred feet in length, and furnishing every variety of artificial climate, runs through the grounds. Besides the ordinary appendages of a Botanic Garden, the visiter here finds some striking peculiarities, such as specimens of different soils and manures, affording a comparative estimate of their fertility—models of the various kinds of fences and hedges—a kitchen garden containing all sorts of vegetables, used for food in any country—and samples of all descriptions of fruit-trees, with the best modes of training them. These valuable appendages render the Garden of Plants not less serviceable to the practical purposes of agriculture and horticulture, than to the abstract science of botany.

The menagerie far exceeds in every respect the show of animals in the Tower of London. A numerous congregation of the animal kingdom is here assembled from the four

quarters of the world. The collection of beasts is rare as well as extensive; and the aviary contains all the varieties of birds to be found in France. Most of these tenants of the Garden instead of being imprisoned in gloomy and dirty cells, as in the Royal Menagerie of England, have little territories of their own, ornamented with chateaux, and surrounded with those natural localities, which they are fond of frequenting in their wild state, rendering the loss of their freedom less intolerable. We saw bears climbing large trees, such as they are wont to ascend in forests; herds of deer gamboling in little lawns; and partridges secreting themselves amidst their favourite evergreens. These appurtenances have a tendency to preserve the natural habits of the animals, and to exhibit them to the best possible advantage.

The Museum of Natural History is such an extensive establishment, that a mere description of the several compartments, without entering at all into detail, would exceed the limits of this sketch. Suffice it to say, that every object in the three kingdoms of nature, which can furnish illustrations of science, or data for philosophical researches, is here to be found exactly in its place, arranged according to the best systems extant. In short, a student may pursue his investigations here with as much certainty of the facts, and with more facility of examining materials, than he could by an actual visit to their localities. The result of the labours of many eminent men during their whole lives, in making collections and arranging them, is here seen at one view; and speculative theories may at once be brought to the test of truth. Of the numerous departments, we were most pleased with those containing the organic remains of animals and vegetables, whence Cuvier drew the materials of his work on geology. The cabinets of human and comparative anatomy are also extremely interesting, illustrating every point of analogy or discrepancy between the structure of man and the inferior tribes of creation.

The establishment has a large library, embracing nearly every work in natural science, that has been published in any language, age, or country. Lectures open to the public, and free of all expense, are statedly given in the amphitheatre, on all the subjects connected with the institution. They are well attended, and have a most salutary influence, by diffusing the instructions of able professors through all classes of the community. The Garden of Plants belongs to the

government, and is supported at an annual expense of more than fifty thousand dollars, giving employment to about two hundred persons.

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## LETTER XXXVIII.

### EXCURSION TO LA GRANGE.

*December, 1825.*—Our visit to La Grange occupied four days, which will often be recalled and fondly remembered as among the happiest of my life. A knowledge of the fact, that General La Fayette is frequently overrun with company, and that he was about to leave his country residence with his family, to pass the winter in Paris, half induced us to relinquish the idea of visiting La Grange for the present; when some of our friends returned from a similar excursion, bearing to us a most friendly note from the General, and expressing a hope that we would visit him before going to Italy. Such a kind and cordial invitation removed all doubts, and was promptly accepted.

On the morning of the 27th of December, we took the Diligence for the village of Rosé, within about two miles of which La Grange is situated, forty miles in an easterly direction from Paris. Our exit from the metropolis was through the Place Royal, the Place Bastille, and the Place du Trone; thence by the Barrier, Palace, and Forest of Vincennes, up the banks of the Marne, which is one of the largest branches of the Seine, being nearly as broad and deep as the river, in which it loses its waters and its name. In one place it makes a circuitous route of several miles round a high peninsula, which is only half a mile across, and through which a subterranean canal has been cut, navigable for boats. For the first few miles, this route presented many interesting objects. The Palace of Vincennes is a large venerable pile, without much ornament, and occupied at present as a state prison. Several events of some interest to the traveller have transpired within its walls. Here the two great Princes of Condé were imprisoned for years; and here Charles V. Cardinal Mazarine, and Henry V. of England expired. The forest of Vincennes covers a wide tract, con-

sisting of a small growth of natural woods, through which avenues and vistas open in all directions.

At the distance of eight or ten miles from Paris, the road becomes comparatively dull, leading through an agricultural country not remarkable for its fertility, and studded with little villages, which add nothing to its beauty. Midway in the journey, the Diligence stopped at a small inn to take breakfast or dinner, call it which you will, as the bill of fare is generally much the same, not even excepting soup. On the plate from which I took my mutton chop, was a representation of General La Fayette on horseback, in the attitude of storming a fortress, with the following inscription :

*" Il s'elance le premier dans la Redoutte."*

At a table on the opposite side of the room, engaged in taking such a *déjeuner* as the little tavern afforded, sat a group of three ladies and a gentleman, whose faces, dresses, and genteel manners attracted our attention, and who were, as it was subsequently ascertained, a part of General La Fayette's family, on their way to town to attend the examination of a literary institution, in which one of the juvenile inmates of La Grange bore off the palm of scholarship. It was gratifying to witness what a lively interest the intelligence of this triumph, and the early promise it held out of future distinction excited in the whole circle at the Chateau.

We reached the village of Rosé at 5 o'clock in the evening ; and that no unnecessary claims might be made to the hospitality of General La Fayette, or his family subjected to any inconvenience, we dined at the hotel, before taking a carriage and setting out for La Grange. On arriving at the Chateau, the General gave us a warm reception, and presented us to his numerous and interesting family, consisting of a son, two daughters, and twelve grand children, with a beautiful and accomplished daughter of Count Segur, together with two or three other inmates, making in all a circle of something more than twenty. Simplicity, politeness, and affability of manners, genuine kindness of heart, and unaffected hospitality characterize the whole group, from the patriarch himself down to the youngest of his descendants. They need only the American name—a claim to nativity in the land of Washington and Franklin—to call forth all the warmth and generosity of their feelings, making the stranger

at once at home, and treating him with the cordiality of a friend or brother. The only uneasiness which the visitant experiences, arises from a fear, that the proverbial politeness of the French, accompanied with all the enthusiasm of feeling, will subject the family to inconveniences on his account, and lead them to do too much for his happiness.

The evening glided away delightfully and almost imperceptibly, in the midst of conversation on a variety of topics, chiefly relating to our country; for the inmates of the Chateau talk and seem to think of nothing else than the United States, where their feelings, their hopes, and wishes all centre. The General considers himself emphatically a citizen of the American Republic, and familiarly speaks of it precisely in the same way, as if he had been there born and educated. He receives a great number of American newspapers, reviews, and other publications, and regularly corresponds with many of his friends in every part of the Union. These various sources of information, perused with the utmost attention, added to the astonishing accuracy of his observations and recollections of circumstances connected with his tour, render him better acquainted with the condition of our country, than almost any one of its actual residents. He has visited every state in the confederacy under very favourable circumstances, having been introduced to the most prominent individuals, and seen a large proportion of the whole population in each. A package of letters and papers had just reached him, and he gave us a detailed account of events, which were new to us, and of an interesting character.

In the course of the evening, he often reverted to the scenes he had visited, and to the friends with whom he had met and parted, with no expectation of ever seeing them again. Many anecdotes were related which had escaped attention, even in the voluminous reports of our papers. He stated that during the thirteen months occupied in his tour, he travelled between *sixteen and seventeen thousand miles*; and that his health had been greatly improved, instead of impaired, by the necessary fatigues of such a constant scene of bustle and activity. Before he left home, he had been troubled with a chronic affection, which had entirely disappeared; and his health is as perfect as his happiness at the result of his visit. I could not but feel a degree of pride and pleasure, that our country had in any degree been instru-

mental in contributing to the domestic felicity of such a man and such a family, who merit all, and if possible, more than all the gratitude and esteem they have received at our hands.

Before retiring to our chambers to dream only of La Grange, we examined some of the principal rooms of the Chateau, our hospitable friends kindly acting as expositors. The furniture is perfectly neat, and even elegant, but bears no marks of extravagance or luxury—nothing which is incompatible with a refined taste, and a republican simplicity of manners—nothing which does not conduce more to convenience and comfort than to show; and which could be compared in point of richness and splendour, as the General himself remarked, with what he had gratuitously been made master of in his tour through the United States. The ornaments are nearly all American. In the hall at the head of the stair-way, and forming the entrance to the drawing room, is a portrait of General Washington, with the colours of the frigate *Brandywine*, (presented by Commodore Morris on his arrival at Havre,) hung in graceful festoons around the almost idolized picture. On the right of the Father of his country, is a fine portrait of Franklin, copied by one of the accomplished grand-daughters of General La Fayette. In a conspicuous part of the hall, stands an admirable bust of President Adams, presented by Mrs. Adams, just before the General left Washington. To these are added a portrait of Commodore Morris, (taken by particular request,) and several pictures connected with the history of our Revolution. The rotunda, or drawing-room contains, besides other decorations, a painting of the siege of Yorktown, and a portrait of General Wadsworth, the revolutionary friend of La Fayette.

At ten o'clock, which is uniformly the hour for retiring at La Grange, we took leave of the circle for the night, and were shown into our bed-chambers, after having been notified, that the ringing of the Chateau bell would summon us to breakfast at 10 the next morning. Our apartments were in the same style of neatness and comfort, as the sitting-rooms, with a cheerful wood fire blazing upon the hearth, and carpets covering the polished oaken floor. As is usual in French houses, furnished with fewer conveniences than this, each chamber had a bureau, or *scrutoire*, containing an ample supply of pen, ink, and paper, together with other appendages for writing, all under lock and key. The tempta-



tions of such comforts, the whistling of the wind round the Gothic turrets and antique windows of the Chateau, with the delights of a fire-side reverie on the events of the day, induced us to protract our waking dreams to a late hour.

In the morning a grey-headed servant, who is almost as old as the master whom he loves, and from whom he has imbibed his kindness of heart, opened the door gently, and performed his office of rekindling the fire, with such studied quiet, as would scarcely disturb the slumbers of a sick bed. We reached the drawing-room in season, to see the members of the happy family appear one after another, and share the paternal kiss. Breakfast was served up in a large hall on the ground floor, in the usual French style, with wine, and coffee after the dessert. The table was crowned with abundance, without superfluity; and a circle of smiling faces would have rendered a less sumptuous repast agreeable. Among the rarer dishes, was a kind of pie extremely rich and delicate, sent as a rarity to the General from some of his friends at Strasbourg.

After breakfast was over, we walked out in company with Washington La Fayette and the whole group of ladies, to examine the exterior of the Chateau, and the farm, of which scarcely a glance had as yet been obtained. La Grange was formerly a fortified baronial castle; and notwithstanding the modifications it has undergone, much of its antique and feudal character still remains. It was once surrounded by a deep double moat, sections of which filled with water, have been preserved, and the residue filled up, either for the sake of health or convenience. The edifice consists of a centre, perhaps a hundred feet in length, with two wings of about the same dimensions, and joining it at right angles. From traces still visible, a gallery evidently extended across at the other extremity of the wings, enclosing a quadrangular court-yard, strongly defended, with only one entrance under a lofty arch in the northern wall, guarded by a portcullis.

The Chateau is three stories high, plainly constructed of a hard and dark coloured stone, rendered of a deeper hue by its venerable age and long exposure to the climate. Two Gothic towers of a conical shape rise from the ends of each of the wings, and form almost the only ornament. The approach is by a winding avenue on the northern side, leading through a thick grove of evergreens and other trees, and un-

der the arch already mentioned, around which hang festoons of ivy, planted by the celebrated Charles James Fox, in one of his visits to La Grange. The beautiful plant is as green as his memory, and mantles nearly the whole façade of the Chateau. Its luxuriant foliage, shading the grey walls, the thick copse bordering the moat, and the four antique turrets half concealed by the intervening branches present a view on this side, seldom equalled in an air of rural, quiet, and unostentatious retirement. An artist from our country has taken several very exact sketches of La Grange, plates of which will hereafter be published.

As the morning was bright and pleasant, though the ground, yet verdant, was covered with a heavy hoar frost, we made a circuit of a mile or two over the farm, which is one of the largest as well as the most complete in France. It contains five hundred acres, lying in one body, in a circular form, with the Chateau in the centre. Great pains have been taken to round it off in this way, by exchanges of contiguous territory. It is divided according to the most approved models, into suitable proportions of tillage, pasture, and woodland, with the minor compartments of gardens and orchards. The General has planted *three thousand* apple trees, which are yet small, but thrifty, opening in vistas all over his plantation. He is much engaged in the cultivation of fruit of the best kinds.

The soil of this large tract, though not perhaps remarkable for its natural fertility, has been highly improved by culture, and yields wheat with other agricultural products in abundance. It is finely wooded and watered. Half a mile from the house, in the direction of Rosé, there is a large and living fountain, cradled in a green vale, and sheltered from the sun in summer by a grove of venerable oaks. Its limpid waters at this season, repose on a bed of autumnal leaves, and are as pure as they are copious. From this rural and secluded retreat, a distant view of the Chateau on one side, and of two little villages, with a spire to each, and the smoke curling above them, on the other, makes a quiet and charming picture. Not far from the fountain, Washington La Fayette, (whose name perhaps I use somewhat too familiarly for the sake of distinction,) is much engaged in constructing an ice-house, upon the plan of some of those he saw in our country. In short, nearly all the improvements of La Grange, now in progress, are according to American models.

On our return from this delightful promenade, and after resting for a few minutes, we were merely consigned from the hands of one part of the family, to receive the assiduous attentions of another. The General himself accompanied us to the farm-yard, which in point of practical utility, is more interesting, especially to the eye of an American, than all the parks and pleasure-grounds we have seen in Europe. A range of buildings extend quite round an open area, containing perhaps an acre. The first of these is the granary, which was once a chapel, and the turret of which is yet left standing. Men were at work in winnowing wheat of an excellent quality. The second department is appropriated to all kinds of poultry, among which are wild geese from the banks of the Mississippi. A flock of about a thousand merinos, prettily feeding at their long ranges of cribs, occupied another portion of the buildings. It was odd enough to see the little lambs bearing on their backs the same name, which had graced our triumphal arches; and to witness the hero himself engaged in the construction of stalls and folds on a new plan recommended in some of the agricultural journals of the United States. Among the twenty-two cows, are eight from Switzerland, sent to the General by his friends in that country; and four of the Holkham breed, presented by Mr. Patterson, of Baltimore. The assortment of horses is as extensive as the other kinds of domestic animals. In making the circuit, we next came to the farm-house, kitchen, and dairy, the walls of which are ornamented with a map of the whole plantation, designating the ground appropriated to each department. Then follow the pens containing several rare species of animals, among which are wild turkeys and partridges from the United States, (intended if possible, to be domesticated;) ducks which came as a present from the Garden of Plants, at Paris; and a pair of beautiful Mexican pheasants. For the latter, and for the American partridge, a new house is going up, to be artificially warmed by a stove. To these animals, may be added a dog from Washington, and a racoon from our forests, who are inmates of the Chateau, instead of the farm-yard. The latter is so tame, as to play about the parlour, and climb up into the General's lap.

At 5 o'clock, the bell called us to dinner, which was bountiful, and served up without any formal parade. Among the peculiar dishes, were lentiles, much resembling boiled peas; and a rich kind of pastry, such as we had not found in the

infinite assortment of a Paris table. A dessert of apples, pears, and dry fruits, with three or four varieties of wine, including champagne, crowned the festivities of the board. The General entertains no doubt, that the grape from which the latter is made would flourish in some parts of the United States; but whether the wine could be produced is more problematical, as it is confined to one province in France, and depends much on a peculiar quality of the soil.

After tea the ladies favoured us with a great variety of songs and music upon the piano, which they play with much taste and skill. One of the number, finding that her voice and execution could contribute to the enjoyments of the social circle, and forgetting herself in endeavouring to add to the common stock of pleasure, continued to sit at the piano, till she was solicited to leave it, instead of the ordinary request to remain longer. This mark of politeness was so peculiar, that it appeared to me worthy of record and imitation. Among the musical pieces, was one or two composed in the United States, during the General's visit.

At 9 o'clock in the evening, we manifested an intention to return to Rosé that night, and set out for Paris next morning, desirous that if the hospitality of the family were not already exhausted by a visit, which seemed too long for strangers who had no other claim than simply that of being Americans, a share of it might be reserved for others, upon the republican principle of equality. But at La Grange, feelings of generosity and kindness towards even the humblest citizens of the United States know no bounds. Favour after favour descends spontaneously upon the visitant like the dew; and in view of the paternal affection manifested on this occasion, our country might address to its illustrious benefactor the forcible apostrophe—"inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of these my children, thou hast done it unto me." Prettexts as plausible as genuine hospitality requires, were urged with a politeness that could not be resisted, and the result was a happy prolongation of our visit.

After breakfast on the following morning, the General conducted us to his Library, which is on the third floor, in one corner of the Chateau. The windows, which in summer are shaded by a copse of trees lifting their aged branches from below, look in two directions and command a view of a rural domain, such as Cincinnatus or Washington would

have enjoyed, and such as its own proprietor would not exchange for an empire. In the ante-chamber, and the apartment itself are several likenesses of his friends, transatlantic as well as European; and in several neat cases, on which the utmost care has been bestowed, are deposited all the little presents he has received from our countrymen, from the sacred memorials of his beloved Washington, down to the humblest pledges of gratitude and esteem collected in his late tour. The whole makes an extensive museum, which is guarded with more vigilance, and is shown by the family with more delight, than would apparently be felt in exhibiting the costliest collection of diamonds. All the articles were taken out of their places for our inspection; and the history of them detailed with a familiarity, which proved how much they are valued. One of the most conspicuous of these memorials is a beautiful model of the water-works at Philadelphia, which the General took to pieces, to point out the ingenuity of its construction.

The library itself contains about two thousand volumes of well selected books. A large proportion of these were presented by his friends. One compartment is filled entirely with American works, containing a majority of our best publications. Additions are daily making to the collection, by the attentions of his correspondents. The Phi Beta Kappa Oration of Mr. Everett, and the Address of Mr. Webster before the Bunker Hill Association are cherished among the choicest treasures.

Having passed an hour or two in the library, and glanced at its interesting contents, we took another long walk with the ladies over the farm, pursuing a different route from what had been taken on the preceding day, and treading many a by-path in a long circuit through the wood-lands. A keen December air imparted an additional tinge to complexions naturally rosy; and to the eye of a poet, some of our fair companions, in their rambles through tangled copses and groves of oak, might have appeared like Dryads. In the course of this promenade, one of the daughters of General La Fayette gave me a circumstantial account of his imprisonment at Olmutz, and of the sufferings both of himself and family. The story is long, and its leading incidents would not be new to any of my readers. One little anecdote, however, which gave relief to the tragic tale, so much amused me, that I cannot forbear to repeat it. In their

flight through Austria, the female part of the family were obliged to assume the guise of English travellers, in order to elude the vigilance of their enemies. As they had some knowledge of the language, to which was added a similarity of national dress, they succeeded tolerably well among strangers. At length they were thrown in contact with an English waiting-maid, who had emigrated to the continent some years before. Serious fears of detection were here apprehended. But the poor girl entertaining no doubt, that the ladies were really English, although she found difficulty in understanding them; and as they were supposed to have left her native country at a much later period than herself, she came to the melancholy conclusion, that by a long residence abroad, she had lost her mother tongue!

In the midst of walks, conversations, and enjoyments like these, the hour of dinner again came round. By this time, our places at table had been as perfectly learned, as if we had become permanent inmates of the Chateau. Another evening of music and social pleasure was added to the sum of our happiness. At 8 or 9 o'clock, an intention was again signified to go to Rosé, in readiness for the Diligence the next morning. But "it would be madness to go to the hotel that night, where the accommodations were not good; besides, it was snowing, and the weather was unpleasant: a servant should be sent to engage places for us, and it would be easy to reach the village by 8 o'clock, the hour for the departure of the coach on the following day." In vain were any suggestions opposed to these kind persuasions: and at 10 o'clock, we retired for the third night to the chambers of the Chateau.

The next morning at 7, we found both the General and his son in the drawing-room before us, with coffee upon the table, and his own coach at the door, in readiness to take us to Rosé. In a few minutes more, a cordial grasp of the hand and the parting benediction of the patriarch, produced a state of feeling, which on our part admitted of few words; and we left La Grange with a full conviction, that if there is a paradise on earth, it must be found in the domestic, unsophisticated and innocent delights of such a family, and if unalloyed happiness be the portion of any mortal, it must consist in the luxury of such feelings, and in the practice of such virtues, as are possessed by General La Fayette.\*

\* In justification of the foregoing sketch, it may not be improper to remark, that my sole object was to present a domestic picture of *La Grange*.

## LETTER XXXIX.

PARIS CONTINUED.—PANTHEON.—OBSERVATORY.—STYLE OF FRENCH DINNERS.—CHURCH OF ST. SULPICE.—SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.—ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—NATIONAL INSTITUTE.—GREAT MEN.—PHILOSOPHICAL, CHEMICAL, AND MEDICAL LECTURES.

*January, 1826.*—Several calls were made at the Pantheon, now the church of St. Genevieve, which presents a noble front, surmounted by a dome little inferior in grandeur, and fully equal in the beauty of its proportions to that of St. Paul's at London. A lofty porch, 112 feet in length, and supported by twenty-two Corinthian columns, each fifty-eight feet in height, and five feet and a half in diameter, form the entrance. The dimensions of the church are 337 feet by 253, in the form of a cross. Long ranges of 130 Corinthian columns support the galleries of the interior; and the dome rests on a rotunda of fifty-two additional pillars, each fifty-four feet in height, the whole forming a specimen of architectural magnificence seldom surpassed. Some innovations have been made upon the simplicity of the dome, by the necessity of giving it a firmer support, and an attempt to conceal the alterations by splendid gildings and paintings. This edifice was designed as a temple dedicated exclusively to the great men of France, where their ashes were to be de-

The events in the military and political life of General La Fayette—his character as a soldier, a statesman, and a philanthropist—his public services and private virtues, are so universally known through the medium of books, of history, biography, and travels, that I have studiously avoided an allusion to any of these topics, on which nothing new could have been advanced, or presented to my readers in a more acceptable form, than may be found in the writings of others. Such a picture of domestic life as I have attempted to draw, must necessarily be made up of little items and incidents, which in some instances may seem trifling and unfit to meet the public eye. But it is enough for me to know, that a sketch of objects, which I supposed would be interesting to the people of the United States, has not forfeited the friendship of the best of men and the most estimable of families; while it has had the good fortune generally to meet the approbation of the American public.

posited in a gallery of vaults below, and their names recorded as a testimonial of public gratitude for their services. As the religious edifices of Paris were already sufficiently numerous, and the design of this building was unique, it is to be regretted, that its original character has been changed. The priests have manifested such a hostility to the plan, as to disturb the ashes of the dead, and to remove the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau to an obscure vault.\*

In the afternoon of a bright day we paid a visit to the Observatory, which occupies an eminence near the garden of the Luxembourg. A broad avenue opens in a direct line with the Palace. This lofty structure, which covers a large area, and is built entirely of stone, even to the vaulted roof, without the aid of either wood or iron, stands precisely in a north and south direction, the meridian of Paris passing through the centre. In altitude, it may be said to extend from the lower regions to the skies; for a shaft opens from the top, through all the stories, and thence pierces the crust of earth into the catacombs beneath the city. It is used for measuring the accelerated velocity of falling bodies, as well as for astronomical observations. We climbed to the top of the edifice, and had a charming view of the city and its environs, just at evening. Four lines of telegraphs were in sight—one running over Montmartre to the English Channel; another south, to the Pyrenees and the Peninsula; a third to the north of Europe, by Strasbourg; and a fourth to Italy. The signals changed once in a minute or two, and bulletins from Madrid were passing directly over our heads, like "sightless couriers of the air." Intelligence is communicated with almost the rapidity of lightning. In my opinion, telegraphs might be much more extensively introduced into our country to advantage. The Observatory is furnished with an extensive apparatus, consisting of excellent glasses and instruments of all kinds requisite for making observations with the minutest accuracy. Three astronomers are

\* In November, 1826, I paid another visit to this church, in company with the author of the *Spy*, on the great festival of Toussaint, when the aisles were thronged with votaries, clouds of incense rose from the altars, and the chorus of a thousand voices was reverberated from the dome. It was rather an impressive spectacle; though the Pantheon, both in external grandeur and the splendour of its internal decorations falls infinitely short of St. Peter's at Rome, to which it has by some been likened. All temples made with hands must suffer by a comparison with the glories of the Vatican.



constantly employed, as sentinels of the heavens, being on the alert, and noting every phenomenon, even to the changes of the wind and weather, whence precise meteorological tables are deduced.

On our return towards home, curiosity prompted us to call and examine an unique establishment, which was nothing less than a *hospital for sick dogs*. The surgeon, who acted also in the capacity of physician, was very polite, taking us through the wards, and describing the diseases of his numerous patients, some of which were from a distance, attracted by the celebrity of his mode of treatment. Each of them occupies a separate cell, furnished with a couch and vessels for food and drink. The doctor had just been the rounds for the night, dressing wounds and administering medicine. Some of the animals were bundled up in such a way as to present a most fantastic and ludicrous appearance.

The delivery of a large package of letters of introduction, had soon after our arrival made us acquainted with a numerous circle of friends, whose attentions have greatly contributed to the pleasure as well as the instruction derived from our visit to Paris. From the American Minister and his family, we received a liberal share of their characteristic hospitality, urbanity, and kindness, manifested on all occasions to citizens of the United States. With a palace for his residence, a fortune at his command, and a lady for his partner, whose accomplishments peculiarly qualify her for the sphere of social and fashionable life, our ambassador is enabled to show those attentions to his countrymen, as well as to the extensive circle of his friends abroad, which some of his predecessors could either not afford, or had not the disposition to manifest.

As I have had an opportunity of witnessing a perfect specimen of Parisian style and fashion, it may be pardonable so far to violate the privacy of the social circle, as to dwell for a moment on the etiquette of a dinner. The hour of dining is about 6 o'clock. All the guests enter the drawing-room, wearing their hats and gloves. During the greater part of our visit, black has been necessary, as a badge of mourning for the Emperor Alexander. At the door of the apartment, the name of each person is announced by the servant, and he receives no other introduction to any of the company. In going to the table, there is no formal allotment of places, but each one must look out for himself, and

for the lady of his charge. The French, although fond of good living, make a business instead of a pleasure of eating, and the great object is to get through as soon as possible. An hour and a half is the longest time occupied in a fashionable dinner, during which the guest tastes perhaps of thirty different kinds of food, and as many varieties of wine. A succession of dishes is constantly circulated by a train of waiters, and each person, even the ladies, help themselves to what is presented ready carved at their side. Another train of servants bear round all varieties of wine, naming them as they pass. There is no drinking of healths—no loud talk across the table—and none of that noisy festivity, observable at an English or American dinner. Each guest converses in a low tone of voice with the persons who happen to sit next to him. A Parisian would think it extremely rude to attract the attention of the table, or to disturb the almost whispered colloquies of others. Ladies and gentlemen retire from the table to the drawing-room at the same time, where coffee is served up, and in the course of the evening a dish of tea sometimes follows. No refreshments are subsequently sent round as with us; and I have passed five or six hours in fashionable French circles, without either eating or drinking.

By being obliged to leave town on an excursion to the environs of Paris, it was my misfortune to lose an opportunity of seeing all the first circle of Paris together at a diplomatic *soirée*. The party consisted of upwards of one thousand persons, embracing the public functionaries, military and naval officers of distinction, men of scientific and literary eminence, together with a large share of the beauty, taste, and fashion of the metropolis.

From others we received civilities more important, and not less acceptable, than the hospitalities of the table, although these were occasionally intermingled with their favours. The former Consul, who is not less distinguished for his scientific and literary attainments, than esteemed for his amiable virtues and unassuming worth, afforded us every facility in visiting the institutions of Paris, between which and his country, he may be considered as the connecting link. On one day he accompanied us to the Church of St. Sulpice, and thence to the School of Medicine. The former is one of the grandest religious edifices in the metropolis. Its front is composed of double ranges of columns, placed one above another. The first are of the Doric order, forty

feet in height, and five in diameter : the second are Ionic, of nearly the same dimensions. At the corners of the edifice rise two gigantic towers to the height of 210 feet, the tops of which are crowned with telegraphs. The inside corresponds with the exterior in extent and magnificence. Its chapels are numerous, and its ornaments of all kinds rich. Behind the altar is a representation of the descent of the Virgin, with the Saviour, pillowed and supported upon the clouds of heaven. The light is admitted in a peculiar way, by an opening at the top of the recess, and suggested the first idea of the Diorama, a fashionable and truly admirable kind of perspective, recently introduced into all the great cities of Europe. Near St. Sulpice stands the Theological Seminary, the head of which we had the pleasure of meeting at the American Consul's. He resided twenty years at Montreal, and traversed the shores of the North American Lakes, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the Indian tribes. He is an affable, intelligent, and pleasant man.

The School of Medicine and Surgery is considered the first institution of the kind in France, and perhaps in the world. It is an extensive pile, consisting of four buildings which stand round a spacious court, and are decorated with the usual share of columns and other architectural ornaments, although the exterior has not much to boast of in point of either grandeur or beauty. The interior has a large amphitheatre for lectures, halls for the meetings of the members, and other convenient appendages. We were introduced to the Librarian, who is a naturalized Irishman, and a man of much eminence. Besides taking charge of the library, which is extensive and relates chiefly to medical science, he has the superintendence of the anatomical museum, to which the influence of our friend procured us admittance, although it was not one of the days, when the halls are open to the inspection of visitants. The anatomical preparations and the models in wax are more complete and in a better state of preservation than I had ever before witnessed. Every part of the human frame is here exhibited both in a sound and morbid state, modified by all the diseases and monstrosities, "that flesh is heir to." It is scarcely possible for a case to occur, which the student will not here find accurately represented.

On another day, the former Consul took us to a meeting of the National Institute, which convenes on every Monday

at 2 o'clock, at the Palace of the Fine Arts, situated on the left bank of the Seine, opposite the Louvre. The edifice is in a semicircular form, fronting the river, and surmounted by a handsome dome; but its exterior does not correspond with its moral celebrity. A part of it was formerly a church, which has been converted into a hall for the accommodation of the Academy. The other saloons are appropriated to a library of 140,000 volumes, to a school of the Fine Arts, and a cabinet of Architecture. Numerous busts and paintings decorate the interior, and the ashes of Cardinal Mazarine, the founder of the institution, sleep beneath the pavement.

We went at an early hour, for the purpose of obtaining good seats, and to take a fair view of the great men as they entered. Our friend is acquainted with every member, and designated the most distinguished as they came in. As there is a forfeiture of ten francs for non-attendance, the meetings are always full. It is much the most numerous, grave, and venerable corps of the literati I had ever seen, and the mere gallery of portraits was extremely interesting to us. A majority of the members are at an advanced age, and some of them tottering under decrepitude. In their dresses and manners an extreme simplicity prevails exhibiting no formal dignity, or affectation of wisdom. Some of their coats bore the dust of the closet, or the stains of the laboratory, and that of one of the perpetual secretaries had suffered still more essentially by the loss of a button behind, the thread of which hung dangling at his back. It was curious to contrast the appearance of such an assemblage, with some of the fashionable Parisian circles, with whom one half of their waking hours is occupied in the cares of the toilet.

A sight at La Place, from his universal celebrity, and the almost superhuman reach of his intellect, interested us more than that of any other member. He was clad in a purple silk wrapper, apparently rendered necessary to shield from the inclemencies of the weather a delicate constitution, beginning to feel the infirmities of age. In his person he is small and slender, treading with a light step, and polished in his manners. His complexion is fair, with a mild blue eye, a little heavy with age. A sandy-coloured wig prevented us from any craniological observations. His face certainly bears some resemblance to that of Newton, as it is repre-

sented by his busts. He has a long nose and thin lips, the nether one of which he is in the habit of biting, indicating an absence of mind. None of his features are very prominent; and no person would be likely to infer from the general expression of his countenance, that the softened glance of his eye could compass the heavens, and his mind measure with more than Newtonian precision the movements of the planetary world.\*

Cuvier is one of the perpetual secretaries. His person is large, with a full face, aquiline nose, and long chin, having in his dress and deportment more the appearance of a man of the world, than most of his philosophical brethren. He was reading a book during the whole of the exercises; and a majority of the members manifested as little attention to the business of the meeting, as do our representatives in Congress, during a long and dull debate. Two papers were read—one by a celebrated entomologist, and another by a young member, on the analysis of vegetable matter. The frequent repetition, in the latter, of the words *pomme de terre*, reminded us of dinner; and having kept our seats for three or four hours, we left the philosopher in the midst of his profound investigations, to make a practical illustration of his doctrines.

Some of our friends were so kind as to procure us tickets, and take us the rounds of the philosophical, chemical, and medical lectures. With one of my yankee brethren from Boston, who is completing his professional education in the celebrated schools of the metropolis, I went to the Sorbonne, to hear Orfila lecture on the elements of chemistry. He is a young man of about thirty, very eminent in his department, and popular with the students, who applaud when he enters and leaves the room, as well as when he says or does a good thing, with as much enthusiasm as is manifested at a theatre. He unfortunately failed in one of his experiments, and it was amusing to witness the silence and sympathy, which pervaded the whole audience, consisting of something like three thousand persons. His lecture occupied about an hour and a half, and was delivered with great fluency and

\* This great man died in March, 1827, on the very day we left Paris. It was our good fortune, to be just in time to see before their deaths, La Place and Talma; the first mathematician and the first tragedian of the present age, perhaps of any age. It may be doubted, whether the former was surpassed by Newton, or the latter by Garrick.

ease, without a scrap of paper before him. Much use is made of the black-board by all the French Professors, who place upon it a programme of the subject, together with all their illustrations. The amphitheatre is extremely convenient, the seats rising in a semicircle one above another, so that every spectator can see and hear distinctly. Spacious as the apartments are, it is very difficult to find a place; and the zeal of the scholars often leads them to go an hour before the time, taking a piece of bread and apple in their hands, for breakfast or dinner.

From the Sorbonne, we went to the Hospital of Charity, and accompanied the celebrated Laennec through its wards, to witness his daily examination of numerous patients upon the auscultation system, of which he is the inventor. He is a most singular man in his appearance and deportment, being under five feet in height, with a pale, thin, care-worn face, surmounted by a black pyramidal cap, and oddly set off with a pair of black horn spectacles. He glides from bed to bed like a spectre, and examines one patient after another with astonishing rapidity. The instrument he makes use of for sounding the state of the lungs and chest is a cylindrical tube of wood, commonly of cedar, a foot or more in length, and an inch and a half in diameter. He presses one end upon the chest, and puts the other to his ear, in which position the patient is required to read, talk, cough, or draw a long breath. The sound is communicated perfectly through the tube; and by a long course of experiments, this ingenious system has been brought to such a degree of perfection, that every affection of the chest is ascertained with the utmost precision.

In a thousand cases, the predictions of Laennec have been verified by dissections after death. He was, however, once mistaken in regard to himself. Having a feeble constitution, after labouring in vain to invent an instrument by which he could examine his own lungs, he left his business and went into the country, expecting never to return, and expressly for the purpose of dying. But a pure air and relaxation from his intense pursuits soon led to an agreeable disappointment, and he returned to his sphere in good health.\*

\* This remarkable man also died in the interval between our first and second visit to Paris. He was born and educated a Jesuit, possessing an original mind, great depth of learning, and much professional skill.

At the close of his round of visitations, he gave an analysis of all the cases, with instructions to his class of pupils. I have a good deal of confidence in his system, and think it might be advantageously introduced into our country, where I believe it has yet made but little progress.

After witnessing this novel exhibition and hearing the lecture, we visited the dissecting rooms, which present a horrible scene, but are the sources of that anatomical and surgical skill to which the French, perhaps above any other nation have arrived. Fifteen or twenty subjects were stretched upon the tables, and eighty or a hundred students were at work in dissecting them. The same enthusiasm is visible here as in the amphitheatres. A degree of industry is manifested by the medical, scientific, and literary men at Paris, which is wholly unknown in our country. Both professors and scholars are frequently at the amphitheatres and hospitals by five or six o'clock in the morning, giving lectures and cutting up dead bodies by candle-light. They hardly give themselves time to eat, drink, or sleep; and the eminence to which they have arrived is obtained by intense application, and rests upon a firm basis. There is apparently much less empiricism in France, than in either the United States or England; though it is the opinion of better judges than myself, that the practitioners of the former are generally inferior to those of the latter. The regular education and licenses of their apothecaries, by means of three great institutions in different parts of the country, appeared to me worthy of imitation, since it would prevent persons from going into that business, who are unacquainted with the drugs they vend.

On a subsequent day we went to hear Gay Lussac lecture on Natural Philosophy, and Thenard on Chemistry. Both are professors of the first eminence. The former appears to be under the age of forty, and lectures with great fluency. The subject was the expansibility of the gases, the principles of which he turned over and over, in a diffuse and elaborate manner, presenting them under every point of view, with diagrams, figures, and illustrations of every kind on the black-board. Thenard is an old man, makes much use of his notes, and is less fluent and animated than the other professors. He failed in several of his experiments, but turned it off with a joke and a shrug of the shoulders, which drew

forth peals of laughter from the audience. In point of manipulation, it appeared to me that the French lecturers are not more expert or skilful, than our own; but students, who attend the amphitheatres daily, think otherwise.

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## LETTER XL.

PARIS CONTINUED—ROYAL LIBRARY—CABINET OF ANTIQUITIES—PALACE OF THE TUILLERIES—PUBLIC DINNER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY—THEATRES—FRENCH OPERA—THEATRE FRANCAIS—ITALIAN OPERA—EXCURSION TO VERSAILLES.

*January, 1826.*—Among the noblest institutions that enrich and adorn the metropolis of France, are the public libraries, which in number and extent far exceed any thing of the kind to be found in our country, or in Great Britain. Almost every civil, ecclesiastical, and even military establishment, possesses a valuable collection of books and manuscripts, which are accessible to the public, and diffuse useful information through all classes of the community. The most extensive of these is the Royal Library, which was commenced as early as the 12th century, and has been gradually increasing, till it at present contains four or five hundred thousand volumes, together with eighty thousand manuscripts. A series of halls 500 feet in length are appropriated to this invaluable collection. Tables and seats are provided for visitors, who may sit and peruse the rarest works in every language. Many persons appear to avail themselves of this privilege; for on the day of our visit, cold as it was, the tables were crowded with guests at the literary feast; and among the rest, one of our own countrymen was here found poring over Dutch folios. The books are neatly arranged, and bear the marks of being kept more for use than show. It would be an endless task to specify even the rarest productions, which crowd the shelves.

In the centre of one of the halls is a pretty ornament, representing Mount Parnassus, its rocky sides being shaded with shrubbery and mantled with ivy. The top is surmounted by a Pegasus; and near the winged steed is a figure of Apollo, intended to personify Louis XIV. encircled by the sister-



hood of the Muses. Bronze statues of eminent poets, occupy stations along the cliffs, at an altitude corresponding with an estimate of their respective merits. Some of them have nearly reached the summit, and are basking in the smiles of Phœbus; while others have just commenced climbing the crags, and see hill rise over hill above them.\*

The same hall contains a model of the Egyptian Pyramids, preserving the relative proportions of their altitudes, the formation of the surface of the ground in the vicinity, and the most striking objects in the scenery. In a contiguous room are two globes, a celestial, and terrestrial, thirteen feet in diameter. Although the delineations are said to be accurate, the apparatus appeared to be unwieldy, and an object of curiosity rather than utility. A large orrery standing near by, illustrating all the movements and phenomena of the solar system, with the orbits of several comets, is entitled to more praise. A fine bust of Voltaire is also among the ornaments of the gallery.

We examined the cabinet of antiquities, the articles of which are so numerous as to distract the attention, and to leave the visiter in doubt which to select as the most curious. A description of them fills a volume, which is kept for sale by the superintendent. The museum contains 80,000 medals; 5000 portfolios, tracing the genealogies of the French nobility; the same number of volumes of engravings, comprising among other things 50,000 portraits of celebrated characters in all countries for the last six hundred years; and the costumes, manners, and amusements of every nation upon the globe. Fortunately for the visiter, some of these cabinets of curiosity are not open to the public. A person might pass his whole life in this establishment, without exhausting the sources of instruction and amusement it contains.

On the evening of the first of January, I went to witness a novel and farcical spectacle, which was nothing less than *to see the king and royal family dine in public, at the palace of the Tuilleries!* A report had gone forth, that whosoever would put on small-clothes, with the usual accompaniments of a full dress, might be admitted into the presence of his majesty, and attend the regal banquet. It was the unanimous opinion of our republican circle, that we would not subject

\* The design of this Mount is not an original idea, but was doubtless borrowed from a fresco in the Chambers of Raphael at the Vatican.

ourselves to the expense and humiliation of such a metamorphosis, for the sake of seeing an assemblage of all the crowned heads in Europe. This first impression was strengthened perhaps by the laughable account, which one of our friends gave of his own adventures, on an occasion somewhat similar. He took it into his head, that he would go to court, and by way of preparation mounted a cocked hat, a sword, and epaulettes, and military boots reaching considerably above the knee—all which equipments were hired for the night at a trifling expense. In this guise he was ushered into the room among marshals, generals, admirals, nobles, kings, and princes; but as this was his first appearance in a martial attitude, and his dress was a world too wide for his slender frame, he was obliged to use both hands, to keep the articles of his uniform in place. After marching up to the king with as fierce a look as possible, and receiving the salutation of "how do you do, sir? I hope to see you very well"—he made a hasty retreat, blundering out of the room, with his sword dangling between his legs, and clattering against his French boots.

Having no curiosity to repeat such adventures, we had given up all idea of witnessing this unique raree-show, when a Lieutenant in the United States Navy, who is a native of the same town, and was once a school-fellow with me, was so kind as to present a ticket of admission, with assurances that no change in dress would be requisite. Upon such conditions the favour was accepted, and at 5 o'clock we set out for the Tuilleries, in company with a lady and gentleman from Philadelphia. None but the carriages of the nobility were permitted to drive into the court, and the whole plebeian multitude of both sexes were compelled to dash through mud and water, in the same shoes which were destined to trample on royal carpets. On arriving at the door, we found the arcades thronged with ladies and gentlemen from all nations, and jabbering in all languages. There were men without females, and females without men, all huddled together like so many sheep in a fold, exposed to the inclemency of the night, with nothing but ranges of Corinthian columns to shelter them from the piercing winds. The gates on either side were closed, and there was neither ingress nor egress; otherwise a hasty retreat would have been effected.

In this condition the crowd remained for an hour or more, when the doors were thrown open, and the long procession

marched up the grand stair-case, guarded by a line of soldiers, into the chambers of the Tuilleries. At the portal, an officer sung out, "a bas chapeau !"—off hats! The ladies were dismantled of their shawls, and directed to drop the arms of their companions, to walk single-file into the presence of his majesty. They found themselves subjected for perhaps the first time to military discipline; and although a degree of insubordination prevailed among the raw recruits at the outset, they eventually became good soldiers, treading the floor with martial pomp, and pushing their conquest with great gallantry.

The slowness of our march toward head-quarters afforded us a favourable opportunity for examining the king's apartments at the Tuilleries, which were brilliantly illuminated by a full blaze of chandeliers, exhibiting the lofty fresco ceilings, spacious saloons, Gobelin tapestry, Savonniere carpets, silken couches, and other splendid furniture up to the throne itself, to the best possible advantage. Our entrée was through the large room denominated *Salle des Marechaux*, from the circumstance of its containing portraits of the Marshals of France, and busts of other distinguished officers, who have fallen in battle. The next in order are the Saloon of the Nobles, and the Saloon of Peace, the ceilings of which are splendidly adorned with allegorical paintings. In the latter is a fine emblematic statue of massive silver, holding a cornucopiæ. Before reaching these rooms, the echoes of music from an excellent band stationed in the banqueting hall, stole at first faintly upon the ear, but grew louder and louder at every stage of our progress. The fourth in the long succession of apartments is called the *Salle du Trone*, where the throne of the Bourbons burst upon our republican eyes in all its splendour. It is canopied with crimson velvet, bordered with gold, and embossed with *fleurs-de-lis*, the curtains being suspended from a crown of laurel and wreaths of oak, surmounted by a plumed helmet. The ascent to the seat is by three steps; and the whole apparatus, as well as the room itself, is gorgeously decorated with the costliest ornaments, to which many a citizen, now perhaps suffering the hardships of penury, has contributed.

We at length reached the dining-room, which is spacious, but was filled to overflowing, even to the windows, with ladies and gentlemen who had been presented at court, and were therefore privileged to remain during the whole banquet—a

prerogative which I felt little anxiety to enjoy. Temporary boxes had been erected round the hall, overlooking the table. These were filled with ladies in full dresses, who sat the whole evening, patiently watching all the important movements at the festive board. A little incident occurred, showing to what extent a taste for such scenes is carried by fashionable people in Europe. A general in the British army, who had behaved with great gallantry in several battles, and received one or two wounds in the service of his country, tamely suffered himself to be pushed about from place to place by the waiters of his majesty, all for the sake of seeing a man, of probably not half the talent or worth with himself, munch his bread and take his soup.

The table was in a semi-circular form, on the outer side of which, near the centre, the King was seated, with the Duke d'Angouleme on his right, the Dutchess d'Angouleme on his left, and the Dutchess de Berry on the extreme right. They all sat at respectable distances, looking cold and unsocial enough, staring at the crowd, and the crowd staring at them. His majesty is a genteel man in his appearance, with rather a thin face, and a gray head, with no marks of decrepitude, though now at the age of sixty-nine. There was nothing peculiar in his dress. He seemed less embarrassed by his awkward situation, than the rest of the royal group, who sat like statues over their plates, while he handled his knife and fork with a good deal of ease and dexterity. His whole appearance is so like the Philadelphian, who accompanied us, that the latter has several times been taken for the king while walking the streets of Paris.

The Duke and Dutchess d'Angouleme are both coarse in their features, particularly the latter, who has a bold masculine face, and looks as if she might be a Catherine of Russia in character. She is said to be a woman of talents, and to have an ascendancy in the cabinet, whence originate all the ultra measures of the government.\* The king has not half the ability of Louis XVIII. Aware of his weakness, it is said he is inclined to relax the cords of government, and to pursue a popular course; but his authority is overruled by others. His son, the Dauphin, is now at the age of about fifty, and looks as old as his father. On his shoulders, and

\* Napoleon used to say, that the Dutchess d'Angouleme is the only man among the Bourbons!

after him, on the young Duke of Bordeaux, who is now a sick child, and was not at the table, the future hopes of France rest! The Dutchess of Berry is a small inferior looking woman, with nothing prepossessing in her appearance. Both of the ladies were dressed in black, with their robes profusely studded with diamonds.

Our observations were limited in time to a few minutes, occupied in passing through the room, close by the table; but by throwing our remarks into joint stock, and by balancing opinions, we have probably arrived at a sufficient degree of accuracy. On the whole, this was the greatest farce I ever attended. Intelligent Frenchmen consider the show, which recurs annually, in the same light as I have done. It is a relic of royalty, at least two centuries behind the age, which the mere progress of reason has rendered ridiculous.

It remains to say a word of the Parisian Theatres. During our first visit to Paris, we attended only four or five out of the twenty, which are to be found in the metropolis; and to only one of these was a visit repeated. Our *debut* was at the French Opera, or Royal Academy of Music. It is a new building, opened in 1821, after the old one, rendered odious by the assassination of the Duke of Berry, was demolished. Its interior is spacious, magnificent, and splendid beyond any thing of the kind at Paris, or as some say, in the world. It is finished in the style of the Italian Opera, in London; but much superior in taste and elegance. The orchestra comprises about one hundred musicians, some of whom are celebrated for their talents. Nothing can exceed in splendour the scenery and dresses; and the *coup d'oeil* of the house, when it is brilliantly lighted, when the boxes are filled with spectators in full dresses, and the curtain rises to disclose scenes in the most beautiful perspective, is indescribably magnificent and striking. The throne of the monarch himself at the Tuilleries scarcely surpasses in the richness of its decorations the box on the right of the stage, for the accommodation of the Royal Family. So far as the dazzling glories of a mere spectacle, the glitter of costume, the enchantment of shifting scenes, and the charms of instrumental music can delight, nothing can surpass the French Opera; but amidst pageantries and pirouettes, fairies and figurantes, the spectator may look in vain for dramatic inte-

rest or literary amusement. Even the ballet itself, in the general degradation of the stage, has been perverted from its original design, and is fast sinking to the level of rope-dancing and other feats of agility. This species of amusement was probably intended to reflect the ease, the elegance, the grace, and polish of the ball-room and of fashionable life. What would be thought of a group of genteel ladies, who in a private circle should undertake to exhibit the gesticulations, which are witnessed upon the stage? But it is the most idle of all occupations, to attempt to throw the fetters of reason over the Proteus of Fashion :

Ille sive contra non immemor artis,  
Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,  
Ignemque terribilemque feram, fluviumque liquentem.

The Theatre Français or French Theatre, as it is justly called by way of eminence, corresponds more fully with my ideas of a classical and perfect stage, such as the Athenians would have patronized, and the critics of the Augustan age, as well as the great masters of the drama in modern times, would have approved, than any thing of the kind which has fallen under my observation. We have attended as often as once a week, and each time with new delight—with an increasing admiration of the talent, the taste, and refinement, which characterize the boards. Here are innovations upon the purity and dignity of the legitimate drama, the principles of which are rigidly observed—no noisy, *ad captandum* spectacles, to attract vulgar applause—no dragons spouting fire, to frighten women, nor the tricks of Jockos, to amuse children—in short, none of those pageants which degrade and disgrace the modern stage. Meretricious ornaments and attractions of every kind in scenery, dress, music, and even in the decorations of the house, are scrupulously excluded. On the genuine merits of the best productions of the dramatic Muse, and on the good sense of a polished audience, the managers solely rely for support. Nor are they disappointed ; for the house is thronged every night with people of the first respectability, who observe as much decorum and propriety of conduct as they would in a drawing-room, and who listen with intense interest to the plays of Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, and Moliere.

A theatre thus conducted is not only a source of rational

amusement, but of instruction, fulfilling the great purposes of the drama—

“To raise the genius and to mend the heart,”

by inculcating the noblest sentiments, through the medium of impassioned eloquence and refined language. There is nothing in London at present, which can sustain a comparison with the French Theatre; and a model drawn from this school, with some slight modifications, would probably be as perfect, as any age or any country can furnish. A translation of it to some of our principal cities, before a false, unnatural, and effeminate taste for pageantry is formed, would in my view be a national blessing. Public amusements of some kind will be resorted to in every country; and the patriot therefore is as deeply interested, as the man of pleasure, in selecting those that are liable to the fewest objections, and that have the most salutary influence on the manners of a people.

The most celebrated tragedian at the French Theatre is well known to be Talma, of whose talents and character it is in my power to add nothing new, although I have seen him frequently in different parts. His person is not remarkably striking, being rather below the middle size, with a full round face; but his voice, his step, his gestures, and in short, his whole manner are inimitably fine. He treads the stage with the dignity of a monarch, and sways the feelings and passions of the audience with an irresistible power. His eloquence is a standard of all that is chaste in oratory, and elegant in diction. It is not singular that the Parisians, who are extravagantly fond of the drama, almost idolize him. He enjoys as wide and as substantial a fame as did David Garrick at the height of his glory. To his talents and to his unceasing efforts the Theatre Français is chiefly indebted for its immeasurable pre-eminence over all others. For the last twenty-five years, he has been its presiding and directing and controlling genius, inculcating his taste both by precept and example. To the reputation of a finished actor, he has added that of an accomplished scholar, possessing high literary attainments, and a familiarity with the best models in his profession. Study, reflection, the patient labours of the closet have not done less for him, than the extraordinary endowments of nature; while the concentrated powers of both have been directed to one object, and enthusiastically exerted in elevating the character of the stage. He has

succeeded to admiration, and made his theatre all which the most fastidious critic could wish. Whatever faults remain are inherent in French tragedy, and not ascribable to him. On the contrary, he has perceived, and has done much to obviate these intrinsic defects—to soften what he could not correct—to conceal what it was impracticable to remove.

He has manifested the same talent in the selection and organization of his dramatic corps, as Napoleon did in the choice of his officers and the discipline of his army. In Madame Duchesnois, who stands at the head of the tragic actresses, he at once finds a coadjutor and a rival of his reputation. She is as coarse and ugly in her person, as she is vehement, impassioned, forcible and persuasive, in her eloquence. The spectator feels almost inclined to turn away his head, to avoid the prejudice of looking at her face, while he listens with admiration and delight to the harmonious intonations of her voice, and to the grace as well as the power of her elocution. In genteel comedy, which has greatly the advantage over French tragedy, Mademoiselle Mars is by far the most prominent, and may be ranked among the very first actresses of the present day. Her personal accomplishments, which have subdued imperial hearts, are perhaps even more celebrated, than her dramatic talents. She is now at the age of fifty or upwards, although she has not the appearance of being more than thirty-five. Her person is becoming a little gross; but her eye retains its fascination, and her face its beauty. In the gracefulness and animation of her manner, she is unrivalled. The rest of the corps are all highly respectable in their several departments, though none of them have yet attained to much celebrity.

To the Theatre of Variety and the Italian Opera, we went but once. The former is attended chiefly by mechanics, and the latter by the ultra fashionables. To amateurs in music it may present many attractions, though it offered few to us, beyond the curiosity of hearing the celebrated Madame Pasta sing. Her reputation stands almost as high, as did that of Madame Catalani at the acme of her fame. She possesses no charms besides the clear, sweet, and mellow tones of her voice, the compass and management of which are both admirable. Her face is rather pretty, but her form is clumsy and heavy-moulded, by no means justifying the dress and attitude, which she seems fond of assuming.

The police of the French theatres is not less worthy of imitation, than the taste and dramatic propriety of the stage.



Here national politeness and refinement are conspicuous. Frenchmen go to the play with as much decency, as Englishmen go to church; and the former would no more think of violating the temple of pleasure, than the latter would the temple of piety, by an act of indecorum. There is no wrangling of coachmen—no rush of a mob for precedence at the doors. The carriages drive up silently in the order they arrive; and the pedestrians fall into a procession, two by two, forming what is called a *quieu*, and waiting patiently for their turns. In the pit, in the galleries, you hear no noisy, drunken brawls, no loud conversation, no voice above a whisper, and seldom even that. Every one is intent on the spectacle, with as much earnestness as if it was a serious duty. If a spectator wishes to leave his seat, he may secure his place till his return, by the deposit of a glove or handkerchief: he might leave his watch, purse, or pocket-book, without danger of its being molested.

During our residence at Paris, we made an excursion to Versailles, which occupied only one day, the distance being fourteen miles, in a westerly direction from the capital. The road leads across the Seine, by the Palace of St. Cloud, the favourite residence of Napoleon, beautifully seated upon the high and rocky bank of the river. Our view was confined to the exterior; and as it is our intention to pay it another visit at a more favourable season, I shall at present pass it by in silence.

The approach to Versailles is magnificent. A broad and beautiful avenue bordered with trees, leads to the far-famed Palace, which stands upon an eminence and appears to the best possible advantage. Radii of great roads, coming from all points of the compass, here meet, somewhat upon the plan of the city of Washington. Nature has done nothing for Versailles, and all its attractions are artificial. It may with emphasis be styled *the Folly of the Bourbons*; and the immense sums of money they have expended in converting a desert into a paradise, to the impoverishment of the nation, may be considered as one of the remote causes of the Revolution. They here sowed the wind, and subsequently reaped the whirlwind. Louis XVI. could not have been more unfortunate in his residence, during the stormy period of 1789, than in the gilded saloons and sumptuous gardens of a Palace, which had originally cost the French nation millions of dollars, and which was swallowing up other mill-

ions to maintain its luxuries, while the government was bankrupt, and the people were crying for bread. The infuriated mob from the metropolis evinced a slight degree of reason and justice, intermingled with a great deal of madness, in first presenting itself for redress at the gates of a Palace, which was a conspicuous monument of regal extravagance, and the glittering domes of which were so well calculated to add to the excitement of a starving populace.

To render such a waste of the public money the more inexcusable, there is very little taste displayed in the midst of so much luxury and splendour. Versailles is in fact a perfect abortion, exhibiting all the wantonness of wealth without any of its allurements. With the exception of the western façade, which is perhaps equal to any thing in the vicinity of Paris, and the ancient chapel, there is nothing of architectural grandeur or beauty in the Palace, immense as the pile is, when taken collectively. But the terraces, the promenades, the gardens, the fountains, the groves, grottoes, and canals, are in a style of magnificence scarcely equalled by the Tuilleries. These had charms even amidst the frosts of winter, when the waters were congealed, the birds mute, and the trees stripped of their foliage. Our countryman Vanderlyn has given such a faithful and perfect representation of the garden, in his splendid panorama, that it would have been instantly recognized by me, had I been conducted blindfold to the place. I sometimes almost fancied myself looking at the picture instead of the reality.

An old lady, blest with a full share of French vivacity and volubility, but with a very humble portion of other accomplishments, conducted us through the extensive library—showed us the volume of splendid costumes worn at the Triumph of Louis XIV. in which the American Indians are placed among the captive nations—guided us through the labyrinth of the Palace—pointed out the theatre and chapel, the latter of which is extremely rich in architecture and decorations—led us through the innumerable halls of paintings, bearing the names of all the heathen goddesses, and of some that were not goddesses—challenged our admiration of saloons and bed-chambers, the walls of which are composed entirely of sheets of mirrors, multiplying one face into a full gallery, and celebrated by the unfortunate adventures of Maria Antoinette—acted as pioneer in climbing every terrace, treading every grove in the garden as well as a subterranean

orangery half a mile in extent—explained the historical associations of the Palace, as connected with the Revolution—designated the gate through which the maddened mob rushed, and the piazza, where the gallant La Fayette rescued the beautiful queen, with a volume of commentaries on these events, evincing the loyalty of her own sentiments. Such are the mere outlines of Versailles, an examination of which occupied about three hours of an intensely cold day. Most of the good pictures have been removed to the Louvre, and the collection which remains is not very interesting. The most striking one that was observed is the shipwreck of the poet Camoens, in which he is represented in the attitude of grasping the crag of a rock with one hand, and lifting his manuscripts above the waves with the other. At this season, the Palace is deserted, and the vacant halls are cold, dreary, and cheerless. The only persons visible were a party of the gendarmerie playing cards before a twig fire in one of the saloons. We hastened our retreat with all convenient despatch. Whatever attractions Versailles may possess in summer, when the fountains are playing and the gardens in bloom, it affords few, very few inducements for prolonging a visit in winter.

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## LETTER XLI.

ROUTE FROM PARIS TO LYONS—SENS—ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY—VINEYARDS—AUXERRE—AUTUN—CHALONS-SUR-SAONE—MACON—VALE OF THE SAONE—ENVIRONS OF LYONS—SKETCH OF THE CITY.

*January—February, 1826.*—At 7 o'clock on the evening of the 20th of January, we left Paris in the Diligence for Lyons, by the way of Burgundy, a distance of about three hundred miles. Our party was at least well officered, consisting of a surgeon in the United States Navy, a Major in the Army, an officer of the same rank, from Virginia, my companion, and myself, all bound to Italy, and forming but a small rear-guard, in comparison with the advanced corps of our countrymen, who have crossed the Alps the present season. We engrossed the central division of the coach, with the exception of an Englishman, who seemed surprised to

find himself in company with so many transatlantic tourists, and a Frenchman accompanied as usual by his dog. As the latter paid half price for his companion's place in the interior, it was in vain for us to remonstrate against the intrusion of *Tray*, although he was constantly nestling and yelping under our feet, occasioning a serious annoyance. The master would apparently sooner have been turned out himself, than have suffered any indignity to the animal.

Our exit from Paris was by the Place Bastille and the Faubourg St. Antoine, through the Barrier of Charenton. The keeper of this pass was in great distress, in consequence of an incident, which had occurred a day or two previous. A young man entrusted with his keys, had secretly formed an attachment for a Parisian grisette, who had seduced him to the gambling tables of the Palais Royal. He was led on from step to step, till he had lost something like 2000 francs of his employer's money, when having no funds to proceed farther, or to make up the defalcation, he was one morning found missing, and had not since been heard of. Here was one practical illustration, out of perhaps ten thousand, of the evils brought upon private families, by the system to which the French government has lent its sanction for the sake of raising revenue.

In the course of this night, a novel scene was witnessed, which afforded no small amusement to our party. At 11 or 12 o'clock, the Diligence paused a moment at a village tavern, where all the passengers rushed into an old-fashioned kitchen, with a fire-place half as large as the room, for the purpose of warming their feet. The mistress of the house, who was strictly Amazonian both in person and dress, with the exception that the exposure of her bosom was not confined to one side only, had paraded upon a long oaken table a roast turkey, which was as colossal and gross as the cook herself. Our Virginian comrade signified his wish to take a cut; whereupon the landlady took the animal by the legs, and holding it upon a butcher's block with one hand, used the other in chopping off its limbs with a large cleaver! The bird, however, was delicious and delicate, by no means corresponding with the coarse mode of carving.

Crossing the Marne, and riding all night up the banks of the Seine, passing among other places the large town of Melun, where the celebrated Abelard once taught a school of philosophy, we reached at day-break the village of Monte-

reau, situated at the confluence of the Yonne with the Seine. On a bridge at this place, the Duke of Burgundy was assassinated in the presence of Charles VII. at the instigation of the perfidious prince; and here also the French gained a severely contested victory over the allied armies, in 1814.

At 11 o'clock, the Diligence arrived at the old town of Sens, standing at the junction of the Yonne and Vannes. While breakfast was preparing, we paid a visit to the Cathedral, which is a venerable Gothic building, with painted windows, two of which are circular. One of the chapels is dedicated to Thomas a Becket, who fled hither from Canterbury, in England, being driven abroad by the displeasure of his sovereign. In the centre of the choir stands a complex and curious monument, erected by Louis XV. to the memory of the Dauphin and his wife. Among other allegorical figures, is a statue of Time, as large as life; and that the remorseless monarch may not be mistaken, he is actually armed with a large iron scythe, which is of a coarse construction, and raised in the attitude of mowing down whatever falls in its way. It is only less formidable in aspect, than the guillotine. The old sexton who conducted us over his antique charge, manifested as much complacency in pointing out its curiosities, as does the superintendent of Notre Dame or the Louvre.

Our ride this day was up the vale of the Yonne, which is one of the principal branches of the Seine. The scenery upon its banks is uniform, consisting of calcareous hills of moderate elevation, alternately planted with the vine and clothed with forests. Immense quantities of wine and wood descend the river in boats to Paris, from which the navigation extends more than a hundred miles into the interior. The mode of cultivating the vine is by terraces, running in belts round the hills, and rising stage above stage often to the very tops. At this season of the year, the aspect of the country was gloomy and uninteresting, in no respect relieved by a dull succession of towns and villages, occupying the bosom of the vale.

At 7 o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Auxerre, containing a population of ten or twelve thousand, and carrying on an active trade with the metropolis. Our stay was merely long enough to take dinner at a hotel, which afforded few comforts except a bountiful table, crowned with the red wines of the district. Another cold and cheerless night succeeded, during which, the Diligence journeyed on at a slow

rate, bringing us at day-break the next morning to Avellon, and by 1 o'clock in the afternoon to Saulieu, where we took breakfast. The latter town is the birth-place of Marshal Vauban, celebrated for his skill as an engineer, and the mode of fortifying towns, still in vogue. There is a handsome monument to his memory, in the chapel of the Hospital of Invalids at Paris.

Between Saulieu and Autun, the country becomes extremely mountainous and rugged, the hills frequently rising to a height of between two and three thousand feet. They were covered with snow, and the woods along the way were beautifully frosted, leaving not a speck of the bark or twigs visible. The scene brought to mind Cowper's picture of a morning walk in winter, and Savage's not less poetical description of the frozen regions of the north. In many places the road was filled with ice, and so precipitous as to render it necessary to lock both wheels in descending the hills. To the ordinary risks of traversing such a route, was added in one instance, what is by no means common in France, the carelessness of a drunken coachman. He was so intoxicated, that the conducteur was obliged to discharge him and take another. This was the first example of the kind, that had been witnessed since crossing the Channel, either on the road, or at Paris.\*

At 9 o'clock in the evening, we passed under a lofty antique arch that forms the entrance to Autun, the old Bibracte of the Romans. It was the capital of the *Ædui*, and is mentioned in Cæsar's Commentaries, as the largest and most populous town of that warlike tribe. Many of its antiquities yet remain, among which is the gate above referred to, with another of the same description standing near it. The present population of the town amounts to 9000, engaged in manufactures. Here we paused an hour, took dinner, and again resumed our journey for the third night, without having

\* I subsequently met with a striking instance of intoxication in a private coachman. A friend and myself had been to pay an evening visit at Paris. On calling to cocher at the door, he returned no answer; and we found him stupidly drunk upon his seat. In leaving the court, he was unable to hit the gate, but drove his horses against the wall, and notwithstanding our remonstrances, persisted in the attempt to whip them through several feet of substantial stone and mortar. The truth is, that drunkenness is becoming more common in France than it used to be. I have frequently seen Frenchmen staggering through the streets of Paris, though the vice is neither so habitual nor so gross as it is either in the United States or England.

taken off our clothes. The Diligence had become a kind of home to us, serving the triple purposes of a sitting-room, library, and bed-chamber.

After crossing a lofty and solitary ridge of mountains, which separate the waters of the Atlantic from those which flow into the Mediterranean, we descended rapidly into the vale of the Saone, and at 8 o'clock the next morning reached Chalons, charmingly situated upon the right bank of that river. The town is handsomely built, presenting a range of neat and lofty buildings to the quay, opposite to which a stately stone bridge extends to one of the suburbs on the other shore. Compared with the desolate track, which had just been traversed, the scenery even upon the wintry banks of the Saone was agreeable. The water is of a beautiful sea-green colour, and was so choked with ice, as to obstruct the navigation between this place and Lyons. In summer, a boat called a *coche d'eau*, takes the passengers in the Diligences by water, forming a part of the line. Chalons is the great place of depot between Paris and the south of France. A canal connects the Saone, from this point, with the Loire, opening a navigable communication between the Atlantic and Mediterranean.

After taking breakfast and resting till 10 o'clock, we once more resumed our journey in the Diligence, passing down the vale of the Saone, which opens beautifully towards the south, and is both broad and fertile. The soil is a light sandy loam, with rich meadows bordering upon the river. Along the road were observed large fields appropriated to the culture of Indian corn, the first we have seen since leaving home. Extensive vineyards climb the adjacent hills, and pretty villages rise in rapid succession. It is on the whole a fine country, and at almost any other season, the scenery would have been charming.

Just at twilight we reached Macon, a large town on the right bank of the Saone, and took lodgings for the night, enjoying the luxury of a bed for the first time since our departure from Paris. The hotel stands close to the margin of the river, which is here about the width of the Hudson above Waterford. It is crossed by a handsome stone bridge, resting on lofty arches. From the quay in front of the hotel, the snow-clad summits of the Alps are visible, the winds from which seemed to reach us; for the cold was intense, surpassing what is felt in the depth of an ordinary New-York win-

ter. For some days the thermometer was below zero, and in many places the Saone was crossed on the ice. To such a state of the weather French hotels are but ill adapted, and woe betide the traveller who is found upon the road. In a large gloomy hall, before an earthen stove, furnished with a moderate portion of fuel, sat a group of English travellers shivering with cold, and sighing for the comforts of their own country. There was no room for reproaching them with the folly of travelling for pleasure at such a season.

At 4 o'clock the next morning, the coachman again summoned us to the Diligence, and after crowding for half an hour round a large fire-place lighted by a single bunch of faggots, we resumed our descent down the vale of the Saone. Vine-clad hills on the right, the green waters of the river on the left, villages scattered along the road, and chateaux embosomed by copses of forest trees, render the scenery of this valley extremely picturesque. At almost every town, a new species of wine was found: that of Macon has attained great celebrity, and is much used at the Parisian tables. In the course of our ride to-day, some striking peculiarities in the costume of females were observed. The women of the country wear a small black hat, scarcely large enough for a doll, fantastically poised upon the crown of the head.

We took breakfast at Villefranche, a pretty town containing a population of six or seven thousand. Tradition says, that the privilege granted to husbands of beating their wives as much as they pleased, provided death did not ensue, was held out as an inducement to the first settlers. The women are celebrated for their beauty and personal accomplishments. Forbidding as was the dirty kitchen of the hotel, through which it was necessary to pass in reaching the *salle a manger*, a plentiful repast, consisting of *fifteen* dishes, was served up for breakfast. Some of the guests partook of the whole number, which is not unusual with Frenchmen, "be the same more or less."

After resting an hour, we set out on the last stage for Lyons. The severe cold of the morning had been softened by the influence of a bright sun; and the remainder of our journey was extremely pleasant. Among the passengers in the coach was a polite and intelligent Frenchman, who was well acquainted with the localities of the district, and who without solicitation pointed out to us the most interesting objects along the road. The weather was so fine, and the



scenery so picturesque as to induce us all to walk many miles in our approach to Lyons. On our left, between the road and the Saone, the hill called Limonest rises to the height of about 2000 feet, and overlooks a wide region. Its base and sides are covered with white villas. Farther up is a solitude of rocks and hanging woods. On the southern side a deep, narrow, and romantic ravine opens to the river. At the head of this sequestered and quiet glen stands the chateau of Baraliere, enclosed by semi-circular crags of the mountain, and exhibiting a beautiful view from the path. It was the head-quarters of the Republican army, during the siege of Lyons in 1793.

From the heights of Limonest to the Faubourg de Vaize, on the right bank of the Saone, the road descends rapidly through a wide avenue bordered with trees and neat farm houses. On the left, the hill called Mont d'Or, and the retired vale of Rochecardon afford a variety of beautiful scenery. In one place we looked from a terrace, cut through a point of rocks, into a ravine so deep, that the roofs of the houses along its sides were seen far beneath our feet. Some of the wild and lonely recesses in these broken hills are said to have been the favourite retreats of Rousseau, and to have inspired his dreams of fancy and sentiment.

In variety and romantic beauty, the environs of Lyons yield to no place I have yet seen in Europe, with the exception of Edinburgh; and perhaps even Salisbury Crag, Arthur's Seat, and the Forth, are less picturesque, than the numerous hills crowned with white chateaux, which in all directions overhang the banks of the Saone and Rhone. The beautiful sea green complexion of the water contrasted with impending, rugged, and dark rocks; deep vales embosomed by hills; tufts of trees rising from broken eminences, all contribute to embellish the picture, which at the hour of our arrival was gilded with the splendours of an evening sun.

Crossing the bridge of the Saone between two twin-like rocks, which rise perpendicularly on either side of the river, and leave merely room for a terraced road, we were dropped at the coach-office, upon the quay of Lyons, amidst carriages and coal carts, in the thickest of the business and bustle. A walk thence to the hotel on the other side of the town, through irregular, narrow, dirty, dark, and gloomy streets, into which the sun scarcely peeps at noon-day, at once satisfied us that the charms of this city are confined to its envi-

rons and the features of its natural scenery. The buildings resemble in height and construction the older parts of Paris. Many of the shops are constantly enveloped in the dimness of twilight, and do not show to any advantage either by day or night, as the town is badly lighted. Good accommodations were obtained at the Northern Hotel, a large establishment which appeared to be entirely under the management of two genteel young ladies, who were constantly seen at their desks making out and receipting bills, with as much regularity as clerks.

On the morning after our arrival, we all commenced a survey of Lyons, by sauntering down the right bank of the Rhone to its junction with the Saone, a distance of two or three miles from the central part of the city, which occupies the tongue of land, less than a mile in width, between the two rivers. A canal formerly ran across the peninsula, through what is now the heart of the town, called the *Place Terreaux* from its being composed of land and water. Below this point used to be a group of islands, which have been artificially united by made ground and covered with houses. A finer situation for a large town can hardly be imagined. Two noble streams bathe its foundations, supply it with pure water, and afford the advantages of inland navigation. The Rhone is the largest river we have seen since leaving home. Its waters come from Alpine regions, and are of a bright azure hue. Its bed and current are irregular, being filled with shoals, and islands of pebbles, swept down by winter torrents, and giving a barren aspect to its margin. The right bank for several miles is lined with a high, substantial, and handsome quay, composed of hewn stone. Along this are ranges of lofty buildings, forming the finest part of Lyons. The side next the water is bordered by rows of trees, furnishing a charming promenade. Such is the rapidity of the stream, that flour mills and other machines moored along the quay, are kept in motion by water wheels.

The Rhone is about the width of the Susquehanna at Columbia, in Pennsylvania, and is not unlike it in the appearance of its shores. After it receives the tribute of the Saone, scarcely inferior in magnitude and superior in the regular grandeur of its current, it sweeps onward with increased majesty till its last gleams are lost, six or eight miles below, among lofty ridges of hills which rise on either shore. There are ten bridges across the two rivers opposite Lyons.

Some of these are stately structures, resting on numerous arches, and contributing largely to the beauty as well as to the convenience of the city. The handsomest of them was built by Napoleon.

Crossing the bridge at the mouth of the Saone, we rambled by a narrow path up the right bank of the river, to the centre of the town. A hill several hundred feet in height rises from the margin of the stream, and with such a rapid acclivity, that the houses and hanging gardens rest on terraces, accessible only by flights of steps and gate-ways. Here are some delightful summer retreats, looking down upon the bright waters below, enjoying a pure air, shaded by trees, and cooled by fountains, which gush from the rocks. Over the entrance to one of these retired mansions, I observed the following classical inscription :

“ Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,  
Hic nemus, hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.”

At this season such scenery was rather repulsive than inviting, presenting the bleak aspect of a northern winter. The streamlets descending from the walls and terraces were frozen into icicles of the most fantastic forms, hanging like stalactites from the arches and roofs of grottoes.

Leaving the bank of the river, we climbed up by winding and narrow streets to the summit of the hill, to examine the remains of the Roman Aqueduct, by which the ancient town of Lugdunum, was supplied with water. It is supposed to have been erected by Antony, or as others say, by Agrippa. The ruins are massive, and in a tolerable state of preservation, indicating the extent and substantial masonry of the work. It would appear from the construction of this and similar aqueducts, that the Romans were ignorant of one of the first principles in hydraulics—that water will rise to the height of its source. Gigantic piles of arches were reared, to conduct streams in an air line across valleys from hill to hill, while the same quantity of water might have been conveyed in pipes at a tenth part of the expense.

The Roman town, founded by Lucius Munatius Plancus, was large and populous, covering the greater part of the hill on the right bank of the Saone. Here Augustus for a time resided, and here one of the Cæsars was born. Traces of a palace, a theatre, a temple, and a school of eloquence have been discovered by antiquaries. Like Rome itself, Lugdu-

num was burnt down in one night, under the reign of Nero, and rebuilt by Caligula. The situation of the ancient town was even more beautiful than that of the modern, occupying the summit of the hill called Fouvieres, in the faubourg of St. Irene, overlooking the whole of Lyons, and the beautiful vale of the Rhone for many miles above and below.

On the very top of this hill an extensive cemetery has recently been laid out, enclosed by a handsome railing, and planted with cypress, in imitation of Pere La Chaise at Paris, to which it is scarcely inferior in extent and in the taste of its sepulchral monuments. Hither all the dead of Lyons are borne, and interred under the strictest regulations, the graves and vaults being arranged in rows, shaded with shrubbery, and exhibiting the attractive neatness of pleasure grounds. Several funerals took place during our visit; and a series of processions clad in weeds of woe, slowly climbing the hill one after another, bearing flambeaux, and chanting the service in lugubrious tones of voice, had a tendency to solemnize the feelings.

On our way from the cemetery to the little church of Notre Dame de Fauvieres, we met a poor man who was doing penance by walking over a rough, stony, and frozen path, without shoes or stockings. He had apparently just been to the chapel to say his prayers, and perhaps to receive his sentence from the priest. What must be the character of ecclesiastics who impose such a punishment for religious offences; and how degraded the people who quietly submit to it! After such an exposure of the naked feet on a cold day in the depth of winter, the next pilgrimage of this deluded votary will probably be to the cemetery instead of the chapel.

Notre Dame occupies the site of Trajan's Forum, standing upon the verge of a cliff several hundred feet above the level of the Saone, and forming one of the most picturesque objects in the vicinity of Lyons. It is a small edifice of the Gothic order, more remarkable for its position, than for its architectural beauty. It was restored and dedicated to the Virgin by Pope Pius VII. on his return from Paris. The walls of the interior are entirely covered with votive tablets, consisting of models of vessels saved from shipwreck, consecrated banners, devotional pictures, and trinkets of every description. Among other things is "a fragment of the true cross," (so says the inscription,) enclosed in a metallic case. The terrace on the right of this church

commands an extensive and splendid prospect into the vale of the Rhone.

From the brow of this hill we descended by a flight of steps of more than a thousand feet, to the lower town, and visited the Cathedral, a venerable Gothic structure standing near the bank of the Saone. It has a bold antique front, and several lofty towers. In the interior is the celebrated clock made by an ingenious Swiss artist in the 16th century. It stands in the nave of the church, in the shape of a pyramid, about twenty feet high, and surmounted by a cock that numbers the hours by crowing and clapping its wings. This clock designates not merely hours, minutes, and seconds, but days, months, and years; the course of the sun and the phases of the moon, together with all the saints' days in the calendar.

On our way home from this long ramble, which occupied the whole day, we passed through the Place Belle Cour, a spacious and beautiful area extending from the Rhone to the Saone, through the heart of the city. It is lined with long ranges of handsome buildings, and bordered with rows of trees. In the centre of the square stands a colossal equestrian statue of Louis XIV. which appeared to be a work of some merit. Belle Cour is a fashionable promenade for the beauty and taste of Lyons; as also the Campus Martius, where all the military parades take place, one of which was witnessed by us. The regiment had not a very warlike appearance, all the men wearing gloves, which made them bunglers at the manuel exercises. It was the opinion of our military companions, that the French troops do not generally surpass those of the United States in discipline. The music from a large band was excellent, and drew together a multitude of both sexes far greater than the number of soldiers.

In the course of the day, we examined the Hotel de Ville, or Town House, which is a large pile of buildings, situated upon the place Terreaux, and making a complete block between two streets. No part of the edifice appears to any advantage, except the façade fronting the square; and even that seemed to us undeserving the praises which have been lavished on it by tourists. It is said to be inferior to only one building of the kind in Europe. On the right and left of the principal entrance, elevated on pedestals in the open vestibule, are two colossal bronze statues, reclining upon

lions. One of them is intended to represent the Rhone and the other the Saone. Both the design and execution are in good taste. The staircase leading to the second story of this building is stately, and much admired for its architecture. All the public offices of the city are here concentrated.

On the second day after our arrival, we took a *valet de place* and went the rounds of the most celebrated manufactories at Lyons, comprising those for drawing gold wire, and winding it upon silken threads, to compose the braid of epaulettes; and for weaving velvet, tapestry, stockings, ribbons, and silk stuffs of every description. Velvet is woven in the same manner as carpets, except that the rod is much smaller. Immense quantities of the article are annually made and sent to all parts of the world, particularly to Russia. The process of weaving tapestry is complex and tedious, requiring the utmost attention as well as patience.

Patterns of the richest figures and of the finest textures were shown to us in the looms. It is a curious fact, that the most beautiful of these fabrics are destined to the American market, to be consumed by the plain Republicans of the United States. Others of an inferior quality, but more gaudily ornamented with tinsel, are designed for Spanish and Italian noblemen. Ribbons are despatched by the wholesale. Twenty of them are warped in the same loom, and filled from the same shuttle.

In the manufactures of Lyons I was disappointed—not in the quality of the articles; for nothing can exceed in richness and beauty some of the fabrics; but in the manner of producing them. There are no great establishments, such as are to be found in Great Britain, or even in the United States—no wealthy proprietors, who purchase the raw materials, employ the labourers, and vend the goods. The merchant is the all in all: he buys the raw silk, and gives it out to private families, to be manufactured in small parcels: his profits are immense, and the poor workmen, who are obliged to accept of his own terms or starve, can barely gain a livelihood by incessant toil. Our guide took us to perhaps a dozen houses, which were uniformly filthy, and exhibited marks of extreme poverty and wretchedness. It was not uncommon to see the kitchen, bedroom, and manufactory of the miserable tenant crowded into the same little apartment. In one instance we saw twenty bars for winding silk set in motion by one wheel, which was turned like a tread-mill, by

an emaciated individual. His servitude is of the most abject and pitiable kind, continuing from 4 o'clock in the morning till 7 in the evening, for the slender pittance of two francs a day. He is worn to a skeleton, and death will apparently soon put an end to his toils. Such drudgery is unaccountable in an age when steam engines and labour-saving machines are in general use. The silk manufactures are sources of immense wealth to Lyons; but it is wealth to the few, and degradation to the many—a state of society above all others to be avoided.

Having completed an examination of the workshops of industry, we were next conducted to the Hotel Dieu, the great hospital at Lyons, and said to be the first establishment of the kind in France. It is a noble edifice, of the Ionic order, extending along the bank of the Rhone, crowned by a lofty dome, and exhibiting a front of much architectural grandeur. The principal stair-way is magnificent, and the apartments spacious, airy, and commodious, though perhaps too much crowded for comfort at certain seasons. There are 1500 beds in the several wards, and about 6000 patients are annually received. Twenty young physicians are generally in attendance. An extensive pharmacy is connected with the Hospital from which the city is supplied with medicines of the best quality, and the profits of which go far towards supporting this valuable charity. The superintendent politely conducted us through all the wards, the theatre for operations, the hall for convalescents, and the kitchen. Groups of the poor were seated round the fires, and looked both clean and comfortable. In connexion with the Hospital, is St. John's Hall, a large apartment where persons may find good beds, board, and medical attendance for 30 sous a day. It is designed for the use of strangers, and for citizens who are able to support themselves at a moderate expense.

From the Hotel Dieu, we crossed the Rhone to the large and populous faubourg on the left bank, called Guillotiere, but considered as a part of the city. It consists chiefly of a broad and beautiful avenue denominated the *Cours Bourbon*, running parallel to the river and lined with handsome buildings. At a short distance on the right, is a spot rendered memorable by the massacre of 6000 persons, amidst the bloody scenes of the Revolution, on the 25th of August, 1793. They were buried in a common grave. An odd, misshapen kind of mausoleum has lately been erected over

their ashes. The front is in the form of a pyramid, behind which is a small temple of bad architecture, and yet in an unfinished state. Beneath is a dark and gloomy vault, filled with piles of skulls, and an inscription scarcely legible for the want of light. It is a disputed point among the citizens of Lyons, whether this monument is in good or bad taste : an unprejudiced stranger will meet with no difficulty in deciding the question.

By a strange sort of grouping, the "*Elisées Lyonnais*," or Lyonese Pleasure-grounds, are located within a few rods and in plain sight of this mausoleum ! With a sentimental people, (and surely the city of Rousseau ought to sustain that character,) such an association of objects would be disagreeable, the intrusive scenes of gaiety breaking in upon the repose of the tomb, and the sepulchres of the dead poisoning the festive joys of the living. In these elysian fields, which by no means enjoy the eternal spring, perennial verdure, and soft skies of the poet's heaven, are amusements more consonant with the climate than with the designation of the grounds—a *Russian Mountain*, with all the appurtenances for descending the inclined plane in chariots, after the manner of the Muscovites. To complete the image of a northern winter, the gardens at the time of our visit were perfectly desolate, and the trees beautifully frosted with congealed spray from the Rhone. During the summer months, this is said to be a favourite promenade, thronged every night with the votaries of fashion and pleasure.

On the following morning I rose at an early hour, and had a solitary ramble up the wintry banks of the Saone, to Isle Barbe, two and a half miles from Lyons. A wide and excellent road runs close to the margin of the river the whole way. The hills and rocks on the right, as well as the opposite shores, sprinkled with white buildings, are extremely picturesque. A mile or two from town is a little port, which is the rendezvous for boats navigating the Saone between Châlons and Lyons. A fleet of at least a hundred were moored along the strand. Among the number was a steam-boat, the only one observed on these waters.\* Ile Barbe is a small but romantic island, girt by the green wave. The lower end of it is flat and covered with woods, while the up-

\* Others have since been added by the enterprise of Mr. Church, American Consul at Geneva, who has steam-boats running on the rivers and lakes of France, Italy, and Switzerland.



per part rises into a bluff, crowned with several handsome buildings and Gothic towers. Charlemagne is said to have been so enamoured of the charms of this spot, as to have selected it for the place of his retirement from the throne. He even went so far as to purchase books for his library. These shores were also the favourite haunts of Jean Jacques Rousseau, where the vales, rocks, and fountains which he loved are still pointed out to the traveller.

In passing through a small village upon the banks of the Saone, a novel scene arrested my attention:—it was the bearing of the host or sacred symbols through the streets. The procession consisted of a ragged boy, who at intervals rang a bell, like a crier of sales or lost goods—a priest in his white robes carrying the consecrated emblems of his faith, and chanting in a melancholy tone of voice—and a solitary, squalid old man, who hobbled after in all the decrepitude of age. Such a religious spectacle, in which there was neither dignity nor solemnity, appeared to me like mummerly, and so it seemed to be regarded by the villagers, who permitted it to pass unheeded.

I returned to Lyons by the great market road, which leads along the high ridge of land between the two rivers, elevated several hundred feet above the water. On this route is situated the populous faubourg, called La Croix Rousse, which overhangs the north part of the city, and looks far down the vale of the Rhone. The heights terminate abruptly, and the streets forming the descent into the town are so precipitous as to be impassable with carriages. On the brow of the eminence is a fine area denominated *Place Grande*, planted with trees, and bordered by handsome ranges of buildings, new and neat in comparison with other parts of the city.

On a subsequent day, I made another excursion up the right bank of the Rhone, along the quay St. Clair, and the magnificent terraced road leading to Geneva. Immense sums of money have been here expended, in constructing an embankment fifteen feet in height, and of sufficient strength and solidity to withstand the impetuous current of the river, which at certain seasons descends headlong from the mountainous region above, and threatens to sweep away every thing in its course. It here makes a bold turn, and strikes the shore at nearly right angles. The scenery in this direction is highly picturesque. Houses, hanging gardens, and

terraces, rise stage above stage to the summit of the hills, several hundred feet above the level of the water. One or two lodges and Chinese temples, rearing their fantastic turrets among the trees, crown the heights.

Winding up one of the terraces, and often turning to enjoy the beauty of the prospect below, I climbed to the top of these hills, and thence paid a visit to the Botanic Garden, situated on the declivity, midway between the two rivers, and within a few minutes walk of the centre of the town. The enclosure contains an area of fourteen acres, occupying the site of the monastery of the Desert, on the bill of the Carmelites. Its surface is beautifully broken into gentle undulations, intersected by winding walks, and filled with trees, shrubs, and plants of every variety, among which the evergreen abounds. The entrance is by double spiral terraces, climbing to the brow of the eminence by a moderate acclivity. At the portal stands a bust of the Abbé Rozier, a distinguished naturalist, who was a native of Lyons. Besides the utility of this garden in a scientific point of view, it forms a charming retreat for the inhabitants of a crowded city, to whom it is always open, but guarded by strict regulations.

Public squares or *places* are even more numerous, in proportion to the extent of the city, at Lyons than in Paris. Not less than sixty are scattered over an area, which is scarcely half as large as that of New-York, though the population is about the same. Were it not for these openings, to give circulation to the air, and like windows to furnish light to the confined, obscure blocks of building, the inhabitants could hardly see or breathe. None of the squares except these already mentioned, have much to boast of in point of beauty or ornament. On the *Place des Cordeliers* stands a column surmounted by a colossal figure of Urania, who holds in her right hand an index, to designate the meridian of the city. The column is inscribed with the signs of the zodiac and other astronomical characters.

Fronting the Place Terreaux is the Academy of Fine Arts, which presents a handsome façade. It is a quadrangular edifice, with arcades and galleries extending round an open court in the centre. We paid it a visit on one of the public days, when its halls were filled with visitants of both sexes, who appeared to be principally of the lower classes, and intent on amusement rather than instruction. The walls of

the vestibule are covered with paintings of flowers in the French style. To this succeeds a gallery of pictures, which did not strike us very forcibly, after our recent visit to the Louvre and the Luxembourg. A third hall contains a numerous and valuable collection of antiquities, found in the department of the Rhone. The arcades on the ground floor are filled with Roman sarcophagi, taurobolic altars, milestones, fragments of statues, sepulchral monuments, cinerary urns, and lachrymatories, discovered amidst the ruins of the ancient city. Of these the altars for the sacrifice of bulls are the most peculiar and interesting. On the front is sculptured the head of the victim, entwined with fillets; and on the sides are the sacred implements used by the priest in the expiatory offering.

In customs and manners, amusements and fashions, the Lyonesse bear a strong resemblance to the Parisians. Half of the inhabitants live at the coffee-houses, which are fitted up in the same style, and are governed by presiding females in the same manner as those of the metropolis. There is, however, one point of difference of some importance to the comfort of the visitant. At Paris all the *cafés* where smoking is allowed are marked by the word "*estaminet*;" but at Lyons this distinction does not prevail, with one or two exceptions, and a person is obliged to sip his coffee enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke, as dense as that which, according to Knickerbocker, shrouded the good Dutch settlement at Communipaw. Every one seems to be in the habit of smoking without regard to time or circumstance. You cannot walk five rods in the most fashionable parts of the city, without meeting people with pipes in their mouths. The custom of gambling is equally prevalent at the coffee-houses. It is odd enough to see gentlemen, after taking coffee at 8 o'clock in the morning, sit down to a card-table, instead of hastening to the business of the day.

There are two theatres in town, both of which we attended. The largest is a handsome building, finished in a peculiar style. It has no seats in the pit; and those who choose to go there must stand up during the whole performance—a degree of fatigue which more than balances the pleasure, unless the actors and the play are commonly better than they were on the evening of our attendance. The other theatre is at the *Place des Celestins*, which is very far from being a *celestial place*. It is open every night for the representation

of low comedy and farces. The taste for amusements of this character is so prevalent, as to have driven the company of the Grand Theatre into the same line, although designed for better things. It is an unaccountable moral phenomenon, that during the Revolution, when the city was in constant commotion, and one might suppose a relish for public amusements would cease, amidst scenes of outrage and bloodshed, two other theatres were supported, which died as soon as tranquillity was restored. An unusual taste for pleasures of all kinds prevailed at Paris during the same period.

On Sunday I attended public worship at one of the fifty Roman Catholic churches in the city. The audience was small, and consisted chiefly of women and children. There are no fixed seats in any of the French churches; and a person who wishes to sit must give a sou to an attendant for a chair, stacks of which are kept in the vestibule. After saying mass, a priest clad in his black robes and silk cap ascended the desk, and made an animated popular harangue to his congregation, who did not manifest much solemnity of countenance or feeling. The discourse appeared to be extempore and disconnected, unworthy the country of Fénélon, Saurin, and Massillon.

In returning to the hotel, I witnessed a scene which few travellers have probably ever met at Lyons. The quay of the Rhone was thronged with people of both sexes, assembled to see a collection of boys skate upon the river, the waters of which are seldom frozen. After such a spectacle, there was no longer any ground for astonishment at the fact of Cæsar's crossing the Rhine with his army on the ice—an historical incident which has been often cited to prove that the climate of Europe has undergone a radical change. In France the intensity of cold has been greater the present winter, than has been known within the recollection of the oldest persons living.

Amidst the severity of the frost, our three American companions, some of whom at least had been seasoned by every variety of climate, hot and cold, humid and dry, set out at 7 o'clock in the evening, to ride all night on their way to Italy, over Mount Cenis, with the hope of reaching Venice before the great day of the Carnival. This hardy attempt to cross the Alps, like Hannibal in the depth of winter, in defiance of snow-storms, glaziers, and avalanches, drew forth the pathetic expostulation which Virgil puts into the mouth of his

friend Gallus, addressed to one who was about to encounter the same hardships :

“ Tu procul a patria, nec sit mihi credere tantum !  
 Alpinas, ah dura ! nives et frigora Rhœni  
 Me sine sola vides. Ah ! te ne frigora lædant !  
 Ah ! tibi ne teneras glacies secet aspera plantas !”

To which one of our party added the following very free impromptu translation, by way of a valedictory :

Mad, monstrous purpose ! far from friends and home,  
 O'er Alpine rocks and wintry wastes to roam !  
 But since resolv'd, Heaven send ye fleet traineaux,  
 To skim the glaciers and Mont Cenis' snows :  
 Safe be your passage through the icy realm,  
 No storms impede, no avalanche o'erwhelm !

My friend and myself, less eager to witness the noisy revelries of the Carnival, and less prepared to brave the horrors of an Alpine winter, concluded to descend the vale of the Rhone, and seek a refuge from the frosts in the south of France, seduced perhaps in some measure by the bewitching notes of nightingales, which warble so sweetly the whole year—in the pages of Galignani's guide-book. The residue of our visit at Lyons was rendered pleasant, by an acquaintance incidentally formed at *Table d'Hôte*, (resembling one of our public tables,) with a young Russian Count, to whom the American name was a sufficient recommendation. He remarked that in the United States alone, is liberty enjoyed or properly understood. One of his distant relatives was a volunteer in our revolution. He gave us much precise and valuable information, respecting the present state of Russia, and the characters of the two brothers of Alexander, whom he had often seen. In his opinion, Constantine is a man of much more talent than Nicholas. The former is a bold, brave, and ambitious prince ; a soldier in his manners, and a favourite with the people ; the latter has never manifested much ability, is moderate in his views, and pacific in his temperament. Nicholas is now about thirty, married to a Polish princess, and has two or three children.

One of my last walks in Lyons was to visit the former residence of the celebrated Louise Charly, known under the name of the *Belle Cordiere*, from the profession of her husband. She is represented as another Sappho. Her personal accomplishments, the enchantment of her voice, her poeti-

cal talents, and the fascinations of her taste, drew around her all the literati of the city. The house is yet standing in which she used to hold her evening parties once a week, and charm the social circle, with the flashes of her fancy and the display of her colloquial powers. Such was her fame as to give name to the street in which she lived. Her memoirs, with specimens of her poetry, have recently been published at Lyons.

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## LETTER XLII.

ROUTE TO AVIGNON—VALE OF THE RHONE—VIENNE—ST. VALLIER—TAIN—VALENCE—MONT VENTOUX—ORANGE—AVIGNON—CARNIVAL—TOMB OF LAURA—EXCURSION TO VAUCLUSE.

*February, 1826.*—On the 6th we left Lyons in the Diligence for Avignon; a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. Our departure from the city was across the Rhone, and through the faubourg of Guillotiere, alluded to in a former letter. As the suburbs in this direction had already been seen, a ride of an hour or two by starlight probably did not occasion the loss of many interesting objects. The day dawned, the morning opened, and the sun rose pleasantly upon rural and highly picturesque scenery, composed of woody hills, retired vales, and scattered villages, skirting the banks of the Rhone, eight or ten miles below Lyons. Farther on, the country becomes more rugged, and the soil barren.

The coach reached Vienne at 9 o'clock, where we took breakfast. This town was the capital of the warlike tribe of the Allobrages, so often mentioned in the commentaries of Cæsar. It became an important place, after falling into the hands of the Romans, and it is yet full of antiquities. The remains of one or two old fortresses, upon the brow of a precipitous and craggy hill impending over the city, present a romantic view. Near by are the ruins of an amphitheatre. But the most interesting object at Vienne is the magnificent quay, which stretches along the Rhone, whose sea-green waters here sweep down with a bold and impetuous current.

A rock is shown near the shore, whence it is said Pontius Pilate threw himself and put an end to his existence. He was banished hither by Tiberius Cæsar. Vienne was long the rival of Lyons, the latter being a colony from the former. Vestiges of ancient jealousy still exist between the two places, although they have long ceased to wage a competition in trade, the one containing a population of only 15,000, and the other 150,000.

On leaving the town we passed the cathedral, a venerable gothic pile, with two stately towers rising amidst smaller turrets. Seated upon a plain, between the road and the river, is an ancient and curious monument, supposed by some to be the mausoleum of a distinguished Roman. It is quadrangular at the base, with four open arches. Tradition refers it to the age of Severus, or even as far back as the reign of Augustus.

A lofty range of mountains extends along the right bank of the Rhone, as far as the eye can reach, the summits being snow-clad, and the sides girt with terraces of vineyards, which at a distance have the appearance of natural strata. The left shore of the river is flat, with glimpses of the Alps in the distance, basking like white clouds in the morning sun. Nearly the whole of this region is appropriated to the cultivation of the vine and the mulberry, imparting a uniform aspect to the scenery. The soil is thin, gravelly, and apparently not very fertile, though by industry rendered productive. Almost every post brought us to a region celebrated for some new species of wine. The mulberry tree is planted in orchards, grows to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, with a spreading top, not unlike the butternut of our country. Its leaves, as is well known, form the exclusive food of the silk-worm, one of the staple commodities of the district.

The houses in all this region are uniform in their construction, being built of rude stone and mortar, and the walls covered with a thick coat of stucco. At a distance the white villages show to advantage, but will not bear a close examination. The streets are generally narrow, dirty, and often poverty-stricken, though the people do not appear to be wanting in activity and industry. Fewer beggars were observed on this road, than in any part of France.

The navigation of the Rhone is peculiar, and struck us as a novelty. In descending, the rapidity of the current is sufficient to bear down vessels without oars or sails ; but the

ascent is extremely arduous, and so expensive as almost to annihilate the advantages of a navigable channel. In the course of the day, we saw strings of ten or twelve boats fastened together and drawn along the shore at a snail's pace, by a team of twenty horses. At certain seasons the torrent is so headlong, as to obstruct all navigation in either direction. The margin of the river, for the greater part of the way, is composed of banks of pebbles and barren sand, swept down by the floods.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the town of St. Vallier, situated in the midst of a fertile plain, abounding with fruit trees of various kinds, and producing a large kind of chestnut, called *marrons de Lyons*, famous in Paris, as well as in all the south of France. Persons make a business of roasting this kind of nut, along the side-walks of the metropolis and other towns, selling it while hot as a luxury to the passenger. It is about twice the size of an American chestnut, and not unlike it in taste.

Soon after leaving St. Vallier, we rode for a mile or two along a terrace, impending over the turbulent and azure waters of the Rhone, with high and rugged hills on the left. Several of the eminences are crowned with ruined fortresses, looking down upon the vale, and presenting many picturesque views. At one point a village literally overhangs the wave, which dashes with the grandeur of the ocean on the rocks beneath. This is perhaps the most romantic part of the vale of the Rhone. Just at twilight the coach reached the village of Tain, pleasantly situated on both sides of the river, and connected by a stately bridge. It carries on an extensive trade in Hermitage and Cote Rotie wines, celebrated for their excellence and produced in great quantities in the neighbourhood.

Soon after leaving this place, we crossed the Isere, a large and rapid branch of the Rhone, with which it unites a mile or two below the ferry. Its banks are celebrated in the wars of the Romans, and subsequently of the Goths. A battle was here fought by Camillus, in which something like a hundred thousand were left upon the field. The low and barren shores of the stream are so swept by torrents from the Alps at certain seasons, that no bridge will stand, and the river is crossed in the same way as Schoharie Creek, by cables extended from large timbers on either side. It was so dark that the cordage could not be seen, and the boat appeared to glide



across without oars or sails, while the creaking of the iron rings in the air over our heads was at first mistaken for the shrill cry of a bird of prey, hovering in darkness above the stream.

At 8 o'clock in the evening, we arrived at the large town of Valence, containing a population of fifteen thousand. Here Pope Pius VI. died in 1799, while an exile from the papal throne. His remains were interred in the Cathedral, and honoured with a mausoleum from the chisel of Canova. A trifling circumstance afforded us an opportunity of seeing with what grace a pretty French woman could play the *termagant*. She and her henpecked husband were journeying from Paris to Nismes by the way of Lyons. By mistake he had engaged passages in the wrong coach, in consequence of which she would be kept up another night. On discovering the error, the restraints of a public table and of a large circle of strangers did not prevent the sallies of her anger, and her open reproaches, which he bore with philosophical coolness. The passengers took sides with the combatants, and made it an affair of as much moment, as a national revolution. At every hotel the discussion was revived with the same warmth, till the moment of our separation at Avignon. The versatility of the French language and the rapidity of French enunciation are admirably adapted to the purposes of a *termagant*. Here sound is emphatically an echo to the sense; and Homer's animated picture of the domestic strife between Jupiter and Juno would bear no comparison with the passionate and astounding vehemence of this Gallic *Xantippe*!

Our journey, as it is necessarily the case with travellers in the Diligence, was continued all night. At 4 o'clock in the morning, we reached Montelimart, a large town, the first in France where the protestant religion was preached and established. The glimmering of wasted lamps afforded a glance at its narrow and antique streets. A pause to change horses, and the chilliness of the night, induced us to step into the kitchen of a large old-fashioned hotel, the colossal fire-place of which, ornamented with regular Gothic pillars, was sadly disproportioned to the quantity of fuel. The smell of garlic with which almost every house in France is strongly imbued, caused a precipitate retreat, suffering from cold being more tolerable than a torture of the senses.

A bright sunny morning found us traversing a wide plain enclosed by an amphitheatre of hills, with snow-capt peaks

of the Alps in the distance on the left. At the village of Pierrelatte, a lofty ridge of mountains terminates in bold, rugged cliffs, near the bank of the Rhone. The crags of grey rock overhanging the town are crowned with ruins, and in some places rude habitations seemed to have been scooped out of the perpendicular bluff. From the beautiful plain which the road traverses after leaving this village, there is a fine view of Mont Ventoux, or the Mountain of the Winds, at the distance of several miles to the left. It is the highest hill in all this region, its snowy top being often lost in the clouds, while its base is covered with perennial verdure. Petrarch climbed to its summit in the year 1336. He has given an amusing account of his excursion in a letter to Father Dennis, written in a cottage at the foot of the mountain, on a bright moonlight evening. Seated upon the highest peak, he says his eye insensibly turned towards Italy, his native country, and rested upon the barrier through which the proud enemy of the Romans, (Hannibal) hewed a passage. The Mediterranean was distinctly seen; the Rhone glided beneath him; and the clouds were at his feet. "Never," exclaims he, "was there a more extensive, variegated, and enchanting prospect!" His letter relates an incident which seemed so marvellous, that he thought it necessary to call God and his brother, (the companion of his tour,) to bear witness to its truth. On opening the Confessions of St. Augustine, which had been taken with him to aid his solitary meditations, his eye accidentally fell on the following passage:—"Men go far to observe the summits of mountains, the waters of the sea, the beginnings and the courses of rivers, the immensity of the ocean; *but they neglect themselves!*" Such a lesson, learned amidst the solitudes of Ventoux, made a deep impression upon his heart, and augmented his sense of guilt arising from his unconquerable passion for Laura.

At a milder season, and under more favourable circumstances, we might have been tempted to follow the footsteps of Petrarch to the summit of this mountain. But the *mistral*, a keen, piercing wind from the north-west, yet whistled round its bleak top, and swept the plain, which the fancy of certain tourists has clothed in unfading beauty. "Nothing," says one of our itineraries, "can equal the climate and landscapes of Orange; here the eyes are ravished and the imagination feasted; here we seem to forget the world, and wish

to remain forever!" Not so with us; a large dirty town, bearing the marks of decay, was entered without emotion, and left without regret. In a field near the northern gate is an ancient monument sixty feet in height, with triple arches at the bottom, supposed to have been erected by Marius, whose name it bears, in commemoration of his victories and triumphs. There are some other antiquities in the town, such as the ruins of theatres, aqueducts, and baths, indicating that Orange was a large and important place in the time of the Romans.

A few miles farther on, we crossed the track of Hannibal in his march from Spain into Italy. No traces of his pathway after the passage of the Rhone are to be found, and his route over the Alps is mere matter of conjecture. Instead of impressing the footsteps of his army upon solid masses of rock, by dint of vinegar and fire, his path seems to have led through wastes of snows, which the next sun or the next storm obliterated forever. The investigations of antiquaries and tourists will probably never be able to throw any new light upon a subject, which the Roman historians have left in doubt and uncertainty. Select what point you will, the achievement does not become the less daring and incredible.

From the broad and fertile plain consecrated by the heroic enterprise of the Carthaginian, we caught the first view of Avignon, seated round the rock of Dons, on the left bank of the Rhone, lifting its massive ramparts, its castellated heights, its numerous antique towers and steeples above the surrounding vale, and the river which washes its foundations. The situation of the town is beautiful, and its structures yet exhibit the display of papal magnificence, lavished by the Popes during a residence here of seventy-two years. Our entrance was by a circuitous route, leading half way round the city, immediately under the walls, and along an immense quay, planted with trees, apparently designed rather for a public walk than as the seat of commerce. The bulwarks and gates are in as good repair, and as strongly barricaded, as they probably were in the fourteenth century, though at present there seems to be little danger of capture or pillage.

We arrived at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and obtained excellent accommodations at the Hotel de l'Europe. It happened to be the last day of the Carnival, the great festival of the Catholics. As Avignon was long the residence of the

papal see, and accustomed to all the pomp, and parade of the ecclesiastical court, its inhabitants imbibed a taste for religious ceremonies and spectacles, which continues to this day, and gives to the Carnival as much eclat as in an Italian town. Soon after our arrival, a long procession composed of the military, of persons in masks, and of a multitude of both sexes, accompanied by a full band of music, paraded through the principal streets. To close the splendid and noisy exhibition, a handsome lady and one or two children, arrayed in gorgeous attire and decked with wreaths of flowers, rode through the town in a triumphal car, strewing oranges and other presents to the crowd as they passed. The sashes were raised, and all the beauty and taste of Avignon appeared at the windows. Festivity and mirth, attended as is usual with a degree of licentiousness, reigned through the ancient head-quarters of popery; and enough of the Carnival was seen by us, without being at Rome or Venice.

More interesting occupations engrossed the afternoon. The guide of the hotel, who seemed offended that he should be considered old at the age of three score and ten, conducted us over the town and pointed out the various objects of curiosity it contains. Our survey commenced with an ascent to the Rock of Dons, rising to the height of several hundred feet in the midst of the city, whence was obtained a charming view of the Rhone winding through the vale beneath, together with the distant mountains of Provence and Languedoc. Two stately bridges across the river, one of them of stone and now in ruins; the massive and dilapidated Castle of Villeneuve, on the opposite shore; as also the venerable towers elevating themselves around the spectator, contribute much to the variety and grandeur of the picture.

On the declivity, not far from the summit of the eminence, stands the Palace of the Popes, a colossal edifice, three stories high, presenting a majestic front, but containing little which can interest the traveller. The exterior is in bad taste, and bears the marks of decay. One end of it is occupied as the Cathedral, in front of which stands a lofty crucifix, bearing a bleeding image of the Saviour, attended by four angels. A group of poor women were kneeling upon the steps of the pedestal, muttering their prayers, regardless of the gaiety in which others were indulging.

Opposite the papal Palace in Avignon, stands another large pile of buildings, once used as the mint of the Romish Court. Its front is richly ornamented, and in architectural beauty far surpasses the former residence of the pontiffs. Not far hence, once stood the church of St. Clair, in which Petrarch first saw Laura at her devotions, and became a captive to her charms. The chapel was demolished many years since, and a shop erected on its site, where tape and calicoes are now most unpoetically vended.

Another memorial of the two immortal lovers has been better preserved. In a garden near the church of the Cordeliers is the tomb of Laura, where it is said her ashes really repose. The hallowed ground is marked by five little pyramids of cypress, shading in a most picturesque manner a fragment of a white marble pillar rising beneath their boughs, and resting upon a neat, but unadorned and uninscribed pedestal. Much taste is displayed in the elegant simplicity of the monument. By a singular and unpremeditated coincidence, the waters of Vaucluse, drawn from the Sorgia, and conducted through Avignon for mechanical purposes, murmur by the tomb, as if anxious to lull the sleep of beauty, and pay back the debt of gratitude for their fame. Unsettled as are the claims of Laura, in the first place to any thing beyond a poetical existence; and in the second place, to those qualities which entitle her to remembrance and respect; yet Petrarch has imparted such an interest to the real or fictitious mistress of his affections, that the mind is irresistibly led to pay homage, perhaps to the shadow of a shade.

It was our wish to visit the Museum at Avignon, which is said to contain many local antiquities and curiosities; as also the Hospital and Lunatic Asylum; but in consequence of the great festival, every body was engaged abroad, and the public institutions were all closed. A walk, therefore, across the bridge of the Rhone into Languedoc, a distance of nearly a mile, and an attendance of a few hours at the play-house in the evening, concluded the occupations and amusements of the day. The theatre is new and one of the finest we have seen in France. There was a large, well-dressed, and genteel audience, although there seemed to be nothing very attractive in the talents of the company or the merits of the play. From the numerous circle of ladies, a person might have selected several faces to which the lover of Laura would not perhaps have disdained the tri-

bute of a sonnet. A little circumstance occurred in the course of the evening, illustrative of the politeness of the French. One of us left an umbrella in the box, not thinking of it until the rain without reminded us of the loss. On returning to look for it in the crowd, we found that a French gentleman, notwithstanding the impediment of a lady hanging upon his arm, had been at the trouble of delivering the article for safe keeping to the man at the bar of the coffee-room, who promptly restored it. Much politeness and affability were also manifested towards us by a party of ladies and gentlemen at the public table of the hotel, to whom the American name seemed a recommendation, and who lavished their praises upon the land of Washington and Franklin. La Fayette has riveted the golden chain of friendship, which binds the liberal party in France to the republicans of the United States.

The eighth of February is entered in my calendar as one of the happiest days of my life ; for it was passed in visiting the Vale of Vaucluse, a retreat rendered interesting by whatever is beautiful in nature, elegant in letters, and romantic in love. Petrarch used to say, that he was almost angry to find any thing so enchanting out of Italy ; since it had a tendency to weaken his attachment to his native country. I can so far unite in the sentiment as to say, that could the charms of any foreign scenery shake the constancy of my affection for my native shores, the rocks, solitudes, and waters, the bloom and verdure, the seclusion and rural quiet of this little valley, scarcely surpassed by that which the imagination of Johnson has created in the pages of *Rasselas*, would present the strongest temptations. Here if any where on earth might a restless spirit lay down the burden of its cares and be at peace, finding a retirement so tranquil, that there would be but a slight transition from the repose of a cottage to that of the grave. But the experiment has once been tried with so little success, as to offer few inducements to a repetition ; and my enjoyment of such an elysium will probably be confined to a short and single visit.

Vaucluse is hidden among the hills, fourteen or fifteen miles in a north-eastern direction from Avignon. Having made our arrangements the evening previous, we left in a post-chaise at the dawn of day, while the stars were yet bright in a cloudless and transparent firmament. The gradual advances of morning, from the grey twilight to skies of

the softest and richest hues, were delightful. At length the sun rose in all its splendour, and poured a golden flood of light upon the landscape and the battlements of the ancient city, now seen in the distance and receding from our view. From a green eminence, crowned with orchards of olives, the eye catches a wide and enchanting prospect of the vale of the Rhone on one side, and on the other, of a fertile plain, opening between the hills towards Vaucluse.

Passing the little white village of Moliere, seated upon the brow of a hill of the same name; and those of Torc and Gardam, occupying the bosom of a rich valley beyond, we reached the banks of the Sorgia at L'Ile, a pretty town standing upon both sides of a clear stream, which leads the traveller to anticipate the purity and copiousness of the fountain whence it emanates. Its noisy and limpid waters bathe the very thresholds of some of the villagers, who from their windows may see the trout playing upon the pebbly bottom. On either bank groves of trees have been planted, and avenues for public walks opened, embellished with a degree of taste seldom found united with rustic simplicity.

Beyond L'Ile, the country becomes more solitary. The path winds through unfenced fields, bordering upon the right bank of the Sorgia, which for some miles is lost sight of, till it again suddenly bursts upon the eye of the visitant, in a beautiful cascade at the entrance of the vale of Vaucluse. On one side of the falls, the rocks are high, broken, and precipitous; and on the other, there is but just room enough for a path between the base of a ridge of hills and the margin of the stream. The gorge opens in such a manner, that the valley and the fountain are entirely secluded from the rest of the world, and cannot be discovered, till the traveller finds himself in the bosom of the glen, enclosed on every side by lofty, bald, and craggy mountains.

From the pass to the head of the valley is perhaps a mile and a half. Along both sides of the Sorgia are narrow alluvial belts, clothed in the liveliest green, and bordered by trees, among which was the almond already in full bloom. Its flower is delicious in complexion as well as in fragrance; and was doubly grateful from being found in this sequestered retreat, as also for affording the first indications of the return of spring. Vegetation was here several weeks in advance of the adjacent country, owing to a southern exposure, to constant irrigation, and above all to a security against the icy

winds from the north. On the day of our visit, the air possessed the temperature of May, and the softest gales breathed around us. The same causes must operate the whole year, and it may be doubted whether the frosts of winter are ever severe in this sunny vale, embosomed in the form of a crescent among the hills.

Leaving our carriage at the small inn, which bears the name of "The Two Lauras," and taking the landlord for a guide, we traced up the silver stream of the Sorgia to its fountain. Nothing can be more exquisitely beautiful. The water is clear as crystal, being as perfectly transparent as air itself, and of such depth as to exhibit all the hues of the rocky bed reflected from the surface of the current. We counted several distinct colours, such as green, purple, blue, and white, blending by the most delicate shades, and forming the most splendid piece of liquid mosaic imaginable. This is a striking peculiarity, which distinguishes the Sorgia from all other streams.

From the cascade already mentioned, at the outlet of the valley, to the fountain, the current is the whole way so rapid as frequently to break over the rocks; and in several places are falls of considerable height, the murmurs of which fill the glen and die away in echoes among the hills. The confused and perpetual uproar, sent back upon the ear in hollow reverberations from the cliffs, has an indescribable effect in soothing the mind, and in lulling the feelings into a pleasing melancholy. Sauntering along the green margin of the stream, we often paused to read Petrarch, and to think how often he had watched the descent and listened to the music of the same bright waters! So vivid are the impressions produced by the enchanting scene, that the hills seem scarcely to have forgotten the name of Laura:

*Je redemandaïs Laure à l'écho du vallon,  
Et l'écho n'avait point oublié ce doux nom."*

But I have not yet conducted the reader to the Fountain itself. Let him approach with me, and gaze at the glassy, dark, and fathomless abyss of waters, sleeping at the base of an impending cliff, which rises to the height of about six hundred feet, and strikes the spectator with awe. The semicircular basin, the chord of which is formed by the shelving base of the mountain, is perhaps twenty feet in diameter.



Its bottom has never been reached by the longest lines. Not a wave, nor a ripple, nor a bubble is seen upon the unbroken surface--nothing save the reflected image of the crags overhanging the mirror, and of shrubs of evergreen lodged in the crevices. The outlet of the fountain is double--sometimes subterranean, and sometimes pouring over a bed of rocks at the surface of the ground, covered with long green moss. At the time of our visit, the upper channel was perfectly dry, being several feet above the level of the water. Our guide assured us, that the channel often alternates in the course of a single night. The subterranean current gushes out several rods below the fountain, and all at once forms a river sufficiently large to be navigable with boats. A literary society, manifesting more zeal than taste or judgment, have been at the expense of erecting a shapeless column near the margin of the fountain, to perpetuate the names of Petrarch and Laura; as if the fame of the poet needed such a monument!

Crossing the stream at its source, curiosity prompted us to climb the mountains which overhang the fountain and vale. But the effort cost us dear. We were obliged to creep the greater part of the way upon our hands and knees; and so great was the fatigue, that one of the party fainted on reaching the top of the hill, compelling the guide to go in pursuit of water. The prospect was worth much, but would hardly repay an adventure of this description. On the summit of the rock impending over the Sorgia, are the ruins of a castle or chateau, said by some to have been the house of Laura, and by others, a palace built by the Bishop of Cavaillon. The latter opinion seems to have the fairest claim to authenticity. Nothing now remains but the shattered walls, perched upon the precipice, and forming a picturesque object when seen from below.

Descending from the mountain by a route less arduous than the one pursued in reaching the top, we visited the site of Petrarch's cottage, at the base of a stupendous cliff, within a few paces of the river, and directly under the mountain on the brow of which the prouder mansion of Laura is said to have stood. A humble habitation covers the ruins of the poet's residence. An old lady conducted us to a crystal spring, gushing from beneath the rocks, and touching with a wand the moss growing upon the side, several beautiful trout shot from the covert, and seemed to play in the fountain at

the command of their mistress for our amusement. These waters are said to have been hallowed by the visitations of the muses, and the cool grotto to have been a favourite haunt of their solitary and impassioned votary. The spring is shaded by shrubs of laurel, branches of which the old lady permitted us to pluck, as memorials of the consecrated retreat.

Opposite the bold and craggy projection of rocks, under which the cottage of Petrarch was sheltered, is a little green island in the Sorgia, once cultivated as his garden. It contains but a few rods of alluvial ground, lying nearly on a level with the surface of the water, and kept always verdant by irrigation. In one of his letters descriptive of Vaucluse, Petrarch remarks—"I have made myself two gardens, which please me marvellously; I do not think they are to be equalled in all the world: they are my transalpine Parnassus. One of these gardens is shady, formed for contemplation, and sacred to Apollo. It hangs over the source of the river, and is terminated by rocks, or places accessible only to birds. The other is nearer my cottage, of an aspect less severe, and devoted to Bacchus: and what is extremely singular, it is in the middle of a rapid river. The approach to it is over a ridge of rocks, which communicates with the garden; and there is a natural grotto under the rock, which gives it the appearance of a rustic bridge. Into this grotto the rays of the sun never penetrate. I am confident it resembles the place where Cicero sometimes went to declaim. It invites to study. Thither I retreat during the noon-tide hours. My mornings are engaged upon the hills, and my evenings either in the meadows, or in the garden sacred to Apollo."

Leaving a spot hallowed by so many interesting associations, and passing under a long arch hewn out of the rock, we sauntered along the left bank of the Sorgia to the rustic bridge thrown across the stream, in the midst of the little village which rises in a picturesque manner upon its shores. The houses are small, and in some cases scarcely distinguishable from the cliffs and crags with which they are incorporated. There are but few inhabitants, who derive their support from the agricultural produce of the valley, and from the stock of fish with which the river is abundantly supplied. They are as simple, mild, and inoffensive in their manners,

as they were in the age of Petrarch, holding little intercourse with the rest of the world, and blest with a happy rusticity.

Having spent the greater part of the day in rambling over this enchanting and peaceful vale, we left it with regret late in the afternoon, and returned to L'Ile, where an excellent dinner of various kinds of fish from the Sorgia was prepared for us, at the Hotel of Petrarch and Laura. The apartment in which the repast was served up contained no less than six portraits of the two lovers, suspended from the walls, and tastefully ornamented with festoons of evergreen. Neatness and comfort are happily blended in this small inn, and its classical dinners contribute much to the pleasure of those who visit Vacluse. To add to the romantic adventures of the day, the coachman proved to be a legitimate descendant of the Troubadours of Provence, and amused us all the way home by chanting the sweet and plaintive ballads of his ancestors. There is a striking resemblance between the simple music of this district and that of the Highlands of Scotland.

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## LETTER XLIII.

### RIDE TO MARSEILLES—SKETCH OF THE CITY.

*February, 1826.*—Immediately after our return to Avignon, on the evening of the 8th, we took seats in the Diligence for Marseilles, prepared as usual to travel all night, and dream of the charms of Vacluse. Little was seen or heard, save the glimpses of a few unimportant villages along the road, and the murmurs of the Durance, till the coach reached Aix at break of day on the following morning. The entrance into this large and ancient town from the north is beautiful, and calculated to convey a favourable impression of its importance. A massive and handsome iron gate forms the barrier. On the right is a crucifix 20 feet in height, similar to the one at Avignon. The frequent exposure of the image of the Saviour, wearing the crown of thorns, and the blood streaming down his naked body, however it may serve to remind a portion of the multitude of the author of their religion, cannot but be regarded as a barbarous custom.

From the portals of Aix, a broad, straight, and mag-

nificent avenue, resembling the Boulevards of Paris, bordered with double rows of venerable elms, and lined with long ranges of stately buildings, opens into the centre of the town. Along the sides of the walk, seats are erected for repose, and several copious fountains, pour forth streams of pure water. That which terminates the vista is ornamented with a colossal statue of René, king of Provence, and a patron of the Troubadours, renowned for his skill in the fine arts, and beloved for his chivalrous virtues. He and his queen descended to the simplicity of a pastoral life, merely for the sake of rendering their subjects more happy. The monument, bearing two medallions on the sides with a classical inscription in Latin, does credit to the taste of the inhabitants.

An hour was employed in walking over the town, the streets of which are generally wide, and the houses well built. Some of the public edifices. Such as the Hotel de Ville and the new county prison, have an air of magnificence. The cathedral is a stately Gothic structure, and one of the steeples rises to the height of 200 feet. This place stands in the midst of an olive country, and its oils, manufactured in great quantities, are celebrated for their purity and excellence. It carries on an active trade with Marseilles.

On leaving Aix we plunged into an ocean of fog, so dense that objects could not be discerned at the distance of ten rods from the coach. A bright sun at length broke through and dissipated the mist, disclosing a country richly clothed in olives and almonds, the latter of which were now in bloom. The formation of the country is limestone, with strata dipping towards the west. Along the road are numerous manufactories of vitriol, which is one of the staple commodities of the district.

From the last post, the road descends by a rapid declivity the whole way to Marseilles. An eminence within three miles of the town afforded us a first and noble prospect of the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, slumbering beneath bright skies and a vernal sun, at the bases of bold, calcareous mountains, which push their white promontories far into the wave, and form a deeply indented coast. The view came suddenly upon us, and was therefore welcomed with the livelier transports. Numerous white sails were descried at a distance, upon the azure waste of waters. Seldom have I witnessed a scene, which united more of grandeur and beauty. Something must be allowed for the influence of as-

sociation. The eye now rested for the first time upon a sea, the shores and waves of which have from the earliest ages been the theatre of great events.

We soon found ourselves in the suburbs of Marseilles, looking down upon the city itself, stretching in magnificence beneath us. The approach is splendid. An amphitheatre of lofty, broken, and chalky hills rises on all sides, save that which is washed by the sea, enclosing a basin of perhaps twenty miles in circuit. On the chord of the semicircle, formed by the waters of the bay, stands the city, between which and the foot of the mountains stretch the environs, composed of green acclivities studded with white villas, chateaux, and gardens. The houses are uniformly handsome, shaded with a profusion of evergreens, and encircled with grounds in a high state of cultivation.

Passing through a long faubourg, we at length reached the Cours St. Louis, a broad avenue which, in connexion with the Roman Road, opens in a direct line through the whole extent of the town, a distance of a mile or more, and is terminated at the farther extremity by a handsome obelisk. In the widest part, this beautiful avenue is bordered by trees and enclosed by barriers, to prevent the entrance of horses and carriages, it being designed for a public walk. A street runs on either side of it. Several copious fountains are among its ornaments. At the hour of our arrival, the whole vista from end to end was thronged with a busy, bustling, and fashionable crowd, moving in every direction, and giving us a very strong indication of the populousness and activity of Marseilles. The street leading from the Cours St. Louis to the Port, forming the thoroughfare between the seat of business and of pleasure, was if possible still more crowded. Both the number and dresses of the people almost led us to fancy ourselves again in the metropolis.

Excellent accommodations were obtained at the Hotel Beauveau, which is in all respects one of the best public houses we have found upon the continent. It is situated on a street of the same name, which in point of magnificence and beauty will sustain a comparison with the finest parts of Paris. The blocks of houses are four stories high, ranged in an exact line, and finished in a style of great architectural neatness. At the upper end of the street, terminating the view, stands the Theatre, raised on an elevated basement, ascended by a lofty flight of steps, and supported by a majestic colonnade in

front. Almost the first objects which struck us, while peeping from the windows of our chambers, were the *American Coffee-House*, and the *United States Coffee-House*, on the opposite side of the way. The latter is a new establishment, and the most splendid that has met our observation in France, not excepting the Mille Colonne of the Palais Royal, which it resembles, but surpasses in the brilliancy of its mirrors and other decorations. These name-sakes and neighbours made us feel quite at home, even before associations of a more elevated and interesting kind had been formed at Marseilles, to remind us of our country.

Being settled to our minds and favoured by a delightful day, we took a long stroll through the southern section of the town, to the hill denominated *Notre Dame de la Garde*, traversing on our way Paradise street and the Cours Bourbon, among the first in the city, and corresponding in magnificence with those already mentioned. The latter is upwards of 100 feet in breadth, and terminates at the base of the eminence in a splendid semi-circular terrace, with a gate-way and a beautiful spiral walk bordered with evergreens, leading up the steep acclivity. On the brow of the height, and ranging exactly with the Cours, stands a stately monument erected in honour of Louis XVIII. in whose reign these avenues and public walks were completed.

Pursuing the winding pathway by a constant ascent of something like half a mile, resting frequently upon the seats erected for the repose of visitants, and sometimes pausing to examine the little shrines dedicated to the Virgin along the walk, we at length reached the summit of *Notre Dame de la Garde*, elevated several hundred feet above the town, and crowned with a small chapel together with an old fortress. The battlements of the latter command an extensive view of the whole region, both of land and sea, in the vicinity of Marseilles. We here found ourselves in the centre of the amphitheatre of calcareous hills mentioned above, making a bold sweep around the city, and bathed on either hand by the bright waters of the bay. Below lies the harbour filled with shipping; and in the offing, some six or eight small islands lift their white and barren crags above the waves. On one of them stands a prison, which was a place of exile during the Revolution: the others are perfectly desolate. From this eminence, the eye is able to survey at a glance the splendid panorama, which occupies the valley. The buildings are

uniformly white, and the intervening patches of verdure of a deep green, forming a beautiful picture, which at the hour of our ascent to Notre Dame was brightened by pure skies, and glittering in the beams of a meridian sun. Arduous as was the walk to the top of this hill, which for a considerable part of the way is up a flight of steps hewn out of the rocks, the visit was several times repeated, to see the sun set, twilight fade, and the stars rise upon so fair a scene. Our observations had already satisfied us, that in point of situation and external beauty, Marseilles is much the finest town we had seen in France.

On the day after our arrival, we visited and examined the harbour of Marseilles, which is one of the finest I have ever seen. It is embosomed in the heart of the city, sufficiently capacious to contain 1200 sail, and deep enough for merchant ships of any burthen to come up to the very doors of the warehouses. The entrance is by a narrow but safe channel between two natural promontories, defended by the strong fortress of St. John on one side, and St. Nicholas on the other. Thus surrounded, it enjoys a perfect security from the winds and waves in the roughest weather; and as there are no variations of the tide, vessels may enter and depart at any season, or any hour of the day.

The port lies in the form of a parallelogram, about which extends for nearly the whole distance a magnificent quay of peculiar construction, faced next the water with hewn stone, and paved at top with tiles standing vertically. Vessels can come alongside and discharge or take in their cargoes. This quay is in some places forty or fifty feet in width, lined with handsome ranges of warehouses, shops, and other buildings. It is kept perfectly clean, and what is very singular, in winter it forms the fashionable promenade of the city. Here may be seen ladies and gentlemen of the first rank and respectability, taking their morning walks amidst sailors and fishwomen.

Facing the widest part of the quay, stands the Hotel de Ville, serving the double purpose of a town-house and an exchange. The front is stately and profusely ornamented with bas-relief of white marble. It was constructed by the celebrated Puget, and is much admired for its richness of design, though loaded with too many decorations to please the eye. The exchange is on the ground floor. I attended several meetings, (which take place between 5 and 6 o'clock

in the evening,) for the sake of observing the motley group of faces, complexions, and dresses assembled on this commercial arena. Here may be seen merchants not only from the several countries of Europe and America, but Jews, Moors, Greeks, and Turks, all clad in their national costumes. Some of the most wealthy and respectable citizens are of the scattered tribe of Israel. Perhaps there is not so mixed a population in the world, as Marseilles possesses. Its hundred thousand inhabitants, though a majority of them may be natives, are made up of emigrants from every quarter of the globe, collected for the purposes of trade. Even among the ladies, many distinct races may be traced, from the blue-eyed German to the black-haired brunette of Spain.

Much as the commerce of Marseilles has declined since that prosperous and proud period, when it monopolized the trade of the Levant, and indeed of nearly the whole of the Mediterranean, it is even now considerable. Its haven is full of ships, and its streets resound with the hum of business. Our own country appears to enjoy a liberal share of its foreign traffic. Not less than eight or ten vessels from various parts of the United States were in port at the time of our visit. The exports consist of red wines, oil, olives, soap, vitriol, drugs, coral, silks, and a great variety of small wares.

The amount of shipping owned at Marseilles is not great. Some half a dozen new vessels were observed in progress upon the stocks. Most of the navigation is carried on in foreign bottoms, and a large proportion of the business is done on commission. The merchants of France seldom embark in any of those adventurous speculations and risks, so common in Great-Britain and the United States. Their profits are small but certain. The consequence is, that the failure of a mercantile house is of very rare occurrence. Amidst the tremendous crash, which within the last six months has shaken the credit of England to its centre and threatened universal bankruptcy, the merchants and moneyed institutions of France have remained unmoved. Financial and mercantile operations enjoy a stability and regularity, not to be met with in any other country.

The public buildings of Marseilles are numerous. Two or three days were occupied in going the rounds of the churches and hospitals which present no peculiarities in architecture, ornament, or police, sufficiently striking to jus-



tify me in entering into detail. The most interesting of the churches is the Cathedral, which stands near the *Place Major*, an elevated terrace by the sea shore in the oldest part of the city, where once rose a temple to Diana, who was the tutelary goddess of the place, till the advent of Christianity. Some vestige of her worship may still be traced in one of the public festivals, in which the sacred bull is led in triumph, having his head adorned with fillets, and being accompanied by a child, who holds a mystic roll in one hand, and with the other points to the skies. But the Cathedral has a still stronger claim to the notice of the traveller, from its being associated with the memory of the celebrated Belzunce, whose intrepid piety and philanthropy amidst the horrors of the plague, in the year 1720, justly entitle him to the respect and veneration of posterity :

“Why drew Marseilles’ good bishop purer breath,  
When nature sicken’d and each gale was death.”

One of the most stately edifices is the Observatory, three stories high, occupying a prominent position, and appearing to great advantage from the hill of Notre Dame de la Garde. It was founded during the reign of Louis XIV. whose princely munificence is discernible in many of the embellishments of the town. The almost perpetual serenity of the climate and the transparency of the atmosphere in the south of France, render it peculiarly favourable to astronomical observations ; and hence the science of the stars has been a favourite pursuit with the Marsillians, from the age of Pythias, who was a native of this town, to the present day. To a taste for astronomy and the discoveries to which it has led, may in part be ascribed improvements in navigation and commerce. Pythias and Enthymenes pushed their geographical adventures in the tropical and polar seas, whither their less scientific successors have followed them on voyages of traffic and gain.

Marseilles possesses a full share of those public institutions, which meliorate, instruct, and embellish society. Its charities are numerous, and reflect credit upon the humanity of its inhabitants. Among these is the Rumford Society, whose object is to dispense food to the poor upon the most economical plan. The town can boast of many scientific and literary associations, that have been the nurseries of genius and talent. An extensive museum is the depository

of works of art, as well as of the few remaining antiquities of the district; and the cultivation of natural science has been encouraged by the establishment of a Botanic Garden. The former of these institutions is situated in a quarter of the city, which is designated by the name of the *Alées*, consisting of wide avenues occupying the site of the old walls, beautifully shaded with elms and adorned with copious fountains. One of these streets, forming a favourite promenade, opens through a long vista of trees and buildings upon the harbour, in one direction, and upon the distant hills, in the other.

The Garden of Plants is still more rural and pleasant in its location, occupying the bank of a small stream in the suburbs, a mile and a half from the port. It possesses all the usual appendages of such an institution—hot-houses, lecture-rooms, and pools for the culture of aquatic plants. The grounds are sufficiently spacious, laid out with taste, and filled with the products of every clime; but the eye of the visitant is much displeased with a high blind wall, enclosing the garden and entirely intercepting it from the public view. However necessary such defences may be in other countries, they are always superfluous in France, where even the lowest and most heedless classes of the community manifest no propensity to mutilate works of taste.

In the vicinity of the Botanic Garden are extensive pleasure grounds, filled with arbours, refectories, and all the allurements which a gay and luxurious people can require. But the most attractive appendage to this fashionable retreat is a *Russian Mountain*, which is a break-neck species of amusement, with just enough of danger in it to tempt belles and beaux of spirit. We walked up the artificial hill, and then—walked down again; for the path-way was undergoing repairs, and not in a proper condition for a descent in carriages. The mountain consists of a square wooden frame, sixty or eighty feet in height, with an inclined plane extending thence into a remote part of the garden. At the outset the angle of the declivity is about 45 degrees, and as the surface is perfectly smooth, the little cars go like a shot, following each other in rapid succession. They are drawn back to the goal by a wheel turned by a horse, while the fashionables toil up the side-walk on foot. A carriage will hold two or three persons, and the fare is about ten sous a trip. This amusement is mentioned merely as an object of

curiosity, and not with any wish that it should be introduced into the United States; for it is inferior in variety and incident to the sport of sliding down hill upon the snows of our own country, to which "children of a larger growth" can resort, free of expense, when they need any such recreation.

The history of Marseilles is full of interest. Its origin borders on romance. Six hundred years before the christian era, a band of piratical adventurers from Iona, in Asia Minor, by dint of superior skill in navigation, pushed their discoveries to the mouth of the Rhone. Charmed with the white cliffs, green vales, blue waters, and bright skies which they here found, they returned to their native country and persuaded a colony to follow them to the barbarous shores of Gaul, bearing with them their religion, language, manners, and customs. On the very day of their arrival, (so says tradition,) the daughter of the native chief was to choose a husband, and her affections were placed upon one of the leaders of the polished emigrants. The friendship of the aborigines was conciliated by marriage, and their rude manners were softened by the refinement of their new allies in war, their new associates in peace. In arts and arms the emigrants soon acquired the ascendancy, and the most musical of all the Greek dialects, (how unlike the barbarous *Patois* of the present day!) became the prevailing language of the colony.

From this little band of adventurers, in the wilds of a remote and uncivilized country, sprang a powerful nation which rivalled Athens itself in the wisdom of its laws, the prudence of its councils, and the elegance of its letters. So celebrated were its schools of learning and philosophy, accompanied by sober habits and pure morals, that Rome herself in the age of Cicero did not disdain to call Massilia a sister city, and to send her Patrician youth to be educated in one of her provinces. But as in all other cases, wealth led to luxury, and luxury to a corruption of manners. So rapid was the decline of this proud city, that in the age of the Cæsars, "*Naviges Massilianæ*"—embark for Massilia—had become a proverb to express the extreme of debauchery and licentiousness.

The modern history of Marseilles also abounds in incident. A people naturally of a warm temperament, subject to sallies of passion, and fond of freedom, have frequently manifested a restless spirit and spurned the yoke of their oppressors. It

is well known, that for a considerable time a kind of confederated republic was established in Provence, when Marseilles was foremost of the league. In the latter part of the 16th century, a popular leader named Bayou, a native of Corsica like his still more celebrated successor, relieved the city from the odious duumvirate of Casaulx and Louis of Aix, by an act of gallantry and patriotism which acquired for him the title of "Liberator" of his country. The gratitude of his fellow-citizens directed his bust to be placed in the great hall of the town-house, and the king contended with the people in loading his name with honours. His fame is still cherished and his memory revered by his enthusiastic countrymen.

The part which Marseilles took in the French Revolution is too well known to my readers to require a recapitulation. Unfortunate in some respects as was the issue of that great contest for liberty, an intelligent citizen of this town informed me, that the value of property has increased fifty per cent. since the beginning of the present century; that the prostration of overgrown landed estates produced an entirely new era in agriculture; that manufactures and the useful arts have advanced with unexampled rapidity within the last twenty-five years; and that the Revolution, with all its bloodshed and all its licentiousness, gave an activity, an impulse to national industry, which the calm of despotism could never have awakened. I feel the more satisfaction in recording this opinion, because it favours the great principles of liberty, and because I have been inclined to the belief, that considering the excesses and the ineffectual struggles of the French Revolution, it ought to be viewed rather as a misfortune than a blessing to Europe, since the result might discourage any future efforts to be free. What prosperity, greatness, and glory would have awaited France, had Napoleon, instead of aspiring to the imperial purple, and thereby reducing his character to the level of other despots, imitated the example of Washington and La Fayette, by directing his ambition to the establishment of the liberties of his country.

In the history of Marseilles, the frequent visitations of the plague form an interesting item. It has been scourged not less than twenty times by this awful calamity, sometimes losing half of its population. From July 1720 to May 1721, about forty thousand persons died of this disease at Marseilles, and as many more in the neighbouring villages—

producing a degree of depopulation, from which the district had scarcely recovered at the commencement of the French Revolution. The sufferings and horrors with which the town was afflicted during the prevalence of the pestilence, find no parallel in the epidemics of our country, not even in the ravages of the yellow-fever at the close of the last century. A thousand persons sometimes died in a day. The living were not sufficient to bury the dead, and the streets were strewn with corpses mangled by dogs. Physicians were wholly ignorant of the proper mode of treatment, and themselves fell victims to the disease. In a word, the vivid picture which Thucydides has drawn of the same scourge at Athens, was here realized.

The visitation and mortality of the Plague cannot fairly be ascribed to the climate of Marseilles. In every instance, its origin was clearly traced to vessels, which brought it from the east. The alarming calamity of 1720 led to the establishment of lazarettos and quarantine regulations, by which a repetition of the evil has since been averted, although infected ships have been allowed to enter the bay. In general, the climate of this city may be considered healthy, though in my opinion, very unfavourable to persons afflicted with pulmonary affections. The air is extremely dry, and during the prevalence of the *mistral*, harsh, chilly, and piercing. Even the natives are subject to pectoral complaints, inflammatory rheumatism, pleurisy, and spitting of blood. Add to the unfavourableness of the climate, the difficulty of reaching it by water without a long quarantine, or by land, without a fatiguing journey; as also the want of comfort in the domestic arrangement of houses, fire-places, and carpets—and I believe a physician in our country cannot commit a greater error, than by recommending to his patient a trip to "the South of France." The sick man, on his arrival, finds the tract of country designated by the foregoing phrase a kind of "*terra incognita*," lying somewhere between the Pyrenees and the Maritime Alps.

If in this state of distraction and embarrassment, the unhappy invalid shall take up a guide-book, or set about making oral inquiries, he will perceive that no two authorities agree—that one complains of the scorching dryness of the *mistral* at Marseilles, and another of the dampness of the *marin*, or sea-wind at Montpellier. But what is still worse, the patient after an actual trial of all the climates of the South of France,

if indeed he live to go the rounds and make the experiment, will learn that none of them are free from obvious objections, and that it requires the strength of a man in full health, to endure the fatigues of a ride from place to place, to resist the changes of weather, and to sleep in chambers with plastered walls, naked brick or stone floors, and an apology for a fire. The truth is, that the climate of the South of France is only relatively good—good in comparison with the winter fogs of England; and hence the error. Our physicians have in too many cases adopted the advice of those of Great-Britain, without taking the foregoing circumstances into view.

I have almost become so far a sceptic and a fatalist, as to believe it impossible to escape death by flight to a foreign shore. If an invalid can find no remedy for his maladies amidst the comforts and consolations of home, in the air he has been accustomed to breathe from childhood; in the elements with which his system is familiarized, in the prescriptions of physicians who are acquainted with his constitution and temperament, in the pleasures of society, and the cheerful faces of his friends, what is he to expect from the innovations of new climates, new modes of living, new physicians, and the eternal solitude of strange faces? Every medical man well knows how indispensable quietude of mind is to the convalescence of the body; and it needs scarcely be added, that nerves enfeebled and rendered more sensitive by disease, are ill at ease in a strange land, where a hundred little circumstances will daily occur to discompose and irritate the feelings. This, however, is mere matter of speculation; and it is far from my intention to contend, that in certain cases a change of climate may not be highly conducive to health.

But to turn from such topics to those of a more agreeable nature: the hospitality, kindness and attention of several of our countrymen resident at Marseilles, contributed very largely both to the instruction and pleasure of our visit. On the 22d of February, the birth-day of Washington, we dined with the American Consul, to whom his partner in New-York had politely given us a letter of introduction. His residence is in a conspicuous situation on the Cours Bourbon, where the republican eagle proudly spreads his pinions amidst the lilies of France. On that day too the stripes and stars waved at the mast-head of every American vessel in port, as also, I believe, in front of the Franklin Hotel, the head-quarters of most of our countrymen. Such a spectacle,

on a foreign shore, was doubly gratifying, and a display of the untarnished flag of the Republic could not fail to awaken a conscious pride and quicken the pulsations of the heart.

The entertainment given by the Consul appeared to be rather official than national in its character; for with the exception of ourselves there was not a citizen of the United States present. A French dinner, consisting of at least thirty different dishes, was served up in handsome style, at 7 o'clock, which is the usual hour for dining at Marseilles. There were ten or twelve guests at table, among whom were the Portuguese Consul, who was an officer in the army of Napoleon, and signalized himself during the burning of the Kremlin at Moscow; and the American Consul at Stockholm, in Sweden, who is a native of Fifeshire, Scotland. He has held the office twenty years, and married an agreeable Swedish lady, who is passing the winter with him at Marseilles for the benefit of her health. Dr. Couvier was also of the party—a gentleman of extraordinary talents, and the most eminent physician in the south of France. He is a disciple of the celebrated Laennec of Paris, author of the auscultation system, mentioned in one of my former sketches.

From another of our countrymen we received numerous civilities and favours, which were the more welcome for having been unsolicited. He is a Bostonian by birth and education. An enterprising and adventurous spirit led him some twenty-five years ago to the shores of the Mediterranean, where he has ever since been engaged in commerce, having successively resided in Spain, Malta, Sicily, and the South of France. During his residence at Alicant, he married a highly accomplished lady, and his house is now in the very vortex of fashionable life at Marseilles. A generous hospitality crowds his table with guests, and his *soirées*, stately held once a week, bring together a polished circle of citizens and strangers.

As an attendance at one of these evening parties afforded us a specimen of the manners and customs of the fashionable classes of society at Marseilles, a few remarks may not be unacceptable to my readers. The hour for going to the *soirée* is 10 o'clock. On entering a large and handsome suite of apartments, we found them already thronged with ladies and gentlemen in full dresses, making a little Babel by the animation and confused hum of conversation. Al-

though it was said not to be one of the most brilliant of these social nights, a liberal share of beauty and taste gave splendour to the circle. To throw the responsibility of a delicate subject upon the shoulders of a native topographer, and to veil its glow in the shade of another language—"Les dames sont en general belles, bien faites, agreables, et leurs grands yeux noirs, en exprimant beaucoup de choses, seniblent en promettre davantage encore. Elles ont de l'espirit, de la grace, et sont tres-aimables par la douceur et les charmes de leur conversation." Two of the handsomest and most accomplished of the circle were Spanish ladies, the first of that nation I had ever met. One of them was peculiarly beautiful, her dark and languishing features being finely shaded with a profusion of glossy tresses, which descended and played in ringlets upon her bosom.

The visitants are left to amuse themselves according to their inclinations—some with conversation, some at the piano, some with dancing, and others at the card-table. With all classes of society at Marseilles, the last mentioned amusement has the ascendancy. Both sexes are fond of gambling. The fashionable game is *carté*, which has the merit of sociability in its favour, as the whole party may participate. Two champions enter the lists, and the one who is beaten finds a substitute. Bets to any amount, from a franc to a Napoleon, are made upon the respective sides. It is curious to see with what spirit and enthusiasm the French ladies enter into these contests, probably more from an innate love of superiority, than from the sordid motives of increasing their pin-money. But however elevated may be the character of the passion, the dexterity with which they manage the cards, and the gamester-like manner in which they plank and pocket their cash, detract somewhat from the softer and more amiable accomplishments of the sex.

Several specimens of vocal and instrumental music contributed to the social enjoyments of the evening. The ladies play and sing with unusual skill. A taste for music seems to be universal with the Marseillaise. Once a week, an association of amateurs give a concert to the upper circles, to which our friends had the kindness to introduce us. The company have a spacious private theatre, handsomely adorned with Ionic pillars and other architectural embellishments. It is generally thronged with ladies and gentlemen in full dresses, among whom as much etiquette is observed, as in a



drawing-room. The lower classes too, have their musical entertainments. In walking the streets in the evening, I have seen nine bits of candles stuck upon the pavement, to represent the circle of the Muses, while in the centre stood a Troubadour and his female companion, chanting a duet and charming the listening crowd. At the close of the humble concert, a hat is passed round to receive the contribution of sous.

To the middling classes of society two theatres are constantly open; but are neither fully nor fashionably attended. Even the fame of Madame George, who was making a dramatic tour through the South of France and played one night during our visit, could not draw a good house. She is a coarse, masculine, ugly woman, exhibiting no attractions either in person or voice, and courting applause rather by the vehemence of her declamation and gestures, than by any pathetic appeals to the heart. The dramatic entertainments at Marseilles are generally of a broad, noisy, popular cast. "Robin Du Bois" was a hundred times repeated, and half of the audience joined chorus in some of its spirited music. A striking peculiarity was observed in the police of this theatre. Between the acts, the whole house if they chose were at liberty to go behind the scenes, and chat with the dramatic corps.

But I have taken "French leave" of the *Soirée* and it would now be too late to return and make my congé, if modern etiquette tolerated that old fashioned custom. It was my intention, however, to add a few particulars, which appeared to be worthy of remark and of imitation by others. Social pleasures in France possess the peculiar merit of costing little or nothing, save time. Ladies and gentlemen can never visit for the sake of the luxuries of the side-board and table. Their enjoyments must be purely mental; for in the course of the longest evening, no kinds of refreshments are introduced, not even to a dish of coffee or a glass of wine. This custom is not less conducive to temperate habits, than to a diminution of the expenses, and of course to an extension of the sphere of fashionable life.

The same gentleman, to whom we were indebted for the social pleasures of this evening and for other acts of hospitality, was so obliging as to procure for us a ticket of free admission, for the term of three months, to an association of citizens, denominated the "*Cercle des Phocéens*," from the

first settlers of Marseilles. An extensive establishment, consisting of reading-rooms, a coffee-room, and apartments for card parties, has been fitted up in a central part of the town, where a portion of the members meet every evening to peruse the public journals, indulge in literary conversation, or amuse themselves at cards, as inclination may prompt.

In a day or two after our arrival, a mutual friend introduced us to another of our countrymen, a native of Connecticut, who emigrated some twenty years since, and is now the senior partner in one of the first mercantile houses at Marseilles. I might as well perhaps at once call this gentleman by name; for his house, his fireside, his table are known as a kind of home to every American who has been in the south of France. Enterprise, industry, and success in business, have given him wealth, to which he seems to attach no other importance, than as a means of making himself and his friends happy. No inconsiderable portion of it is lavished in contributing to the convivial and social enjoyments of his countrymen, to whom a liberal hand and a warm heart are always open.

At our first interview, with a frankness, simplicity, and cordiality of manners which set aside all etiquette, he invited us to take dinner with him on the following evening. The invitation was accompanied with so little formality, that even the hour was not named. In such a dilemma, availing myself of the yankee privilege of *guessing*, and thinking it always better to be too early than too late at dinner, I blundered into the drawing-room half an hour before the time, and while the family were probably yet busy at the toilet. A solitary and awkward interval was occupied in admiring with what elegance and taste it is possible for a confirmed bachelor to fit up his residence, aided by no other than occasional consultation and advice with the circle of his female friends; and with how many domestic comforts opulence may surround itself, independent of that greatest of human blessings—a good wife. The floors were spread with Turkish carpets; damask sofas and elbow chairs encircled the cheerful hearth; tables of Italian marble at one time reflected the polish of a mirror, and at another, the varied beauties of the landscape. The windows were hung with crimson and emerald, and the walls adorned with the choicest specimens of the arts.

What a little paradise had here been created without its Eve! though at present it was cheered by a visitation from one of the fairest of her descendants. My meditations on the comforts of "single blessedness" were soon interrupted by the entrance of the proprietor of the mansion, with an accomplished neice of eighteen hanging upon his arm. In this instance, an introduction was an acquaintance at once. We were natives of the same hills, residents of the same city, had traversed the same ocean, and visited the same scenes abroad. Many of our associations and friendships were also mutual. The junior partner in the firm, a brother to the elder, soon joined the little circle of inmates; and one American guest after another dropped in, till the hearth was surrounded by a congress of a dozen or fifteen of our countrymen representing perhaps as many different states. A sumptuous dinner was served up, rather in the American than in the French style. The table exhibited the same taste as was visible in the decorations of the drawing room; and a spirit of genuine hospitality presided, which would have rendered a less elegant and a less luxurious repast acceptable.

Such was the commencement of an acquaintance with this estimable and agreeable family, whose attentions and kindnesses knew no limits. A dinner party led to an invitation to tea on the following evening; and the tea-party was made an occasion for another invitation. Delicacy at first induced us to decline a portion of these civilities, till our friend assured us, that one of his greatest pleasures, after the business of the day, consisted in dining with a circle of his countrymen. His unbounded hospitality was afterwards accepted with as much cheerfulness as it was offered; and most of our evenings during our visit to Marseilles passed delightfully at his fireside. Every successive party drew some new guest to his table, and the society was so exclusive, as to present a vivid picture of home. A constant round of social enjoyments continued to the very eve of our departure from town, when at a farewell dinner we had the pleasure to meet twenty of our countrymen, and to pledge them in a parting glass. The separation from such a family was as painful, as an intimacy with it had been delightful; and it would grieve me to think, that the friendships contracted with the members of the little circle are destined to be brief as the happy hours which gave them birth. We

parted not without a hope of meeting again upon our native shores. Be that as it may, gratitude on our part for such unaffected kindness, and a cherished remembrance of those social nights, can perish only with life.

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## LETTER XLIV.

EXCURSION TO LANGUEDOC—RIDE TO NISMES—AMPHITHEATRE—MAISON CARREE—FOUNTAIN—ROUTE TO MONTPELLIER—SKETCH OF THE CITY.

*March, 1826.*—On the afternoon of the 2d, we left Marseilles in the Diligence, to make an excursion to Nismes and Montpellier. For about half the distance to the former place, it was necessary to tread back the same road, which had been once traversed in coming from Avignon. But the advances of spring and the rapid changes in vegetation rendered a second view of the country by no means unpleasant, especially as the weather was now delightful. Abundant resources were found in the conversation of our three fellow travellers. Two of them were Spanish gentlemen, intelligent, friendly, polite, and extremely agreeable in their manners. Our sympathies were warmly excited in their favour, on learning that they had been driven from their country, in consequence of the active part they had taken on the side of the Constitutionalists and against the legitimates, during the late troubles; and that they are still the enthusiastic advocates of free principles, entertaining a hope of the future emancipation of Spain. They spoke in terms of admiration of the liberty, greatness, and glory of the United States, with the political history of which they seemed well acquainted. Finding their country overrun by the legions of France, and the cause of the patriots hopeless, they took refuge at Marseilles, where they are now respectably established in business. I hardly thought it possible for me to entertain so much respect and esteem for the Spanish character, as a passing acquaintance with these gentlemen inspired.

But the most original and amusing of our coach companions was a Swiss Corporal, who was returning from Marseilles, to join his regiment stationed at Nismes. His

cheeks were as red as his coat, and his hair almost as white as the cotton epaulettes, which danced upon his shoulders. From motives of economy and patriotism, he had taken with him, by way of rations, a bottle of light wine from his native hills, together with a plentiful supply of bread and sausages, converting one of the pockets of the Diligence into a knapsack. He was a great talker, and delighted to dwell on the romantic scenery of his own country—its mountains, lakes, and cataracts, with which he appeared to be familiar. Learning that we were from the United States, he made very particular inquiries respecting the Swiss colony at Vevay, in the State of Indiana, whither one of his relatives had emigrated, and was now a leading man in the settlement. It created in us not a little surprise, that this mercenary subaltern from the solitudes of Switzerland should be far better versed in the geography of the United States, than are many of the editors, reviewers, and public functionaries of Europe. There was in his mind no confusion of states and cities—that ass's bridge of English topographers.

A gentleman at the table of the hotel, in a small village beyond Aix where we dined, related a local anecdote of Napoleon, which was new to me. The emperor, on his return from Elba to Paris, was apprised that the people in this vicinity were hostile, and had formed a determination to take his life as he passed. As it was impracticable for him to change his route, and he was not at this time prepared to encounter opposition, however feeble, he had recourse to stratagem. Assuming the dress of a postillion, and mounting the forward horse, whip in hand, he drove through the village in safety, leaving its inhabitants to await in vain the arrival of the imperial exile.

Nothing occurred to disturb the repose of our ride during the night. Day dawned upon us at St. Remi, and at 6 o'clock we reached Tarascon, a considerable town situated upon the left bank of the Rhone, fifteen or twenty miles from its mouth. The only place of importance below this is Arles, the ancient capital of Provence, but now in the last stages of decline. A handbill signed by its mayor, and inviting strangers to visit its antiquities, was observed posted up in the hotels at Marseilles. But even the novelty of this official invitation did not divert us from our route; and after examining the immense Gothic Castle of good King René, together with a few other curiosities at Taras-

con, we continued our journey to Nismes. The Rhone is here crossed on a bridge of boats, some fifty or sixty in number, and moored by strong cables. A desolate island of sand divides the river into two channels of nearly equal breadth. The current though unbroken by rocks, is so rapid as to foam and roar like a cataract, bringing to mind the animated picture which Livy has drawn of Hannibal's passage of the same stream, some miles above.\*

On the right bank of the Rhone opposite Tarascon, stands Beaucaire, a place of great antiquity, with narrow, dirty streets, and old-fashioned houses. An arch in the wall, beneath which the road leads, is inscribed to Louis XIV. ; and the rocky eminence overlooking the town is crowned with the massive ruins of a Castle, which once belonged to the same family. The country between Beaucaire and Nismes is rich and beautiful. On the right of the road rises a long range of picturesque hills, and towards the left stretches a broad sunny plain, watered by pure streams, and smiling with tillage. In some places, orchards of olives extend as far as the eye can reach, clothing the hills in perpetual verdure. The olive however cannot be called a very beautiful tree. In form, size, and foliage, it bears a strong resemblance to the willow. Its lanceolate leaves are of a pale or whitish green, giving a peculiar aspect to the landscape. Intermingled with these verdant orchards are the mulberry, almond, and vine, together with patches of grass and grain. Both the fertility of the soil and the neatness of cultivation gave us a favourable opinion of the Province of Languedoc.

At nine in the morning we entered Nismes, and at once commenced a survey of the town. In passing from the hotel to the Amphitheatre, our attention was arrested by a military parade, on a beautiful area surrounded by a terrace. Nismes is full of troops, owing to suspicions entertained of the loyalty and orthodoxy of its inhabitants. It has long been the seat of protestantism and ecclesiastical feuds. At times, the most horrid atrocities have here been perpetrated ; and the reigning dynasty entertain fears of the leven of he-

\* "*Galli occurrant in ripam cum variis ululatus, cantuque moris sui, quatientes scuta super capita, vibrantesque dextris tela : quanquam et ex adverso terrebat tanta vis navium cum ingenti sono fluminis, et clamore vario nautarum et militum, qui nitebantur perrumpere impetum fluminis, et qui ex altera ripa trajicientes suos hortabantur.*"—*Vide Liv. Dec. Ter. Lib. I. Cap. X.*

resy mingled in the religious sentiments of the people. Hence the town at present resembles a fortified camp. Every fifth man is a soldier.

The great object of attraction at Nîmes is the Amphitheatre, which next to the Coliseum itself is said to be the most stupendous and the most interesting of Roman antiquities. In point of preservation, it claims a superiority even over its rival upon the banks of the Tiber. Its situation is on an open area, with no obstructions to prevent its colossal proportions from meeting fully the eye and striking the beholder with astonishment. The inhabitants of the town certainly deserve much credit for the pains they have taken to preserve this gigantic ruin; for clearing away the foreign rubbish with which it was formerly encumbered; and for removing the buildings about it, so as to present a perfect view. Its arena once contained a little village, consisting of something like fifty dwellings, and a population of two thousand—a fact which will give some idea of its dimensions. In the year 1809, all these houses and shops with their tenants were removed by the public authorities, and the arena has been restored to the condition in which it was left by the Romans. Within a few years the falling pillars and arches have been repaired with so much taste and judgment, that it is difficult for the eye to distinguish the portions that have been added.

The form of this immense pile is an exact oval, the longest diameter of which, extending from east to west, is about 450 feet, the transverse something like 350, and the height of its walls 70 feet, consisting of two stories besides an attic. It is built of large blocks of stone, admirably adjusted together without mortar, and originally bound by iron clamps, which have been pillaged by its barbarous assailants. Round the parapet masts were erected to support an awning for protecting the audience from the inclemencies of the weather. Its four entrances correspond with the cardinal points of the compass; and over the portals are some remains of Roman sculpture, such as the wolf nursing her regal boys. It was sufficiently spacious to accommodate seventeen thousand spectators, nearly half the present population of Nîmes. Its size furnishes a strong argument, to prove the extent of the ancient town, which in the day of its glory was called a second Rome.

Having walked round and examined this astonishing fa-

bric from the ground, we climbed to its top, and standing upon its battlements indulged in that train of associations, which the ruin readily awakens. What scenes of gaiety and pleasure were here exhibited some sixteen or eighteen hundred years ago, when the benches were thronged with the beauty and fashion of the provincial capital; and when the arena was enlivened by the combats of gladiators, the spectacle of human beings condemned to encounter ferocious beasts, or the more polished amusements of dramatic representations, intermingled with the song and dance! How had these crumbling arches once rung with applause—these dark recesses once blazed with the splendours of the fete! What a contrast with the silence and desolation which now reign through the dreary habitations of the owl and the bat!

Other reflections not less interesting are suggested by this splendid monument of other ages. For a period of near two thousand years, during which other edifices and even empires have risen and fallen to decay, these solid ramparts, like the works of nature herself, have withstood the shock of war, the assaults of barbarians, and the silent devastations of time. In the fifth and sixth centuries, the Amphitheatre became a citadel, which was frequently taken and retaken by the Franks, the Visigoths, and Saracens; and in the year 737, the celebrated Charles Martel made a formal attempt to demolish its walls by fire, the traces of which are yet visible. But the fury of its savage conquerors spent itself in vain against the durable monument of a nation, whose legions, whose fortresses and works of art in other cases proved less impregnable; and the traveller here finds an image of Rome herself, prostrate in the dust, yet great even in ruins.

From the Amphitheatre at Nismes, we went to another relic of Roman taste and magnificence, called the *Maison Carrée*, or square house—an appellation not justified by its form, as it is a parallelogram about 80 feet in length, 40 in width, and upwards of 60 in height. The only entrance is at one end, where there is a splendid porch supported by ten fluted Corinthian columns, thirty feet high, and three feet in diameter. A lofty flight of steps leads to the portico, and the whole edifice stands upon elevated substructions, so as to appear to the best advantage. Rows of pillars and pilasters, about thirty in number, extend on all sides; and the



frieze, as indeed every part of the building, is of the most exquisite workmanship. In the lightness of its form and the symmetry of its proportions, it is the finest architectural model I have ever seen. The opinions of antiquaries are at variance, as to its design and the uses to which it was appropriated by the Romans. Some have considered it a temple, and others a prætorian palace. The traces of an inscription have led to a conjecture, that it was consecrated to Caius and Lucius Cæsar, the adopted sons of Augustus.

Its destination in after times is less a subject of doubt. In the middle ages it was used as a town-house, and subsequently as a stable, till the monks of St. Austin performed a lustration, and elevated it to the dignity of a church including a cemetery. During the French Revolution, it served the triple purposes of a place for public meetings, a granary, and store-house. In May, 1823, the Dutchess d'Angouleme paid it a visit, when it was converted into a Museum and dedicated by an inscription in letters of gold to "Marie Therese." It is now filled and surrounded with a great number of Roman antiquities, found in the neighbourhood of Nismes. The articles consist of altars, sepulchral monuments, specimens of Mosaic, coins, and various kinds of sculpture, together with a collection of paintings and a variety of minor curiosities, not very well assorted or arranged. A handsome railing has been extended round the premises belonging to the Maison Carrée, and the whole is in an excellent state of preservation.\*

Another prominent object of attraction at Nismes is a singular Fountain, scarcely inferior in the copiousness and transparency of its waters to that of Vanchese. It gushes out at the foot of a calcareous hill, filling a natural basin

\* When the celebrated Abbé Barthelemy, author of the *Travels of Anacharsis*, visited Nismes in 1755, on his way to Italy, he found its antiquities in a most wretched state of dilapidation, and his influence was strenuously exerted to save them from utter ruin. He proposed, with more zeal than judgment, to the French minister, that the Maison Carrée should be removed to Paris, to embellish the capital, and for the sake of rescuing it from the assaults of boys, who were shattering its beautiful friezes and its leaves of acanthus, in hunting for birds' nests! He draws a most melancholy picture of the reckless indifference manifested towards antiquities, to which Nismes is now indebted for all its interest and all its importance. From an examination of the prints of the nails, which once fastened a metallic inscription to the architrave, he deduces an ingenious conjecture, that the Maison Carrée is the work of the immortal architect Vitruvius.—See *his travels in Italy*.

seventy feet in diameter and twenty or thirty in depth. The margin is fringed with aquatic plants and surrounded on all sides by a terrace, whence the eye looks down and fathoms the crystal wave, with almost the same ease as it would so much air. Fishes of various kinds were seen playing in the sun and revelling in the purity of their little domain. This fountain is so copious, as to form all at once a stream navigable with small boats, which, after descending in a pretty cascade near its source, winds through the town, furnishing an abundant supply of water both for mechanical and domestic purposes. Its banks are bordered with beautiful walks, forming the fashionable promenade of the inhabitants. In one place a deep canal has been cut round an area of several acres, planted with ornamental trees, intersected by alleys, furnished with seats, and adorned with statues, the whole being designed as a pleasure garden. But the statuary is bad; and it appeared to me, that a great deal of money had here been expended with very little taste. Had the waters been left to flow naturally through these grounds, more slightly embellished by works of art, a far more agreeable retreat would have been opened to the citizens of Nismes.

Between this spacious garden and the fountain is a little island planted with evergreens, blooming with flowers, and decorated with piles of marble gods, demi-gods, and heroes, with broken noses, much weather-beaten, and in a shattered condition. To this islet there is no admittance. Above and below it are handsome bridges, and around it are the public baths, much exposed and now little used. They were established by the Romans, who also erected on the margin of the fountain a temple to Diana, the remains of which are still visible. The edifice seems to have been of rather a rude construction, consisting of large blocks of uncemented free-stone, incorporated with the cliffs. Statues, mosaics, and antiquities of various kinds have been found in and about this temple; but to whose worship the shrine was dedicated is yet a matter of uncertainty.

To the west of the Fountain rises an eminence several hundred feet in height, the steep acclivity of which is adorned with hanging gardens, terraces, spiral walks, and copses of evergreens. As the spectator winds up the ascent, his eye is delighted with a full view of an extensive esplanade opening towards the south, and of the pure waters shaded with groves of cypress and elm. The top of the hill is crowned

with the ruins of an ancient tower, denominated from its size, *Tour Magne*. It is intrinsically a grotesque and picturesque object, but rendered doubly so by its position, rising above the town, and being visible at a distance in all directions. The design of this massive structure, which is in the form of a pyramid and contains a spacious rotunda, in the basement story, is involved in as much doubt as the other antiquities already mentioned. Some suppose it to have been a lighthouse, (an odd conjecture, as there is no port in the vicinity,) while others contend that it was a mausoleum. But the most rational opinion seems to be, that it was the principal tower of an ancient wall, with which it was evidently connected, serving the double purpose of a fortress and an observatory. A flight of winding steps leads to the top; but as the whole ruin is now tottering to its fall, permission to ascend is refused.

The terrace at the base of the tower affords a splendid view of Nismes and its environs. In one direction the eye ranges to the banks of the Rhone, and rests upon the distant mountains of Provence, while on the other hand it catches glimpses of the Mediterranean bounding the broad fertile plain, which stretches along the coast of Languedoc. Three or four hundred feet beneath him, the spectator surveys the town and its venerable monuments, surrounded on all sides by fields and gardens, at this season clothed in the verdure of spring. Few landscapes embrace a wider extent, or a more agreeable diversity of objects.

Descending from the hill, we traversed the circuit of the ancient walls, and examined the remains of the principal gate, which bears the name of Augustus. The ruins were discovered and disinterred by a party of workmen, while engaged in demolishing an old house, in the year 1793. On one of the fragments an inscription was found, by which it appears, that the walls of Nismes were constructed under the auspices of Augustus, sixteen years before the Christian era; and that this gate was on the great road from Rome to Narbonne. It consisted of two large arches for the passage of carriages, and two smaller ones for the accommodation of persons on foot. The front is ornamented with pillars, niches for statues, and bas-reliefs, which have risen without mutilation from the tomb, in which they lay buried for so many ages.

Modern Nismes is a pretty town, containing a population

of about 40,000, extensively engaged in the manufacture of silks and other French goods. The streets are generally wide, clean, and airy, in many places lined with blocks of handsome houses. A circle of Boulevards, scarcely inferior in width and beauty to those of Paris, extends quite round the city, occupying the site of the ancient walls. The public institutions of Nismes are numerous, and several of the edifices for their accommodation may be considered elegant. Among these is a large theatre, which on the evening of our attendance was filled with a genteel audience, though the entertainment presented few attractions.

On the 4th we continued our excursion to Montpellier, thirty miles beyond, in a southerly direction. Among the passengers in the Diligence, was a well-dressed and affable Frenchman, who furnished another instance of the ignorance which prevails among all classes of Europeans, in every thing relating to the United States. Learning in the course of conversation, that we were Americans, he gravely asked us whether *our country still remains a British colony!* Although apparently well informed in other respects, he had never heard of Washington nor Franklin, and the news of the Declaration of Independence had not yet reached him. The great body of the people in the interior of France and even in England know almost as little of the United States, as they do of Patagonia or Japan—a circumstance somewhat mortifying to a citizen of the great Republic, who goes abroad with an expectation that the renown of its arms and the glory of its free institutions are spread through the world.

The country between Nismes and Montpellier is said to be one of the finest portions of Languedoc. The road runs through a wide, level tract, bounded on the right by a chain of hills, and on the left by the sea, the latter being visible at intervals for the whole distance. Villages, hamlets, and farm houses are sprinkled over the plain, indicating a populous district. The soil is a reddish loam, sometimes stony, but peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of the vine and olive, which are the principal products. To these may be added wheat, which is grown in great abundance and of an excellent quality. The olive is planted in rows at about the same distances as apple trees in an American orchard, and the ground is prepared in much the same way. A generous and mellow soil is required. The vine is reared in long and perfectly straight ridges, ten or twelve feet apart, and the in-

intermediate space is sown with grain, which was already in a state of forwardness, covering the fields with a deep, lively green. In some places for miles, the country resembled a continued garden, where the almond mingled its early blossoms\* with the verdure of the olive, and the landscape was warmed into life and beauty by the first influences of a vernal sun.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived in sight of Montpellier, which was seen at the distance of four or five miles, seated upon a hill of considerable elevation, and lifting its towers and steeples above all the surrounding country. Its situation is peculiarly prominent and striking. Crossing the river Lis, a copious and pure stream which flows under the walls of the town, and passing in the suburbs a splendid villa, shaded with evergreens in the style of an English Park, we climbed slowly up a terraced road, and reached the Hotel du Midi, just at evening. Here our Spanish friends again joined us, and seemed almost like old acquaintances. They took their departure the next day for the frontiers of their native country.

A large concert on the night of our arrival afforded us an early opportunity of seeing the collected beauty, taste, and fashion of Montpellier. The hall for music is connected with the theatre. We found it filled with three or four hundred ladies and gentlemen of the first families, in full dresses, assembled to witness the extraordinary musical powers of a young lad of fourteen, who has acquired a high reputation as an improvisatore. The compass and sweetness of his voice, his masterly execution upon the piano, and above all the faculty of composing music, as it were by inspiration, created universal astonishment, and drew forth unbounded applause. He would play and sing for fifteen or twenty minutes, without having, it was said, a note of the rhapsody in his mind when he commenced. His manner

\* "L'amandier," says Richard, "est nommé à Montpellier *arbre de la folie*, parce qu'il fleurit trop tôt; et le jujubier, *arbre de la sagesse*, parce qu'il ne porte de fleurs que lorsque le temps est chaud." But the accusation against the almond seems to be too severe, and I could not learn that it ever suffers by its imprudence, in putting forth its beautiful flowers amidst the last frosts of winter, a month in advance of more cautious plants. It may be recollected, that we found it diffusing its fragrance through the vale of Vaucluse, on the 8th of February, while the mountains of Provence were yet white with snow, and long before the icy winds from the Alps had ceased to blow, even at Marseilles.

was bold, confident and unembarrassed, indicating no effort to produce the sweetest combinations of musical sounds. I am neither musician nor metaphysician enough to explain this intellectual phenomenon. The natural gift seems somewhat analagous to the arithmetical powers of Zera Colburn, and to depend more on instinct than education. Had not the audience, with a full knowledge of this musical prodigy, manifested as much surprise as ourselves, I should have suspected that there was some imposition, and that his extempore compositions had secretly been "learned and conned by rote."

On the following morning, we took a long stroll over every part of Montpellier and its suburbs. The town, containing 30,000 inhabitants covers but a small area, and is much crowded. Its streets are generally not more than eight or ten feet in width; gloomy, crooked, and filthy; winding like obscure lanes through a wilderness of antiquated French houses, into the windows of which even the splendid sun of Languedoc never shoots a ray. In a word, the interior presents a sad contrast to the exterior. To these remarks, however, there are many exceptions. The new streets and new buildings, the boulevards and terraces, are spacious, airy, and magnificent. On the top of one house, four or five stories high, was observed a fine hanging garden, filled with evergreens, oranges, and flowers—a little Eden perched in the air, and waving its foliage a hundred feet above our heads.

The most splendid part of Montpellier is the public area, called *Porte Peyron*, situated upon the very summit of the eminence, overlooking the rest of the town and its beautiful environs. It consists of an extensive triangular esplanade; approached on either hand by a wide boulevard; surrounded by terraces and balustrades, terminated on one side by a lofty triumphal arch, and on the other by a fountain, in the shape of a Grecian temple. The last mentioned ornament is peculiar in its construction, and surpasses any thing of the kind to be found in the metropolis itself. Connected with it is an aqueduct, colossal in its proportions, grand in design, admirable in execution, and justly ranked among the most stupendous works of modern times. It is composed of three stories of lofty stone arches, making an aggregate height of something like a hundred feet; so massive, so substantial in its materials, and so well constructed, as ap-

parently to defy the devastations of time. This monument of regal magnificence was commenced in the reign of Louis XIV—under the auspices of the same monarch who united distant seas by the Languedoc Canal.

The most expensive part of the aqueduct stretches between two hills, about a mile in extent, though the copious and pellucid stream which here finds an aerial channel, is brought from a distance of six miles. After falling into the fountain, above alluded to, and assuming all the beautiful forms which taste could devise, it again seeks subterranean passages and furnishes the town with an abundant supply of pure water. The open temple erected over the reservoir is supported by twelve Corinthian pillars on the outside, and by six in the interior. Between these are six arches, twenty feet high. In this beautiful rotunda is a capacious basin, three or four feet deep, and perhaps fifteen in diameter, into which the aqueduct discharges itself. The water after reposing for a moment beneath a Grecian canopy and among marble columns, leaves the temple, descending in silver sheets and streamlets over broken masses of moss-covered rocks into a larger reservoir or rather lake, plentifully stocked with fish, and overshadowed by trees which cover the esplanade in front.

Porte Peyron forms perhaps the finest promenade in France. Triple belts of terraces run round the hill, and the different stages, rising one above another, are ornamented with groves and fountains, so that a person on the upper parapet finds himself among the foliage and enjoys the shade of the trees springing from below. At the foot of the eminence, winds the green retired vale of Merdanzon, blooming with gardens, and spanned by the arches of the aqueduct. But the distant view from the balustrade of the upper terrace is peculiarly magnificent, commanding a wide horizon, bounded on all sides by interesting objects. Towards the west, the snow-clad tops of the Pyrenees are discoverable: to the north rise the hills of Cevennes, sometimes in broken bluffs, and at others, in long calcareous ridges: towards the south and east, the eye ranges over a broad, level region, and reposes upon the blue expanse of the Mediterranean. The intermediate tract is brightened by cultivation, and studded with villages, among which is Cette, which may be considered the port of Montpellier.

On the outside of the boulevard leading to the Esplanade,

and just at the base of the hill on which the town stands, is the Botanic Garden, separated from the public walk by a curtain of evergreens. The enclosure is not very extensive, but embraces a great variety of surface, prettily laid out into compartments, and embellished with bronze busts of distinguished naturalists. It is the oldest establishment of the kind in Europe. All the plants are labelled, and the grounds are kept in good order, though they do not appear to be much frequented. In the luxurious climate of Languedoc, where fruits and flowers spring spontaneously, Flora probably finds fewer votaries, than the more voluptuous goddess of pleasure and love. Though the day was serene and delightful, the alleys were marked by no footsteps save ours, and the first blossoms of spring were left to breathe their odours in solitude. Even the old portress was ferreted from her lodge with difficulty, and seemed to consider our visit as an unexpected as well as an unwelcome intrusion.

In the most retired part of the Garden darkened by thick copses of cypress and yew, sleeps the dust of Narcissa, the daughter of the poet Young. The spot is as gloomy as the imagination of the author of "Night Thoughts." So secreted is the tomb, as to compel us to return once or twice to the gate for new instructions from the withered sibyl, who was too infirm or too indolent to quit her cell as a guide. At length descending into a deep entrenchment, running across the garden like a moat between perpendicular walls ten or fifteen feet high, and filled with all kinds of rubbish, we found a rude arch on one side, bearing the inscription—"*Placandis Narcissæ manibus.*" The dark and mouldering recess, overgrown with wild plants and mantled with ivy, extends eight or ten feet into the bank; and the mouth of the dreary cavern is guarded by a little wicker fence made of reeds. Young's pathetic description of the interment of his daughter, by his own hands, is doubtless familiar to many of my readers:

"With pious sacrilege a grave I stole;  
With impious piety that grave I wronged;  
Short in my duty, coward in my grief!  
More like her murderer than friend, I crept  
With soft suspended step; and, muffled deep  
In midnight darkness, whispered my last sigh—  
Whispered what should echo through their realms,  
Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies!"



The spirit of bigotry and intolerance, which denied to a protestant in a land of strangers the charity of a grave, and drove a father to these last sad offices, has in a more enlightened age in some degree subsided; and although the inscription imputed by the guide books to Mr. Artaud of Lyons—"inter flores Narcissæ relucet"—could not be found by us, her name now marks her tomb and imparts an additional interest to the garden, in which her ashes repose. Some one seems to have been ambitious of paying a slight tribute to her memory, by embellishing the neighbouring embankment with an imitation of Alpine scenery, and a tiny foot-path winding down the declivity, among mimic rocks, to the door of the sepulchre.

On our way back from the Botanic Garden to the Hotel, we visited the Cathedral, Town-House, College, and other public buildings. The first of these is remarkable only for its two Gothic towers, and a gigantic portico forming the entrance; and the shapeless edifice occupied by the University can boast of nothing save its beautiful situation upon one of the boulevards, commanding a view of the sea. In the same part of the town are the Citadel, Barracks, and Parade, situated along the ramparts. The Market is handsome as well as commodious, being surrounded with columns and arcades, together with a fountain at which two marble unicorns are in the attitude of drinking.

After dinner on this day, we were favoured with a call from the Professor of Botany in the University, to whom a mutual friend in New-York had given me a letter of introduction. He regretted that absence from home during the day, had prevented him from receiving the note till a late hour, and that he had been deprived of the pleasure of conducting us through the Botanic Garden, which particularly belongs to his department, and engrosses most of his attention. This gentleman has passed several years in the United States, where he completed his studies with one of our most eminent physicians, and received a degree from the Medical College in New-York. His feelings, friendships, and attachments, are still in a great measure American. He imparted to us much valuable information respecting the University and other public institutions at Montpellier, with which he is intimately acquainted. The Medical College, which was founded as early as the 12th century by Arabian emigrants from Spain, and which has become one of the

most celebrated schools in Europe, was never in a more flourishing condition than at present. All the departments are filled with men of talents. The Professor of Anatomy is peculiarly distinguished ; but fears were expressed, that the College was about to be deprived of his pre-eminent services by a recent paralytic affection. Owing to the salubrity of the climate, the cheapness of living, and the well established reputation of this school, some of the medical students from the United States have preferred it even to the schools of Paris. One of our countrymen received the first honours of the College last year, and acquired much distinction by his scientific attainments.

The Professor was so polite as to express a wish that our stay at Montpellier might be prolonged several days, and that he might have an opportunity of showing us some of those attentions and kind offices which the letter from his friend in New-York had solicited. But we had already lingered in the south of France much longer than had been anticipated, and the most favourable season for visiting Italy was now rapidly advancing. Prudence, therefore, compelled us to decline the civilities of our new and agreeable acquaintance, who continued with us to the moment of our departure, consigning to our charge many commissions of respect and remembrance to his American friends, and expressing many kind wishes for an agreeable tour to ourselves.

At 11 o'clock in the evening we left Montpellier for Nismes, where we arrived at sunrise the next morning, and after a second visit to the Amphitheatre, the Maison Carrée, and the Fountain, continued our journey back to Marseilles, which was reached early on the following day. This excursion was in all respects satisfactory, contributing alike to health, pleasure, and instruction.

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